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IN UNKNOWN AFRICA



# In Unknown Africa

A NARRATIVE OF TWENTY MONTHS' TRAVEL  
AND SPORT IN UNKNOWN LANDS AND  
AMONG NEW TRIBES

BY

MAJOR P. H. G. POWELL-COTTON,

F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

AUTHOR OF

*"A Sporting Trip through Abyssinia"*

With 204 Reproductions from Drawings by A. Forestier and the  
Author's Photographs, and two Maps

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A. C. B. C. 7/14/17.

**TO**  
**THE WANDERING SPIRIT**

**To whose influence England owes her Empire**  
**This work is dedicated**  
**By one who has felt the magic of her spell**



## P R E F A C E .

---

ALTHOUGH "A Sporting Trip Through Abyssinia" met with a more favourable reception than I had expected, it was not my intention to again trespass on the good-nature of the public. On my return to England, however, after an absence of nearly 21 months, I found that the short account already published of some of the incidents that had befallen me in Northern Uganda had aroused considerable interest, which a few articles and lectures seemed only to increase. Encouraged by this, I determined to write as faithful an account as possible of the experiences which fortune had thrown in my way during the trip.

This book does not pretend to be a scientific work on the country visited, but I trust it may prove acceptable, not only to my fellow sportsmen and travellers, but also to that wider circle of readers who, if they do not care to wander themselves, are nevertheless interested in the accounts of a wanderer.

I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to all those who helped to make my way smooth, or to whose assistance whatever success the present book may enjoy is greatly due.

Chief among the former I reckon the Hon. Walter Rothschild, who not only procured me permission which greatly increased the zoological interest of the journey, but also rescued the most interesting portion of my collection from destruction.

To Major General Maitland's consideration I owe the ease with which I was able to pass my ammunition through Aden and to draw arms for my escort.

Sir Charles Eliot, H.M.'s Commissioner for British East Africa, at the commencement of the trip, removed difficulties which the Coast officials had thought insurmountable, and has thereby earned my sincere gratitude.

Every consideration was shown me by Col. Hayes Sadler, H.M.'s Commissioner for Uganda, who did much to further the objects of my expedition.

To the following officials, among others, my hearty thanks are due for their hospitality and good fellowship, which, besides helping me out of many difficulties, added much enjoyment to my trip :—

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Last, but by no means least, come those in charge of the Congo Free State Stations of Wadelai and Mahagi, particularly M. Eram, who came a long journey to greet and assist me.

As regards the production of this book, I must express my thanks to Dr. Scott Keltie and the officials of the Royal Geographical Society for compiling such an excellent map from very scattered material.

Mr. Lydekker also has been kind enough to allow me to reproduce his description and the plates of the giraffe shot by me, both of which appeared in his article for the Zoological Society.

Finally my friend, Mr. Cecil Cobb, that good sportsman and pleasant companion who accompanied me as far as Baringo, has increased my indebtedness to him by placing his collection of photographs—many of which I have reproduced—and numerous notes at my disposal.

P. H. G. POWELL-COTTON.

QUEX PARK,  
*September, 1904.*

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## CHAPTER I.

Settling the route—The objects of my journey—Official discouragement—Shipping difficulties—Departure—A busy time at Aden—A milk-white sea—Mombassa Harbour—The ways of the Custom House—Official red-tape—A journey to Nairobi—Scenes on the way—Nairobi—A go of fever—Permission for my journey granted.

SOON after my return from garrison duty at Malta, to which place I had been ordered directly my Abyssinian trip was ended, I was seized by the old craving to wander in distant lands.

This time my intention was to explore some of the great forest tract—so intimately connected with the name of Stanley—in which the upper waters of the Congo take their rise. I proposed voyaging up the great river and its tributary, the Welle, as far as possible, and thence proceeding by caravan. My friends, however, so per-

sistently urged the deadly nature of the climate of the West Coast, and the difficulties that might be expected from the Congo officials, that I determined to turn my attention to the east of the continent, and commence my journey by the newly completed Uganda Railway.

One change leads to another, and I finally decided to spend some time shooting in British East Africa and Uganda, instead of travelling straight through to my original goal.

News had just come from Sir Harry Johnson that he had discovered a race of five-horned giraffe near Mount Elgon, and this had raised some little incredulity, one letter published in the papers even going so far as to suggest that the No. "5" was probably a telegraphic error. When at last specimens reached this country, Mr. Oldfield Thomas, in describing them before the Zoological Society, explained that all old bull-giraffes from Northern Africa possessed five horns, and he considered that these examples were identical with those already known.

Although accompanied by a professional taxidermist, Sir Harry Johnson had only succeeded in sending home one head-skin and four skulls, and based on this slender evidence, the decision did not appear to me to be at all conclusive, the more so as our Natural History Museum did not contain a single complete specimen of any of the northern forms of giraffe. This seemed hardly a credit to the nation who prides herself on the skill of her explorers and sportsmen, especially as several of the continental museums had recently set up whole giraffe skins. I therefore made up my mind to do all that in me lay to remedy this state of things.

An investigation of the Game Laws in force in British East Africa and Uganda showed that, while they per-

mitted the destruction of a large total of game, they almost entirely prevented a sufficiently extensive collection of any one species to add much to our scientific knowledge. As to the giraffe, at first glance it seemed as if the Commissioner alone were allowed to shoot them, but when my study was supplemented by personal enquiry, I found that the prohibition practically only applied to the white sportsman who wished to take the specimens out of the country. The Arab and Swahili traders look to the giraffe for sandals for their porters, and whole bands of natives devote themselves to its slaughter to provide meat for their families, and shields and ornamental tassels for their warriors.

As the naturalist, anxious to throw light on the distribution of these animals, thus appeared to be entirely debarred from doing so, I thought the Museum authorities would be glad to render me what help they could, by obtaining for me permission from the Foreign Office to shoot giraffes, on the understanding that I should later present them with specimens at my own expense. My proposition, however, was met by the Directorate of our National Institution with a point-blank refusal to move in the matter, although they graciously intimated their willingness to accept any specimens that might come their way. In this difficulty I turned to the Hon. Walter Rothschild, who, after my Abyssinian expedition, had kindly consented to examine and describe the collection of mammals I had made. Always anxious to further zoological research among his countrymen, he at once interested himself in the matter, and procured the necessary permission.

Failing to find a companion for the whole journey, I

I\*

at length persuaded a near neighbour, Mr. Cecil Cobb\*, to accompany me for four months and experience the joys of big-game hunting.

After collecting everything I considered necessary for a year's expedition, I was confronted with the problem of how to ship it to Mombassa. The monthly German boat sailing direct to that port had just left, and the only alternative was to put the goods on board a British India steamer for Aden, there to be transhipped to another of their vessels for Mombassa. To my astonishment, however, the company absolutely declined to have anything to do with our cartridges.

I had shipped them by this line many times before, and was quite at a loss to understand their refusal, till they explained that the Aden officials were so strict as to the passage of arms and ammunition that it was almost an impossibility to transship them at that port. At last they promised to take my cartridges on board, provided I could procure special permission from the India Office. To this end I spent the whole of one morning interviewing officials both at the Foreign and India Offices, all of whom were exceedingly patient and polite, but none of whom had ever heard of such an order being required, nor knew who should grant it. Finally the matter was arranged, and I was assured that our cartridges would not be consigned to the sea nor sent on a voyage to Colombo.

On January 23rd, 1902, C—— and I left Dover, and, travelling *vid* Marseilles, arrived at Aden on February 2nd, without any mishap, in spite of its being my thirteenth voyage through the Red Sea.

\* To whom I shall refer in future as C——.

It was just the dinner hour as the *Persia* anchored off Aden, and we were not a little disgusted to find that, although we had been assured that booking through to Mombassa—at an increased fare—would obviate all difficulties at Aden, and insure everything being arranged for our transfer, no one on the British India boat *Putiala* was expecting us, no cabins were ready, and worse still, there was not a vestige of dinner. I mention these facts as a warning to visitors to the eastern coast of Africa to avoid the present makeshift arrangements on British boats; not that the foreign ones are all that can be desired, but they are at all events the best of a bad lot. When our Government at last awakes to the advisability of encouraging a direct British Line to our East African possessions, instead of leaving practically the whole carrying trade in the hands of our rivals, it may be possible for a British subject to reach Mombassa in a British boat in moderate comfort.

Fortunately for us the steamer was not to leave until the following evening, for although we had been assured in London that we should be able to procure arms and ammunition for our escort from the authorities at Mombassa, I had accidentally learnt in the morning that this was extremely unlikely. However, I found the Aden officials as courteous and anxious as ever to strain a point to help an embarrassed sportsman, and, from the General downwards, they all gave me such assistance that, before evening, I had drawn Snider carbines and cartridges from the arsenal, and got them on board to the warning shrieks of the steam whistle, which had been blowing for nearly half an hour.

The *Putiala* was by no means a new vessel; the electric light plant had broken down, and a few flickering candles

only served to intensify the gloom. This was an unpleasant contrast to the P. & O. *Persia*, although the officers on the *Putiala* were more obliging and ready to assist their passengers.

The voyage past Cape Guardafui was rough enough to make a bad sailor like myself wish it speedily over. Soon after dark on the 6th, we suddenly ran into a milk-white sea, which continued till almost morning. There seemed to be an oily scum floating on the surface of the water which prevented the waves from breaking, but when a bucketful was hoisted on board, nothing distinguished it from ordinary sea-water. The Captain said that, previous to this, he had only seen it in patches in the Arabian Sea. He supposed it to be due to some form of animalcule, which only came to the surface during the hours of darkness.

On nearing Mombassa a thick haze prevented the Captain from making out our exact position ; as it gradually lifted he discovered we had over-shot the entrance, and we had to steam back against the wind for a couple of hours, which reduced me to a very limp state before landing. It was a pretty, typical African scene that met our gaze as we approached the harbour. The low, bush-covered shore stretched away in the distance ; a line of waves was breaking on the reef close to our starboard side, while to the left rose the island of Mombassa with the overgrown ruins of a battery that had formerly commanded the entrance. This was succeeded by groups of white-roofed, deep-verandahed houses, which stood in little clearings with low, coral-rock cliffs below them, whilst the opposite shore was thickly clothed with palm trees. A little further in, as the channel narrowed, we passed

an old Portuguese fort (built in 1594), now used as a jail, and directly afterwards a mass of buildings reaching down to the water's edge. As we cleared the jetty, with its crane, we came in sight of the wattled and thatched huts of the native town, nestling close together, and below them a fleet of native craft of all sizes, filled with the most miscellaneous cargoes. In a tiny bay, just opposite.



The old Portuguese fort, Mombassa.

lay a mission station, its white buildings thrown into relief against the palms. A cool fresh breeze was blowing—a welcome surprise so near the equator.

No sooner had we landed than our troubles began. First of all, to our great annoyance, because we had brought our cameras, rifles, etc., as personal luggage, we found the Customs officials adding a modest third to their value before calculating the duty on them. During some fourteen years of travel, I have passed through many Customs

Houses where the duties ranged from nothing to 60 per cent., but I was so struck with the novelty of this arrangement that I sought an interview with the Commissioner for Customs. He explained to me that the amount included 5 per cent., which was considered to be the difference between the value of the goods at Mombassa and London, while the remaining 28 per cent. was to cover the carriage. To estimate the freight on a hand camera at £4, when it could have been sent by post for 2s. 6d., seemed a trifle absurd, but argument was useless. At the same time, permission to remove the escort arms and ammunition from the Customs House was refused without the consent of the Sub-Commissioner, who was laid up with fever and could not be interviewed until the following morning. When I did see him I was informed that a personal application to the Commissioner was necessary, and he was at Nairobi, twenty-eight hours by rail. It was useless to produce my letter from the Foreign Office and other papers, or to suggest a telegram at my own expense. I was not even allowed to collect my caravan and put it in readiness to leave the Coast under C——'s charge, in case the Commissioner, by wiring his consent, should obviate the necessity of my own return. The tri-weekly train for Nairobi was due to start in half-an-hour. Hastily drawing some money from the bank, and throwing some things into a bag, I managed to catch it.

The train was of the usual Indian narrow-gauge pattern, in which the first-class carriages seated six, but only provided sleeping accommodation for three. The average speed was about fourteen miles an hour, over a track for the most part sand-ballasted, so that we and our property soon became coated with a thick red deposit.

The long waits, for no apparent reason, at little up-country stations built of corrugated iron, gave us time to take snapshots of the varied types of Asiatic and African natives who clustered round, forming a brightly-coloured and animated scene. Perhaps the Masai women carrying bottles of milk for sale to the passengers presented the most curious figures. Their heads were clean-shaven,



A station crowd.

their arms and legs encased in iron wire, and round their necks they wore not only numerous smaller necklets, but also many pounds weight of wire coiled like a catherine-wheel to form a kind of ruff. From their ears hung heavy coils of brass wire.

On the way, one of my travelling companions described to us a ghastly experience which had befallen him. A man-eating lion had entered the railway-carriage where

he and two friends were sleeping, and had killed and devoured one of them.

As we ran across from the island of Mombassa to the mainland, we caught a pretty glimpse of the water with the foliage growing right down to the edge, but beyond that the dense tropical vegetation, which shut out all view from the train, soon became monotonous. Just after sunset we reached Voi, a rather important district centre, whence some day a branch railway to Kilimanjaro, in German territory, will be laid. Here a hungry crowd of passengers, including an Austrian Baron, made a brave struggle to eat a dinner of hard meat cooked in rancid ghee (clarified butter). That night we were shaken and banged about over the unconsolidated track, and it required special watchfulness to prevent ourselves from being deposited in a heap on the floor, for our engineer invariably drew up or started with a violent jerk. Long before daybreak we were ruthlessly turned out to stumble through the darkness to breakfast, but were rewarded by a fair meal. As day broke we found that grassy plains, bounded in the distance by low hills, were gradually taking the place of the dense jungle. A good many herds of game were in sight, some of which, although quite close to the railway, took no notice of the train, while others dashed off in wild alarm.

It was well on in the afternoon before we reached Nairobi, the capital of the East African Protectorate. The town lies in a small plain, bounded on the east and west by a couple of low ridges, while the southern side is cut by the railroad. The corrugated iron railway offices and houses of the staff are clustered together near the line, and a little to the east stand the hotel and three or four European

stores, succeeded by the Indian shops and native bazaar. The Government buildings lie about fifteen minutes' walk out in the plain. On the western ridge are perched the bungalows of the Commissioner and Chief Engineer, separated by the Club, while the Sub-Commissioner's residence is situated on a little hill across a swamp. The



*Photo by]*

By an up-country station, Uganda Railway.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

eastern ridge is devoted to the military lines and officers' quarters.

Sir Charles Eliot, the Commissioner, seemed anxious to assist me, but was very uncertain whether it would be safe for me to venture to the slopes of Mount Kenya or to the giraffe ground, on account of the supposed unsettled state of the natives. However, I was to learn

his decision in the course of a few days. In spite of the hospitality of the officers of the King's Rifles, an attack of malarial fever made this interval anything but a pleasant one for me.

It was not until the 18th that I was able to start for the Coast again, but happily I had received permission to pass my arms and ammunition through the Customs, to set out for Mount Kenya and Lake Baringo, and to exceed with respect to some species the shooting limits laid down in the game regulations. This last point was only gained by payment of heavy fees, and under the strict understanding that my shooting was to be in the interests of scientific research.

## CHAPTER II.

Return to the Coast—Enrolling our followers—Start by rail—My battery—  
 Search for oryx—Visit of the Game Warden—Continuance of our journey—  
 Our safari lost—The Athi Plain, its game and scenery—Heavy rain—A  
 picturesque spring—Doinyo Sabuk—Herds of zebra—Hill shooting—  
 Benighted—The first rhino—A hungry lioness—C—— encounters a rhino—  
 His mule disappears.

ON the return journey I had another touch of fever, and during the four days I spent in Mombassa getting the caravan together, I felt very seedy. We had the usual difficulties in collecting our native followers; the head man, who had been engaged, had to be exchanged for another, and we had to weed out and find substitutes for the men we considered useless. Our safari (Swahili for caravan) eventually consisted of one head man, two personal boys, a cook, four gunbearers, two camera boys, fifteen askaris (armed guard), and fifty-two porters.

On the morning of our departure so many of our belongings were not ready, that when they did reach the station they were too late to accompany us, except as extra baggage at a ruinous rate. The railway authorities having refused to receive a cheque guaranteed by the Bank, a bag of nearly a thousand rupees had to be counted out to pay for our tickets and freight, and this caused so much delay that it was difficult to persuade the station-master to keep the train till the transaction was com-

pleted. When I protested against the absurdity of being forced to pay in silver currency, no matter how large the amount, I was assured that, had the Government introduced either notes or a gold coinage, the Indian coolies imported for the railway works would have used them to transmit money home, thus seriously diminishing the postal order revenue. This is but one of the instances of the narrow-minded policy adopted in this part of the world in many matters which affect the public welfare and convenience.

At last the train started, and sending the majority of the men to Stony Athi station, we stopped at Sultan Hamoud, where we had been told fringe-eared oryx were to be found.

Here, after camp was pitched, our first care was to overhaul our batteries. Mine consisted of :—

.600 D.B. ejector, firing 100 grains cordite and a ball of 900 grains.

.400 D.B. ejector, firing 55 grains cordite and a ball of 400 grains.

A Männlicher-Schonauer .256 magazine rifle, holding six cartridges, fitted with telescopic sight.

.255 Rook rifle, firing smokeless powder.

A 12-bore D.B. ejector, shot and ball gun.

A five-chambered heavy revolver.

All the above were by W. J. Jeffery and Sons, King Street, St. James'.

The .600 was a new essay in large ball rifles, which I was anxious to test, in comparison with the old 8-bore, used during previous trips.

The .400 was an old friend which I had carried through Abyssinia, to do the work of a .577.

The Männlicher-Schonauer and its telescope was the latest advance in the .256 rifle, which, as a good, all-round sporting weapon, I consider the best obtainable, having slain with it from hippo and buffalo down to monkeys and dik-dik.

The Rook rifle is often better than the shot-gun for collecting specimens and providing for the pot, and has the additional advantage that its cartridges weigh so much less.

A shot-gun is a necessity, and if it also fires ball is sometimes useful for finishing a wounded animal.

The revolver, fortunately, I never had occasion to use.

Our batteries put in order, we set out in search of fringe-eared oryx. 'Three days' quest, however, proved that whatever there might be at other times of the year, there were none there then. Before we left, Mr. Percival, the Game Warden, paid us a visit, and gave us a lot of useful information about the distribution of the game.

When we arrived at the little roadside station of Stony Athi we were disgusted to find that, while our baggage had been deposited there, the officials had allowed our men to go on to the next station. The following morning, amid drizzling rain, our men sauntered in, and as soon as sufficient had collected, we left the railway, and, moving outside the game reserve which on the north side was a mile wide, pitched camp. During the next few days we had a lot of heavy rain, and while waiting for various supplies which had not arrived from Nairobi, we scoured the country in search of game. Both of us bagged a Coke's hartebeest and, in addition, C—— shot a Thomson's gazelle and a steinbuck, while I secured a serval. ♀<sup>1</sup>

On the 4th, we started our march, across a plain covered

with short grass, down the Stony Athi River, the banks of which are skirted by a belt of trees and jungle. At the entrance of a little coombe which opened out from the other side of the river was a mass of rocks, half hidden by foliage, which bore a strong resemblance to a ruined



Bartering for corn cobs on the Athi Plains.

feudal castle, while further up the valley one could have almost sworn that a village nestled among the trees.

As we neared Doinyo Sabuk game became more plentiful. There were many small parties of gnu and zebra, while one herd of kongoni, as the natives call Coke's hartebeest, numbered over 200. These animals are tawny-red in

colour, with well-shaped body and legs, but such a length of head and awkwardness of gait that their appearance is most ungainly. This has even impressed itself on the none too bright intelligence of the Swahili porters, and we often heard them applying the name "kongoni" to one another, just as schoolboys use "donkey" at home.



Photo by]

Impala antelope.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

It was near this spot that, after a tiresome crawl, I succeeded in bagging my first impala, one of the most graceful antelopes in Africa. That night, for the first time during this expedition, we heard lion-roaring.

Our camp at Yanley Ndogo was pitched close to a most picturesque little stream, which, flowing out from an underground channel, fell over a cliff in which there was

a deep cave. This was said to be a favourite halting-place for small parties of Kamba when on a raiding expedition. Here I also bagged a curious Thomson's gazelle, the skull of which bore no signs of the second horn. In the evening a herd of forty eland slowly filed past camp, led by a splendid old bull. By now our men had settled down to the usual routine of camp work, and we were spared the endless little disputes that had, at first, been referred to us. When I had my last look round before turning in, camp showed at its best.

The flickering light from the watchfire in the centre fell on the swarthy faces of the two sentries, one of whom stood leaning on his long Snider rifle, while the other was sitting with a carbine across his knees, huddled up in true native fashion. Beside them rose a great mound-like pile of baggage covered with green waterproof sheets, while on the other side the fire lit up two white cotton shelters for the mules. Facing the fire stood my tent with its wide verandah, which served us as a dining-room, and close by was C——'s smaller one. The little white pent-shaped tents of the men lay round us in a large irregular circle, which was broken by an odd collection of red blankets and patch-work shelters stretched on sticks, belonging to the Kikuyu porters.

Our last march to the foot of Doinyo Sabuk led us into a wide depression close to the southern end of the hill, where a herd of some 300 zebra were grazing on the fine short grass. They formed up, retreated, and wheeled round again to gaze at us before disappearing into the thorn trees as we approached. In the afternoon I climbed the hill in search of Chanler's reedbuck, which were said to frequent its district. In a couple of hours I had seen no less than

a dozen groups of two to five; I wounded a couple of males, and we had considerable difficulty in finding them in the long grass. While chasing one I fell down a bank and lost my rifle, which I did not recover until evening had fallen, and the finishing shot had to be fired when I could no longer see the sights. Whistling up my men



Photo by]

Porters crossing a swamp.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

to skin the beast, I started alone along the hill-side for camp, and luckily discovered it, disturbing more than one animal on the way. Some of the men had scarcely started with lanterns to help the gunbearers fetch in the meat, when we heard several shots fired. On their return they declared that they had disturbed a lion, but I thought it far more likely to have been a reedbuck.

2\*

Before leaving Doinyo Sabuk I had another good day's shooting among the Chanlers. The greater part of the hill is grass-covered, intersected with little belts of dense jungle which extend almost to the top, while the lower slopes are dotted with trees like an old orchard at home. In some places the ground was cut up in every direction by rhino tracks, and on the upper south-western and western sides, where the belts of jungle grew wider, I found endless fresh signs of buffalo.

On the day we moved camp to the ford across the elbow made by the Athi River, I worked northwards along the hill-side. My gunbearer, who rejoiced in the name of Marajana, but whom we speedily christened Mary Jane, as being much more appropriate, was very anxious that I should stalk a solitary stone he had spotted on the hill-side, and which he insisted was an animal. A few days before he had led me a long tramp after what he said were four rhinos feeding on the plain, but which, when they came into sight again, proved to be zebra.

Soon after we had settled our difference of opinion as to whether a stone were an animal or not, I noticed a rhino moving out of a thick patch of jungle and working up hill just over the third ridge from us. It was followed by a second. We started in pursuit, forcing our way through the dense scrub and long grass growing in the dips between the ridges. The wind was blowing hard down hill, so we had to shape our course downwards and then up again over the last ridge. Near the spot where we had last caught sight of them we heard them bathing in a pool, and, as we approached, the smaller of the two fed towards us. We retreated, but not before it had seen us, and it began to snort and dance about as if in two minds whether

to charge or not. Meanwhile Mary Jane, greatly excited, urged me in a hoarse whisper to fire, muttering "this big one—other gone," to all of which I turned a deaf ear. With a final snort the beast slowly moved off up hill, stopping at intervals to look back towards us. I was puzzled as to what had become of the big one and cautiously worked through the long grass to the place where I supposed the pool to be. Just as I caught sight of his tail, he heard us and swung round, broadside on. I fired for his shoulder. He made straight for us. and, as we bolted into the long grass, dashed past and disappeared down hill. Mary Jane, in spite of my urging him to take up the track, persisted in searching distant hill-tops, and it was not until these endeavours proved futile that I induced him to accompany me down hill, along a track stained with blood, which, as it reached the steep hillside, became a slide down which the rhino had fallen to the bottom, where he was lying stone dead. He proved to be an old male, standing 5 feet 2 inches at the shoulder, and with his front horn a fraction under 2 feet in length. Leaving Mary Jane by the carcase, I set off to find camp, which was hidden just under a little ridge below the north-west spur of the hill. On the way I saw a good waterbuck and over thirty reedbuck. Not till the following morning did we succeed in getting the scalp and horns from the skull, and then only by tying the skin to a tree and making some thirty men pull on a rope passed through the eye sockets.

When the undertaking was successfully completed, I started for the ford, where the river was some 35 yards wide and 3 feet deep, with some fine trees overhanging its waters. I marched on through long grass to the banks

of the Thika, catching sight of three rhino on the way, two of which were so close to our path that my men sought shelter behind the nearest trees. Although I have met sportsmen who will try and convince you that the manners of a rhino are as peaceable as those of a farmyard pig, these animals are more dreaded by the East African natives than lions.

From the camping place I had my first view of snow-capped Mount Kenya, which so often veils its head in a dense cloud. When late in the afternoon there were no signs of my safari, I set out to shoot something for dinner, as there seemed every chance of my having a "night out." However, just before dark, the men arrived, having, through the stupidity of the guides, pitched camp at some other spot.

The following was a red-letter day for both of us. Hardly had I left camp when I came across a little group of waterbuck feeding in some thin thorn. A short stalk and I hit the male hard; another shot brought him to the ground, but I had to give him a finisher. He was my first and only specimen of *Cobus Ellipsiprymnus*. The reports of the rifle brought some of my men from camp, and I left them to carry in the skin and meat while I went on. Close to our path one of my men noticed a huge snake coiled up by the root of a dead tree, but, by the time I got to the place, it had glided down a hole out of sight. Soon after I saw an impala facing me, and missed six shots clean, the beast, not seeing me, but merely jumping from side to side as the bullets whizzed past him. My seventh shot caught him full in the chest and dropped him dead in his tracks. While the men were skinning him, I found a herd of nine impala bucks, and lay



*Photo by]*

*[Mr. F. C. COBB.*

Nzau, our head man, and my first lioness.

watching them for some time before I could decide which had the longest horns. This time my first shot was fatal. Hardly had I mounted my mule again after packing the last impala off to camp, than I ran across a hungry old lioness still on the prowl for dinner. She grunted her discontent at meeting us and broke into a trot. I slid from my mule, but was some moments unarmed before I could wrest a .400 cordite from Mary Jane. When I did manage to get it, the beast was making nearly straight away from us, and my first bullet merely cut a tendon of one of her hind legs. Instead of turning, she limped off growling, but the second shot caught her in the left side and, passing through her heart, killed her nett. C—— meanwhile had had an exciting time with a pugnacious old rhino, which had taken a lot of lead before succumbing, and he had also bagged a fine gnu bull. His men were so absorbed in the rhino encounter that they let his mule bolt, and although we sent askaris in every direction, we never heard of it again.

## CHAPTER III.

Crossing the Thika—A right and left at lion—A troop of lions and a long chase—First glimpse of giraffe—We double back for Kongoni and lion—Fort Hall—Reorganising our safari—A native bridge—He of the one boot—Buying a wife—Highly cultivated country—Dancers and their costumes—A Beluchi traders' camp—Their tales of Abyssinians—A small-pox scare.

AFTER a long and unsuccessful search in the neighbourhood for Waller's gazelle, we crossed the Thika by means of a fallen trunk of one of the magnificent trees that shade its steep red banks. From the continual moisture, the foothold was extremely slippery, and I ordered a rope to be stretched from side to side to serve as a handrail for the laden porters.

C—— had met Dr. Hinde, the Collector of Fort Hall, who, with his wife, was on his way to Nairobi. That night there was quite a chorus of lions round camp, and at day-break we started in opposite directions to make a wide circle to look for them, but failed to find their tracks. As the safari had only been going to march an hour, I was disgusted to discover that, after regaining the path, I had still three and a half hours' walking between me and camp. Hardly had I sat down to tiffin, when a man ran in with the news that our woodcutters had just seen a troop of lions. Hastily pulling on my boots again, I hurried off through long grass, under the scorching rays of an after-

noon sun. When I reached the woodcutters they said that the lions had moved off, and I had to slacken my pace as I took up their tracks. One of the Swahili porters climbed a tree and pointed out the direction in which the beasts had gone. Expecting them to be some



A natural bridge over the Thika.

way ahead, I was rather taken aback to suddenly find myself confronted by three of them, which appeared as it were from nowhere, some thirty paces distant. At sight of us, the one to our right bounded off and disappeared from view. The one in the centre, an old lion with a fine black mane, turned away, only pausing for a second or two to look back at us over his shoulder. The third,

a young male, slowly moved off with an ugly growl. The centre beast was the prize, and I fired for his shoulder with the .400, just as he was leaving. The bullet struck him true and he fell dead, shot through the heart. As I fired, I saw the younger animal spin round as though to charge, but the sudden death of his companion seemed to daunt his courage, and he turned to escape, only to be raked through by a solid bullet from my left barrel. This did not stop him from bounding away, but when, after a few minutes, we took up the trail, we could hear him moaning as he dragged himself through the long grass. As soon as all was silent, we made a most careful approach, but our caution was needless, for he was lying stone dead. Carrying the body back to the place where the other lay, we commenced skinning them, and during the process I looked up to see three others sitting watching us from the top of the next ridge. They did not seem inclined to move, and I waited some little time in the hope that C—— would arrive, in response to the message I had sent him by one of the men; but, as the sun began to sink, and there were still no signs of him, I set off after them.

The grass was so long as I descended the dip of the valley that they entirely disappeared from view. When I again got a glimpse of them, I apparently missed with my first barrel but hit with the second, as they turned and bolted. For some time I followed them, but although I saw them once or twice, I could not get another shot, so returned to camp.

C—— did not come in till after dark, his men having lost the path, and made even a longer march than I had.

The next morning I spent in camp, looking over the lion

skins and labelling and packing others, while C—— had an unsuccessful day in search of lion.

When the safari resumed the march, I made a detour past the skeletons of the lions, picked clean by the hyænas and vultures, and across two other ridges, where I came upon a path made by a troop of lions through the wet grass. Soon after I counted five of them, just entering a patch of high reeds, and, descending the hill, I followed their pugs. It was rather jumpy work, as I fully expected them to appear at any moment. However, after I had tracked them for some distance along the reed bed, the path led me over the hill-side into thick bush. Here I saw a fine waterbuck, and on the opposite side of the valley a rhino. The latter, getting our wind, made for the horizon at its best pace. Kicking up my mule, I circled round so as to work up wind, and spotted one of the lions moving slowly through grass and scrub on the slope facing me. I threw myself off my mule, only to find that the beast was hidden in the long grass, but, as I was pushing along parallel to the course it was taking, another appeared following it. Two snap shots missed clean, but a third, better aimed, knocked it over. I then ran round and tried to cut off the first animal we had seen, but although one of my men declared he had again caught sight of it, I failed to do so. The one that had been hit was disabled, and I had some difficulty in getting close enough to be able to place a finishing shot without coming within reach of a possible spring. However, I at last managed to settle the beast, which proved to be a young lioness. While we were busy skinning it, a solitary giraffe moved across the sky line, the first I had ever seen in the open. As night fell, I found camp pitched on the opposite side of

the Maragua River, a clear, rapid stream, ten to twelve yards across and four feet deep, with a rocky bed. On the top of a steep hill beside it was the first Kikuyu village we had seen.

That evening, while talking things over with the natives, they told us that we had reached the edge of the lion country, and that we should see no more Coke's hartebeest. C—— was naturally anxious to bag his first lion, and I wanted to secure another specimen or two of kongoni, so we decided to leave the majority of the safari there whilst we went back for a few days' more shooting. During the three days we were away, I secured several fine head of hartebeest, and one black-backed jackal, besides seeing the first roan antelope of the trip; and C—— caught sight of a lion, but, unfortunately, did not manage to get a shot at it.

On the 20th March, after returning to the main camp, we set out for Fort Hall, or, as the natives call it, Mbirri, which crowns a little hill, and reached it in an hour and a half. Mr. Humphery, who was in charge of the station, came out to welcome us, and very kindly insisted upon us considering ourselves his guests during our stay. The post had been established, some eighteen months previous, by Mr. Hall, whose grave lay just outside the Fort. The latter consisted of a roughly built stone wall, about five feet high, with a platform running round the inside, and containing two rude mud huts with corrugated roofs and earthen floors. The huts were in process of being replaced by a fine stone-built house, at which a band of natives, under Indian masons and carpenters, had been labouring for the past five months. The whole was encircled by a deep, narrow trench, with barbed wire coiled at the bottom.

A guard of thirty-five men, with their families, were quartered in an enclosure surrounded by barbed wire, standing close to the Fort, and connected with it by a draw-bridge. On the other side of the Fort were four Indian shops, containing a few Europe stores, blankets, cotton sheeting, iron wire, and other trade goods. The water of the nearest stream to the south of the Fort was reputed to cause dysentery, but a stream of good water, called Madua, lay rather further away to the north. Unhappily, no sooner had I reached the station than I got a touch of fever, which was the more annoying as it came at a time when there were a good many arrangements to make.

One of the first things Humphery enquired about was the total number of our rifles. When I told him that we had thirty, he seemed satisfied, but warned us never to let our men go out unarmed, or in very small parties, as the Kikuyu were well known for their treachery. This was my first experience of how difficult it was to obtain accurate information about a district and its natives, except from the official in immediate charge. At Nairobi I had finally been assured that the Kikuyu were absolutely tame, and that if I took some half dozen rifles for my escort they would be more than sufficient.

Of the twenty-four Kamba porters from Nairobi, which had been selected for me by the Sub-Commissioner of that place, seven had deserted, and only three of the remainder elected to go on with us. To add to our misfortunes, there were seven sick men amongst our Mombassa porters, and I had discovered that my second gun-bearer was almost blind. When he was asked why he had taken service, knowing that his eyesight was defective, he re-

plied that it was not his fault—Allah had so afflicted him—and he seemed surprised at my answer, that at all events Allah had not intended him to be my gun-bearer.

While Kikuyu porters were being procured to fill these vacancies, we dispatched the dismissed men with twelve packages of trophies for the Coast, and started on our

*Photo by]**A Kikuyu bridge over the Tana.**[MR. F. C. COBB.*

march northwards. On the first day we crossed the Tana River by a ramshackle native bridge built of rough poles supporting a slippery switchback-like footway, nearly forty yards long. Just a little up stream the river rushed over a fall of nearly forty feet. No sooner was our camp pitched close by, than the chief, Oreorear, arrived, bringing a present of bananas and sour milk. C——, to his intense

astonishment, immediately greeted him by name, having recognised in him the man described by Humphery, as wearing only one boot, and that more often than not on the wrong foot.

The next day, accompanied by Ororear and his followers, we passed numerous villages, generally built in thick bush, and surrounded by much cultivation, where the men and women were working in the fields clad in scanty skirts of banana leaves. Indian corn, beans and mtama (a sort of millet) appeared to be the chief crops, interspersed with banana and sugar-cane plantations, and occasional patches of tobacco. On the way we were met by parties of women, bearing on their backs large skin bags full of market produce. These were slung by straps passed across their foreheads, and, in addition, some of the mothers were carrying their babies in the same way. In spite of Ororear's attempts to reassure them, the majority dropped their loads, and fled into the jungle till we had passed. At one place we came upon a row of women preparing the ingredients for making "tembo"—native drink. This was done by pounding sugar-cane with heavy wooden pestles, in mortars made by sinking holes in a hard log of wood. They were much amused when we presented them with a few beads, and induced them to continue their labours for our edification.

Shortly afterwards, shrieks and yells proceeded from a village lying a little to one side of the path, and a number of natives emerged from their huts armed with spears, and apparently ripe for a brawl. I dispatched a couple of my men to find out the cause of the disturbance, but before they reached the village, one of Ororear's followers ran up to us and began an excited harangue. The inter-

preter explained that the man had handed over the customary price in sheep and goats to his prospective father-in-law, who lived in this village, but that the latter had neither produced the lady, nor returned the sheep and goats. The aggrieved party had thought our presence an excellent



*Photo by*

Ororear, the "One Boot" Chief.

[MR. F. C. COBB.]

opportunity of getting his claims settled. I told him I could not enter into the matter, but would give him a letter to the official at Fort Hall, who would doubtless deal out impartial justice.

As each hour went by, Ororear implored us to stop, but we pushed steadily on, determined to reach Karhoteney, a village in the Zimberu district. From here we knew that

one day's march would bring us to the centre of a number of villages, where we could quickly get the flour we wanted.

On our arrival, camp was soon thronged with natives, who brought sugar-cane, bananas, sweet potatoes, milk and tobacco for sale. This latter was made up into packets, some two feet long, and wrapped in banana leaf. It was exchanged for cotton sheeting, and we laid in a good store, for tobacco is a great article of barter with the Dorobo of Mount Kenya and the Suk of Baringo.

Soon, party after party of Kikuyu dancers arrived, each consisting of three or four men, their bodies smeared with mutton fat and white clay, in which they had traced elaborate designs with their fingers. While these differed to a certain extent in each band, all largely consisted of a zig-zag pattern, like conventional lightning. This, according to tradition, had been decreed by the God of the Kikuyu, who has his dwelling on Mount Kenya. The legend runs, that the Father of all the Kikuyu felt an irresistible impulse to attempt the ascent of the mountain. As he made his way over the upper slopes, his God met him, and presenting him with the first of all the sheep on earth, impressed on him that if he and his descendants wished to flourish, every male on attaining manhood, and on any special ceremony, must decorate his body to represent lightning, the sign of his God's might.\* Besides the variations in the designs, the ornaments worn and the figures of the dances differed according to the district.

The first three men wore round the waist a leather band covered with six rows of blue and white beads, a fringe formed of short bits of reed, each terminating in a bead, and

\* For this and other information about the Kikuyu I am much indebted to Mr. W. Routledge.



*Photo by]*

Kikuyu dancers.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

at the back a dressed serval skin. At the end of a leather strap with kauri shells sewn on it, which was suspended high on the right thigh, hung a large bean-shaped iron rattle, containing pellets of the same metal. This was fastened by a thong across the leg, just above the knee.



*Photo by*

Kikuyu dancers.

[MR. F. C. COBB.]

From the left ear dangled a strip of guinea-fowl's skin, and from the right, a similar strip from a stork, with the feathers still attached. On both arms they carried heavy brass wire armlets, while high on the left, was fixed, in addition, an oval carved shield with a black and red design on a white ground. The arm was passed through a hole pierced in the lower part of it, which was then plugged up with



*Photo by]*

Kikuyu bee-hive.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

leaves to keep the shield from slipping. In their right hands the dancers held a long staff covered with the white fur of the guereza monkey. During the dance a monotonous chant accompanied the usual shuffle, as they faced us or turned to each other. When they jumped in the air, their staves were brought to the ground with a thud, and, by twitching their shoulders, the shields were kept in a perpetual waggle. At the finish the men squatted, and one by one hopped towards us and back again, like so many frogs.

For three months these bands wander about, dancing and showing themselves in every village, that all may recognise that they have reached manhood. Another party wore a hoop or halo of feathers fixed in cane round their heads.

Ororear watched the proceedings from the verandah of my tent, where C—— and I were writing letters, and we seemed to be an endless source of interest to himself and his retinue. Meanwhile, one loving Kikuyu couple, who strolled about arm in arm, caused us much amusement, and lent quite a homely touch to the scene. The girl was decidedly good-looking.

On our march from this camp, we traversed much the same sort of country as before, but with more banana plantations and fewer villages. Perched in the upper branches of the trees we noticed many typical native bee-hives, formed out of a hollow log with the ends plastered up.

Close to the spot we had chosen for our camping-ground, were pitched the tents of some Beluchi traders who had just returned from round Kenya. They were delighted to find someone who could speak Hindustani, and while

regaling us with tea, Indian sweets and biscuits, they poured out their troubles. They told us that, during a previous trip to the west of Lake Rudolf, an Abyssinian force had fallen upon them, appropriated over 10,000 lbs. of ivory, and taken a number of them prisoners. On a dark, rainy night the seven Beluchis had succeeded in



Photo by]

Beluchi ivory traders.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

escaping, and after six days without food, managed to rejoin some of their men, but eighty of them, with sixteen rifles, were still missing\*. When the traders heard that

\* Lord Hindlip, on his way from Abyssinia, down the French Railway to Jibuti, in August, 1902, met some of these men, who, owing to the efforts of Sir John Harrington, our representative in Abyssinia, had been released, and were on their way back to Mombassa. They had a few rifles, but every bit of their ivory had been confiscated.

I had been in Abyssinia and knew the Emperor Menelik, they plied me with questions as to the probability of their being able to recover at least part of their hard-earned ivory, but, unfortunately, I could give them little hope.

Kuitu, the head chief of the village, an ugly, wrinkled old fellow, promised us that, on the morrow, the villagers would sell us flour to replenish our store.

In the afternoon we noticed one of the two Masai guides we had engaged at Fort Hall busily scratching himself within a few yards of our tent, and calling Abdallah, our English-speaking boy, we proposed that he should present the gentleman in question with a piece of soap, and make a few remarks fitting for the occasion. Abdallah had a short interview with him, after which he quietly turned to me and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "the man he have small-pox badly." We were not disposed to receive this news so philosophically, but hastily summoned the head man, Nzau, and suggested that the sooner the sick man were sent back to Fort Hall, the better. We afterwards learnt, however, that he was merely suffering from chicken-pox.

## CHAPTER IV.

Visit to a Kikuyu village—A dead woman's hut—Field costume—Trading for food—Start for Kenya—Trouble with guides—The foot of the mountain—Search for Dorobo—Enter forest—Guereza monkeys—An albino specimen—A herd of elephants—A vicious animal—A narrow escape—Bushbuck shooting—Kenya's snow-capped peak.

EARLY one morning we visited a typical Kikuyu village, which was concealed in a clump of thick jungle near the summit of a small hill. We waited outside the stockade till permission was given us to pass the only entrance, which was formed of stout stakes driven into the ground, and was just high enough to allow us to scramble through without crawling. The first village consisted of a cluster of three huts. The elder of the settlement, an old fellow without a stitch of clothing, received us, and after some little talk with our interpreter, raised no objection to our taking some photographs. We were then conducted through a sort of palisade to Musarcartey, as the inner village was called. This was composed of five huts, one of which, standing a little apart, was apparently isolated, as the doorway was barricaded and there were no cooking pots to be seen outside. In answer to our enquiries, we were told that the woman to whom it had belonged had died there, and therefore the hut was abandoned. This was evidently the custom in the district, as the late occupant



*Drawn by*

Entrance to a Kikuyu village.

[A. FORESTIER.]

had not been the victim of any infectious disease. The huts were constructed of the usual framework of stakes and pliant branches covered with straw and grass, with a very low opening to serve as a doorway. In two of them the thatch just overlapped the low circular wall, while in the others it was continued right down to the ground.



Photo by]

Shelling peas in a Kikuyu village.

[MR. F. O. COBB.

The villagers were busy shelling peas, and the elder, who was seated by his "old Dutch," a wrinkled hag who was positively hideous, seemed to be very fond of, and to make a great deal of her. The only other woman we saw was by no means bad-looking, and when her shyness was once overcome, she took quite a lively interest in us and the camera. Perhaps her shyness was partly due to the fact that we had evidently called before she was expecting

visitors. Not having time in her hurry to fasten her stays, she had flung them round her neck, where they hung down over her soft leather dress. Her corsets consisted of many strings of beads and kauri shells. Enormous wire earrings, strung with beads, and half-supported by a cord



A coy Kikuyu couple.

passed over her head, and the inevitable bracelets of coiled wire, completed her costume. In the picture which I secured of herself and her husband, she looked especially coy.

While we were taking photographs, a man came in from his work in the fields in a kilt of banana leaves, and a rather sketchy one at that.

From here we paid a visit to the Beluchi's camp, and

took photos of them and their men, with the largest tusks they had secured. The longest measured 8 feet  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and weighed 92 lbs. On our return to camp we found that a brisk trade for beans and millet was in progress, the principal articles in demand by the natives being cotton sheeting and beads. The sheeting was sold in lengths called hands, which were measured from the elbow



In Kikuyuland, bargaining for beans.

to the tip of the middle finger, and each of which purchased three two-pound Huntley and Palmer's biscuit tins full of grain. For a string of beads they would exchange one tinful. The natives were shrewd traders, and it was some time before we could convince them that they must give full measure if they expected the full amount of cotton cloth. Often, after half an hour's haggling, the owner would clear up all his beans and go away, only to return soon afterwards and repeat the whole process.

In the afternoon several petty chiefs came in with presents, to tell us their grievances. According to their accounts it appeared that the Masai had robbed them, and when they retaliated, the officials of Fort Hall had sent down the askaris and burnt their villages. The only advice I could give them was that, the next time they were robbed, they



A Kikuyu chief and his followers.

should make all the prisoners they could, and march them into the station, instead of killing them out of hand. One of these men had his hair dressed after the Masai fashion, into a countless number of tiny plaits which were divided into two queues, one drawn tightly to the forehead and the ends bound together, the other gathered in at the nape of the neck. Their heads, faces and necks were

smearred with grease or oil, and coated with red clay, and snuff boxes made of little tusks of ivory, rhino horns, or old cartridge cases, were suspended round their necks. The Monarch Gramophone held them spell-bound, so long as it was reeling off songs and recitations, but the band pieces fell absolutely flat.

Just as we were ready to start next morning, a Kikuyu head man and thirty porters came in with some boxes we had left behind, sacks of flour for our men, and, what was by far the most welcome, two mails from home.

Till we reached the banks of the Sagana, where the tall yellow grass, from a little distance, looked not unlike a field of ripe oats, our march lay through cultivated fields and villages. I forded the stream, which was swift and rather deep, in a vain attempt to stalk two little steinbuck which we could see dodging about in the grass. Soon afterwards I wounded a waterbuck, but we lost the track and were a long time before we found and finished the animal. The rushes along the riverside were so high, and the banks so steep, that we had considerable difficulty in getting across and finding camp, which lay in the picturesque fork made by two streams, the waters of which were overhung by fine trees, and backed by a line of hills. The ground along either side of the Sagana, and indeed, much of the country we now traversed, could be easily irrigated, and, being of good quality, highly cultivated. Climbing out of the valley, we found ourselves on a grassy plain, where our guides had promised us lots of shooting, but although I made two wide circuits, I saw absolutely nothing, and C—— only caught sight of two Thomson's gazelle, one of which he shot.

It appeared to me that the guides, instead of taking

us direct to Meru, as they called Kenya, were keeping parallel with its western foot, so, as soon as we halted, I had them and the head man before me, and we held a long shauri.\* They apparently wanted to take us to the north-western spur of the mountain, where they said there were natives who would sell us flour and show us where to find elephants. However, my proposal was, that as there was apparently nothing to be found on the plain we were traversing, we should march direct to the mountain, and follow round its foot, where we might ourselves strike elephants or other game. In the afternoon, after a long stalk in short grass, I managed to secure a steinbuck—a sitting shot at 130 yards, and, on my way back to camp, a gazelle. When we resumed our march next morning, the guides, in spite of the shauri of the previous day, still persisted in keeping north-east, and declaring there was no water directly east. I therefore determined to take the lead myself, and march straight for the mountain. On the way we only saw a few Thomson's gazelle and steinbuck. In five hours we were among the belts of wood which stretch out into the grassy plain at the foot of the mountain, and a fine stream was soon found close at hand. Our guides did not seem at all abashed at this discovery, but simply said that they did not know; they thought there might be no water there. The last of our men to straggle in brought the news that they had seen a party of Masai with their lion-mane head-dresses, and arrayed in full war kit, going northwards, evidently bent on a raiding expedition. Our camp was pitched at an elevation of 6,700 feet, and we were glad of a huge wood fire in front of the verandah.

\* Native council.

During the ten days we spent camped at the western foot of the mountain, C—— and I, setting out in different directions, scoured the forest in search of elephants. We had been anxious to engage some Dorobo hunters as guides and the Kavirondo chief, Kaitu, had, before we left his village, brought in a Dorobo elder, with whom we had arranged, to his apparent satisfaction, that he should accompany us and introduce us to his tribesmen, who were elephant hunting on the western side of Kenya. However, although repeatedly sent for, he failed to put in an appearance. While in the Kenya forest, we often saw the fresh footprints of the hunters, but although we hung little packets of tobacco and rings of iron wire on the trees, in the hope of thus inspiring their confidence and inducing them to visit us, we could not catch sight of them. Nor were our men able to get into touch with them, so we were left to our own resources.

My first day in the forest was a very exciting one. I left soon after sunrise, and followed the grassy bay in which we were camped to its head. It was almost impossible to pierce a way through the undergrowth of the outer fringe of the forest, except by means of an old elephant path, but once through this, the way became easier. The lower jungle soon gave place to great naked tree trunks, rising on every side from ground almost bare of vegetation, while far above our heads, a vaulted roof of branches, thickly interlaced, shut out the bright day-light. The impressive stillness which always reigns in a great forest seemed to be intensified by the twitter of birds and the hum of insects we had just left behind us in the sunshine.

As we were descending the steep banks of one of the numerous streams that flowed from the snows, there was

a bird-like cry, which, in a flash, carried my memory back to the first time I had heard it in the Managasha forest, a few days' march from the capital of Abyssinia.

When, a second later, I caught the glint of a black and white silky body which swung from one lichen-clad juniper branch to another, high above us, I recognised the guereza monkey, the rarest and most beautiful species to be found in Africa. Even when its almost exact position on a tree is known, the guereza monkey is most difficult to descry, owing to the wonderful way in which the black and white of its coat blends with the dark shadows cast by a tropical sun, and the contrasting white beard moss on the branches.

Soon, however, I made out three or four of them, and with a little patience, managed to get a shot at what appeared to be the largest of the troop. As I fired, a pure white one darted away. Here was a prize worth any amount of trouble to secure. I posted my men round and promised them a rich reward if they could discover where the animal was lurking, while I moved slowly from tree to tree, and peered into every dark corner with my binoculars. All, however, without success. On subsequent days the search was renewed in the same spot, but neither here, nor among the many troops of guereza which we saw before leaving the forest, did we ever catch sight of another albino specimen. While I was still searching for the white one, my syce climbed the tree to bring down the body of the other monkey I had shot, when to his surprise, it crawled away, and I had to fire again before it fell. Carrying the skin with us, we crossed a clear running stream of cool water, by the side of which ran a rhino track made the previous day, and climbed the opposite hill, through almost continuous bamboo.

When, after a long march, we still found ourselves in the midst of dense bamboo, and as none of the elephant paths which we had followed seemed to have been recently made, at one o'clock I turned down hill again, munching a captain's biscuit by way of lunch. "Mary Jane" took the lead, and, trusting to the almost invariable power of a native to retrace his steps, it was not until we reached a deep valley which I did not remember, that I began to suspect he was leading me astray. In the depths of the forest there was not a single landmark to guide me, and I was puzzled to know where we were.

At length we struck the stream we had crossed in the morning far higher up, from which it was plain that we were a long way to the north of camp. Our course was altered accordingly. An hour later, while we were still pushing our way through dense bamboo brake, my attention was arrested by the sound of elephants feeding close at hand. Accompanied only by my second gunbearer, Saburi, I turned in the direction of the spot, but as the first group sighted consisted of cows, I left them undisturbed, and managed to withdraw without being seen. Not far ahead, I again detected the noise of another, tearing down and crunching the young bamboo tops, and in the hope that this might prove to be a bull, as they often feed rather apart, I threaded my way towards it, as noiselessly as was possible over the leaves and broken bamboo in an old elephant path. Suddenly the beast stopped feeding; for a moment all was silent, and then a wild shriek of rage broke the stillness as the elephant bore down on us. Even had we known the exact spot where it would appear, it would have been folly to think of flight over the path we had come by, obstructed as it was by fallen bamboo. I

grasped my double .600 cordite, pushed Saburi behind me, and waited, rifle at shoulder. The suspense was soon over. In the dim light I saw a huge head with raised trunk and outspread ears burst through the bamboos and tower almost directly above me. No more than nine or ten paces separated us, as I took a quick aim for the centre of the forehead, which was partly hidden by the upraised trunk, fired both barrels in rapid succession, and turned to escape—only to slip and fall. The next moment there was the mighty crash of a huge body falling behind me, and, as my man helped me to regain my feet, he told me that the elephant was dead. I found that only seven paces lay between its forehead and the place from which I had fired.

While we were standing beside its dead body, we heard another elephant crashing through the bamboos, and expected every minute that it would get our wind and bear towards us. We listened anxiously as it made a narrow circle round us, and then, to our relief, the noise of cracking bamboos grew fainter as the beast turned away. It was now four o'clock, and as I was very uncertain how far we were from camp, and was not at all inclined to spend the night in the forest, I hurriedly took some measurements of the tusks, cut off the tail, and set out. We had hardly gone more than a few hundred yards, when one of my men clutched me by the arm and pointed ahead. An elephant was coming towards us in the very path we were following. When I turned to seize my rifle, I saw my men were scattering and running in every direction. I took up the chase and, just as I snatched my .600 from the man who was carrying it, I heard the beast close behind me, and sprang behind a big tree. The animal pulled up



[Group 60]

"A near thing with a Kenya elephant."

[A. FORESTIER]

some fifteen paces the other side of it, and stood waving its trunk about trying to get our wind. It was a cow with very poor tusks, and as I had had enough of elephants at close quarters for one day, I fired at its head in a position that I knew would not kill it. The shot evidently stunned it, for it moved away unsteadily. We now continued our march, and in a little over an hour reached the edge of the forest, where we were glad to see the glow of a large grass fire, which had been lit to guide us to camp. As it was, we did not arrive till night had fallen. After this, we decided to search the forest further north, while we sent the head man back to replenish our supply of flour. In the outer belts there were signs of a good many bushbuck, of a much darker variety than any I had previously met with, but it was only after a great deal of trouble that I bagged three of them.

Every day we explored some new tract of the forest, and found many old elephant paths, and fresh signs of rhino, buffalo and dik-dik. These, with a few hyænas, the guereza, and one other kind of monkey, were the only animals of which we saw any traces in the forest.

Kenya did not lose its charm on nearer acquaintance. The dark mass of forest at the foot of the mountain merged into the lighter green of the bamboos which clothed the higher slopes. These latter were crowned by mist, through which pierced an occasional rocky peak or barren slope. Sometimes for a few minutes, just at dawn, or when the after-glow of sunset was still lingering in the sky, the mists would roll aside, and a glistening white peak shine out like a great opal, catching the changing light which was reflected from the clouds that hovered round its base, as though jealous of man gazing on their mistress.

## CHAPTER V.

An attempt to reach the upper slopes—Brown monkeys—Giant lobelias—A night in the forest—Return of food safari—A deputation from our men—A Kikuyu chant—One man's meat is another man's poison—Heuglin's hartebeest and oryx—A jackal incident—A Dorobo camp—A fine lion.

EARLY one morning C——, myself, and eleven followers, set out with the determination to try and reach the rocky slopes beyond the bamboo brakes, and see if there were any klipspringer or other animals to be found there. I was also anxious to examine and to secure photographs of the giant lobelias growing on the upper part of the mountain, which, with the aid of the telescope, I had made out from camp. Two hours after starting, as we were passing through thick bamboo, we heard a rustling sound, and I pushed forward with the .256, but the noise became so great that I fancied I was walking into a herd of buffalo, and quickly changed the Männlicher for the .600.

Hardly had I done so when we saw the tops of the bamboos waving, and realised that the commotion was caused by a troop of monkeys. C——, who had caught a glimpse of them, said they were not guereza, being too large and of a different colour.

After some little time he managed to shoot two of them, but only recovered one, which we found had very thick

yellowish-brown fur, and was white about the throat. Although I saw a couple of them jumping from branch to branch, I failed to get a shot. This was the only time that we came across any of the species. At noon, we made a half hour's halt, and when, at 2 o'clock, at an elevation of 9,400 feet, we found ourselves still in dense bamboo, we decided that we must give up the idea of reaching the cliffs above, and return to camp.

On the way down we found the partly-devoured body of a dik-dik of a kind quite new to me, with long lightish-brown hair. We also noticed the tracks of some animal with a hoof apparently about the same size as the bush-buck's, but less pointed. At 8,900 feet, I took a photo of a group of giant lobelias standing about 12 feet high. Unlike those I had seen in the Simien Mountains of Abyssinia, where the plant was in every stage of development, the seed spikes here were all dead and decayed ; not a single one of them was growing.

Some 500 feet lower I saw a solitary guereza ; apparently this was the highest point to which they ascended. We tried to find a more direct path down than the one we had traversed in the morning, and were still making our way through continuous bamboos when night fell. The syce with his mule had fallen behind, and we could hear him in the distance blubbering and howling like a frightened child. Our men made great fun of him, imitating his cries, but not one of them would return alone to help him, and the three I told off to look for him were loth enough to start. Meanwhile we lit a fire, and made some torches six feet long, of bamboo splinters bound together and filled with dry leaves, which we lit as soon as the men and mule rejoined us. An hour before midnight we were

clear of the bamboos, but had no idea of our position, or where camp lay. On this point, no two of the men agreed, some of them even insisting that it was in the direction from which we had come.

A shot from C——'s 8-bore rifle drew a reply from camp which did not sound very far off, but it was impossible to locate it. Soon after this the last of the



*Photo by]*

Mount Kenya from the West.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

torches flickered out. I then tried to lead, stumbling about in thick undergrowth, consisting for the most part of giant nettles, against which we had to guard our faces. At length we found ourselves in another bamboo brake, which enabled us to make more torches, and on getting clear of it, we again fired. The answering reports rang out clearly in the stillness, but, unfortunately, every one still held a different opinion as to the direction from which they came.

We were now on the side of a steep jungle-covered valley down which I could find no path. We therefore finally decided to halt till dawn, and the men, though all more or less sullen and frightened, were soon at work searching for dead branches and logs to make a fire, round which we crouched. It was not long before the Swahilis were loudly snoring, but for C—— and myself, supperless and numbed by the keen air, sleep was impossible. We wrapped our waterproof capes closer round us, and, cowering over the smouldering fire, listened to the weird cries of the nocturnal beasts of the forest, the distant crash of a falling tree, or some great beast forcing its way through the undergrowth.

At early dawn we roused our sleeping followers, and again set out. In little over an hour we reached the outer belt and found ourselves some miles to the south of camp, where we arrived at 7.30, having been on our legs nearly 21 hours out of the 25 we had been absent.

Stores were now getting very low. Two-thirds of our men should have received fresh supplies on the preceding day, while the remainder had got through their rations two days before. Not a bagful of flour remained in camp, and although Nzau was due back that morning, the men sent out to look for him returned alone. In the evening, however, another party brought him back, and we learnt that he had succeeded in procuring thirty-two loads of flour which would be in during the next morning.

Soon afterwards a deputation of our porters and chief askaris, headed by Nzau, waited upon us. They pointed out that we should soon be passing through a country which was often traversed by Masai raiders, and should our

path cross theirs, there was no knowing what our reception might be. The men therefore asked that we should try and arrange for one of us to be always in camp.

Once before a band of my followers came to me on a similar errand, when, after shooting the reedbuck on Mount Doinyo Sabuk, I had returned alone to camp. On that occasion they pointed out that I should probably get



Kikuyu porters leaving Mount Kenya camp.

eaten by a lion and that my death might put them to a certain amount of inconvenience.

In the afternoon, when the flour had arrived, and C—— and I had returned to camp, the Kikuyu porters fell in two and two, clasped each other's hands, and serpentine in a long queue about camp, the leading couple chanting a verse, while the remainder answered in chorus. The whole gist of this was an extempore suggestion that, now our safari was well provisioned for the journey, we should give

the Kikuyu presents, and let them return to their wives and sweethearts. As we had specially engaged them to accompany us across Likipia, and could not possibly do without them, the point of their argument failed to appeal to us.

Our march away from the mountain began next day, across a series of wash-outs cut deeply into the rotten sandstone and mud, the climbing in and out of which was a wearisome process for the laden men. On the way I saw a good many tracks of game, and, close to the place where we proposed camping, came on two big warthogs. I fired at the larger, which dashed off at once. The other stood motionless, facing us, tail and bristles up. I let it have my second barrel. As the bullet hit it, the beast turned and, swerving round again almost immediately, made straight for us. When within a few yards it suddenly commenced tearing round in a narrowing circle till it fell dead. We lost the track of the first one, but later on, when the men were collecting firewood, they found the body, and every scrap of both of them was devoured by the Kikuyu porters.

The Swahili, during this part of the trip, were, from religious reasons, exceedingly particular as to what they ate, and would not touch the hog's flesh—much to the delight of the Kikuyu, who consequently had a great feast.

Neither did the Masai guide seem to have any particular objection to the meat, for we saw him carrying off a whole leg for his own consumption. A few pieces of the hide we saved to patch our boots with.

Three days from Kenya we neared the River Gwasho Nyiro, and it was here that we met with the first Grant's

gazelle we had seen since leaving the Athi plains. They appeared to me to differ from the Southern species both in the lateral stripes and in the shape of the horns. The stream, which was some 35 yards wide and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep, was very muddy, for heavy rain had fallen during the last few days. Camp was pitched close to the opposite bank.



Kikuyu porter and oryx, Likipia plains.

C—— told me, when he came in, that he had seen a lot of game, although his luck had not been good, and the men reported that they had been close to a giraffe and its calf.

Much of the country we had passed through was covered with short sweet grass, and studded at intervals with

thorn-trees, reminding us of the lower slopes of Mount Doinyo Sabuk. Here and there the thorn trees grew closer together, forming thickets through which it was difficult to make one's way, while along the river bank the jungle would have been practically impenetrable, save for the game paths through it.

During the next few days the country simply swarmed with game, and I secured my first specimen of Heuglin's, commonly, though probably less correctly, called Jackson's hartebeest. In addition to this, after two days' hard work, for they were very shy, I bagged a good oryx, but was disgusted to find it was oryx beisa, the same species as I had secured in Somaliland and Abyssinia, and not the fringe-eared variety which I was so anxious to get. Just after an unsuccessful attempt to get near some more of them, I noticed a solitary male steinbuck with apparently only one horn, lying down in the open. My first shot killed it. As the report rang out, two black-backed jackals, which had evidently been stalking it, moved off, and at the same moment a kite swooped down on the dead body. One of the jackals dashed back to drive it off, and as he stood over the carcass, I dropped him with a solid bullet. His mate then arrived on the scene, only to fall in her turn to the first shot. The steinbuck's second horn was hanging loose down the side of its head, being attached to it only by the skin ; it was the longest I secured.

As a camping ground that night, our old Masai guide led us to the ancient village site of some of his tribesmen, which he remembered from the days of his boyhood.

After sunset a cutting cold wind from off the snows of Kenya swept over the plain, and chilled everyone in camp to the bone. We had a roaring fire built in the front of

our verandah, and were glad to pile all our available clothes on our beds before turning in.

During the march our men had come across the partly-eaten remains of a zebra I had unfortunately wounded the day before, and which had apparently been caught by a lion.

On the 12th of April we again approached the banks of the Gwasho Nyiro, here a much larger stream, and said to be unfordable. While I was trying to stalk a single Thomson's gazelle, a herd of seven zebra came quite close to us, and continued following us about for some time, within two or three hundred yards. It was just as though they knew that I was not shooting zebra that day. When C—— came in, he said he had come across an old Dorobo encampment while hunting. It consisted of a double thorn hedge roofed over with grass, having two entrances, one on each side, and containing a dozen small circular shelters built of boughs interlaced and roofed with grass.

During the day a leopard in chase of an antelope had passed close to our safari, and the men had also sighted three rhino. In the afternoon, we were rather amused to see the porters, who had been set to work to boil, in our tin bath, the heads of the beasts we had killed, busily employed eating the brains and the little pieces of flesh and gristle which still adhered to the bone. As many of the skulls had been shot for some days, they must have held almost as many maggots as brains, but this did not seem to put the porters off in the least; yet they had objected strongly to my adding a jackal's skull to those already simmering, because they considered it unclean.

A couple of days later, just after passing a large mixed herd of eland and zebra, I noticed the pugs of a big lion

that had preceded us along the path. A few minutes afterwards, a fine waterbuck appeared in the track, standing watching us. The fact of its being there showed that the lion must have passed some considerable time before. The shot was too tempting and I fired, but the animal turned and walked off, apparently quite unconcerned. I was a bit surprised, as I felt sure my aim had been steady, and thought I had heard the bullet tell.

As I was on the point of firing again the beast tottered and fell dead.

Leaving Mary Jane, and a couple of the other men to skin it, I and Saburi took up the lion track and followed it, not without several checks, for a couple of hours, passing on the way a herd of sixty-four eland, with two or three good bulls amongst them. Twice we came upon places where the lion had unsuccessfully tried for his supper, stalking first zebra and then hartebeest. It was interesting to trace out the history of the stalks on the soft earth. Here were the marks where the herd had been quietly grazing, while the lion slowly dragged itself along up wind, taking advantage of every little bush and inequality of the ground. There was the place where he had dashed into the herd and made a mighty spring, only to fall short, for some member of the herd had doubtless seen him before it was too late to give the warning cry, and they had scattered in wild alarm just in the nick of time. After his fruitless spring the lion had apparently singled out, and tried to overtake a half-grown beast, but it had proved too fleet of foot and his pace had soon dropped again into a walk.

After a long check I made a successful cast forward and struck the track again, only to lose it eventually on grass land. Soon after this we discovered the safari

path and started on our way to camp. Presently we came to a stream with dense underwood along its banks. It looked such a likely place for a lion to lie up in, that I determined to prospect for some little distance along it.

Very soon I was rewarded by again detecting the pugs. Barely one hundred yards further on, I noticed that we were approaching a very dense bush, and, taking over



A Likipia lion.

the .400, I posted myself a few yards from it, while the men searched on either side to see where the tracks led. Fancying that I saw something move in the bush, I raised my glasses, but as they revealed nothing, I concluded that it was merely the sunlight glinting on the leaves as they trembled in the breeze. In a moment I was undeceived. With a savage growl and a crash the brute dashed out, fortunately for us, on the opposite side, for had it come

our way, the chances are that it would have knocked over one or other of us.

I ran round, but could only hear the cracking of the twigs as he forced his way through the thick jungle, along the edge of the stream, and then a mighty splash as he jumped into the water. It was not till he began to scramble up the opposite bank, that I caught a glimpse of him, and fired. He half fell, but recovered himself, and continued his way up the bank. The second shot, as I got a clear sight of his shoulder, knocked him over, but he was up again at once and turned to come for me. At the next shot, he sank out of sight in the long grass and brushwood. Making a detour up stream, I tried to jump it, but landed short, and fell back into the water.

As soon as some of the surplus water was emptied out of my pockets, I made my way to the spot, to find an old animal with a very fair mane, lying stone dead, but in such a natural position, one might have thought he was asleep.

I saw that any one of the three shots would have proved fatal in a very few minutes. After taking photographs and measurements, we skinned and weighed the carcase, which, without allowing for the loss of blood, pulled down 376 lbs.

## CHAPTER VI.

Masai raiding party—A Grant with a crumpled horn—A lion incident—A long march to camp—An ideal white man's country—Cross Marmanet hills—Food running short—A rain storm—Wound an antelope—A rhino and calf—Track and kill the antelope—Search for path—A wooded gorge—A weary trek—Benighted—Encounter three rhino—Bivouac in forest—Sight Baringo Lake—Descend the escarpment—A band of Suk—Their dress and arms.

IN order to give the lion skin, with others we had got, a chance to dry, we decided to halt for an extra day. Our camp was pitched close to the edge of a papyrus swamp, which the Masai guide called Pacey. It was from 150 to 400 yards wide, and stretched for some hours north and south. Having looked to the skins, C—— proceeded northwards, while I worked down towards the southern end of the swamp and had a long chase after an impala, missing several long shots before I finally killed it. It was the finest head of the species we had got so far.

While I was following up the track of a single oryx, I heard the sound of voices, which gradually grew louder, and from the long grass into which I crept, I could see a party of Masai warriors, making their way towards a little valley from which smoke was rising. Shortly afterwards a band of from 150 to 200 men appeared, wending their way up the opposite slope.

From the direction in which they were coming, and the absence of cattle, we concluded they were a Masai war party

returning southwards, probably from an unsuccessful raid on the Suk. When the last man had disappeared, I tried to pick up the tracks of the oryx, but failed, and seeing some others, together with a lot of Grantii and Thomsons, on a little ridge across the swamp, I started towards them, along the path the Masai had come by.

Here I found a single oryx surrounded by a herd of Grantii feeding on the open top of a grassy hill. This I attempted to crawl up, when a doe Grant spotted me, walked up within 200 yards, stood there grunting, and then returned to the herd. Eventually I got a long shot at the oryx, and apparently hit, as the beast only moved off for a short distance and then stood under a tree. Another walked up to it, and they both turned as though to come back within shot, but my men rejoined me and frightened them away.

At two o'clock we were within some twenty minutes from camp, but on the wrong side of the swamp, and, finding it impassable, we had to go round. It took us nearly two-and-a-half hours. It was in this swamp that I shot a waterbuck with very widespread horns and a doe Grant, which was only secured after a long stalk. Its left horn was bent down round the ear, and the right broken off, so that the animal presented a very odd appearance.

For some time we had been suspicious of our guide's knowledge of the lie of the country, and it was now clear enough that he had but a very general idea of his bearings, and was quite incapable of telling us the distances between water, a most important point with heavily-laden porters. It was therefore necessary, on arrival in camp each day, to send out a party of men to discover the distance to the next camping-ground, and this caused a lot of unnecessary work.

While camp was being shifted on the following day, I made

a wide circle. Pushing my way through a thick belt of scrub, I found myself on a wide, open hill-top, on which, amongst other game, I saw a little troop of zebra feeding. As soon as I was within shot, I fired at the leader, which staggered for a minute or two and fell. A whistle from behind suddenly caught my ear, and I turned to see Mary Jane beckoning so frantically that, stooping as low as I



Fall in for meat rations.

could, I ran to him. He handed me the .400, and said in a loud whisper, "Simba\*—two."

Cocking the rifle, I moved forward in the direction in which he was pointing, and soon caught sight of a fine yellow-maned lion making quickly away diagonally to our left. A moment later a big lioness appeared from behind a bush, leading the way just in front of him. She was moving at a quick walk with her head so low that it almost

\* Lion.

touched the ground, thus showing to perfection the massive muscles of her neck and shoulders. From the twitching of her tail, it was evident how keenly she resented being robbed by man, the only living creature she feared, of her favourite meal of zebra meat.

The lion had none of the slinking appearance of his mate. He held his head high and proudly as though half inclined to dispute our business on his hunting ground. Several times he hesitated in his walk, and turned towards us to show his teeth, but each time, as his mate kept steadily on, he seemed to think better of it, and continued to follow her.

If anything, they gradually quickened their pace, and although I tried to cut them off by running whenever a bush or tree hid them for a moment, I hardly decreased the 300 yards which originally separated us.

At last they halted behind a thick tree close to the belt of jungle we had come through. They were growling angrily, and I hurried forward just in time to catch a glimpse of the hind-quarters of the male. I threw up my .400, only to find that Mary Jane, like the idiot he was, had put the sight down. The second's delay in adjusting it lost me the shot, for the beasts had plunged into the thick jungle.

We spent some time vainly trying to pick up their tracks, and finally set out after the safari, across a wide valley, and into a thick belt of forest on the other side, where I found a Dorobo arrow. Just at dusk, a rifle shot broke the silence, and we imagined that camp must be close at hand, but as, after some time, there were no signs of it, I fired and received an answering report. By the light of an almost full moon we managed to press on, and at length emerged from the forest on to an open hill-top, where we

met a party of askaris sent out to look for us. We did not reach camp till eight o'clock, as the Gwasho Narok, a clear stream some twelve yards wide, had to be forded. This was the first fair-sized river we had seen since leaving the Gwasho Nyiro, for the River Pacey, of which we had heard



*Photo by]*

Porters crossing a stream.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

so much, turned out to be a mere trickling brook flowing from the swamp.

We were now beyond the influence of the cold winds which swept across the country from Kenya, and even the men suffered under the oppressive noon-day heat. The next part of the march led through such thick bush that we had to keep close to the men for fear of losing the safari

path altogether. At mid-day we reached Lari lol Morio, at an elevation of 6,500 feet.

¶ Our head man, who, as usual, had gone on to prospect the route for the coming day, did not return that evening, nor the following morning, but we found him at the next camping place near the foot of the Marmanet hills. This was a lovely bit of country ; its clear streams, undulating grassy hills, fine clumps of trees and patches of bush, reminded one of an English park. Of the many ideal spots for white settlers which we had seen, this was one of the finest, lying as it does at an elevation of over 6,000 feet. It is well watered, and the little woods and copses scattered about the hill-sides and in the valleys would provide timber and firewood. According to our Masai guide the rich pasturage clothing the valleys is always good, and as the railway is within easy distance, there would be no great difficulty in getting both stock and produce down to it. Being at present a "no-man's land" there are no natives to be dispossessed or to feel aggrieved at its occupation by white men.

As lions had roared several times during the night, I made a big circuit back over our path of the previous day, before following the caravan across the grassy summit of the Marmanet hills, which was only some 500 feet above our camp of that morning.

In the afternoon C—— told me that he had seen a big herd of hartebeest feeding further down the valley we were in, and as the men were getting extremely short of food, I sallied out to try and slay one. Just as I reached some scrub near which they were, a blinding thunder-storm came on. However, I hit one hard and was on the track, when I found a rhino and its calf directly in my path. Not

anxious to have an encounter with them, I retreated, and circled round to pick up the tracks of the wounded animal, but evening was drawing in and I was obliged to leave it and return to camp.

At sunrise I was back again resuming the trail, and in a couple of hours had found and finished the beast, which

*Photo by]*

A halt on the march.

[MR. P. C. CORB.

was lying in some thick scrub. I then sent back to our old camp for some porters who had been left to look after the skins, and were to follow the safari later, but they could only spare a couple of men.

At mid-day I started with three followers, leaving the remainder to carry the meat. No one appeared to know in which direction the safari had gone, and although we

struck right across the valley, we failed to find their tracks. As we neared a deep narrow gorge which led about west-north-west, the direction in which I knew Baringo lay, I detected with the glasses a well-worn path lying at the foot of it, and decided this was the one the safari must have followed. A zig-zag track brought us down the steep side of the valley, the first part of which was formed by a cleft in the rock, so like a cutting that it was difficult to believe it was not the work of man.

When we reached the path, although it was evidently in constant use, there were no traces of our men having passed along it. While skinning a female bush-buck which I had shot *en route*, I sent on a syce to see if he could find any signs of the whereabouts of our safari, the other two men having disappeared from sight. The syce returned without finding any traces, so we decided to strike up the right-hand side of the valley. Twice I was swept off the mule by the overhanging branches, the first time being suspended in the air by the straps of my water-bottle and field-glass, while one foot was caught in the stirrup. To our surprise, we came across the trail of our men, in the midst of a big wood. They had evidently made their way without any regard to a path. It was now four o'clock. We followed on till after six, across grass and through patches of jungle, till, on entering a wood, we lost the track, and even when we reached grass again could not distinguish it in the darkness. However, we pushed forward, when suddenly three huge forms loomed up in the hazy light directly in front of us ; there was a chorus of angry snorts, and I realised that we had disturbed three rhino out for an evening stroll. In addition to my usual kit, I was carrying two rifles, the bush-buck skin, and some of its meat, and thus hampered, as

I attempted to get off my mule, my foot caught in the reins, and I fell heavily to the ground.

The result was more satisfactory than might have been expected, for the noise of my fall, added to the force of the language to which I gave vent, had such an effect upon the rhino that they vanished into the night. Things were getting a little too exciting for night marching, so we



Lake Baringo.

returned to the wood, lit a fire, and roasted bits of bush-buck liver and kidney, skewered on sticks, for supper.

Then we set to work to make a bed of leaves, on which I lay down while Saburi took the first watch. At midnight I took over the care of the fire, and once during my vigil the mule became so fidgety that I feared some lion must be prowling near.

After daybreak we soon recovered the safari path, which

led us close to the place where we had disturbed the rhino on the previous night and through two more belts of wood. Here and there were scattered a number of bleached buffalo skulls, the results of the rinderpest of a few years back, and I also noticed the fresh workings of an ant-bear, an animal which from here towards Lake Baringo seemed to be more numerous than on any other part of my journey.

Two hours after starting, I caught my first glimpse of the lake, lying some 3,000 feet below us. It looked so small in the distance that I imagined at first our guide had brought us too far south, and that it was Lake Hannington ; but when with the glasses, I distinctly made out several islands, I came to the conclusion that it must be Baringo.

Here the track made an acute turn northwards, and half-an-hour afterwards, a party of our men from camp met us. The way down the escarpment was very steep and rock-strewn, with thorn trees dotted about. I was delighted to suddenly come on five kudu cows, for although I knew that Count Teleki, the discoverer of Lake Rudolf, had found these animals in the district, I feared that disease might have decimated them, as had been the case in so many other parts of Africa, and even as far north as Abyssinia.

At eleven I reached camp, pitched at the foot of the upper great step of the escarpment, at an elevation of about 5,000 feet. Two of my lost men had already arrived, and soon afterwards, Mary Jane and the remainder straggled in and reported that, while waiting by the meat, a lion, doubtless attracted by its smell, had walked up quite close to them.

In the afternoon, while having a great time sorting skins, many of which, to our disgust, had gone wrong during the

last few days, a party of natives were seen approaching. For a moment there was great excitement, and our askaris ran to get their rifles, but I stopped them and told Nzau, with two or three men and the guide, to go and meet them.

They proved to be a little band of eight or ten Suk, who had seen our tents in the distance, and had come to find out who we were. They were carrying green branches in their



A band of Suk.

hands as a token that they came in friendship and not in war, and on entering camp, spat freely on their palms, shook hands all round, and murmured, "Chumka, Chumkakia, Chumkakoo"—the Suk equivalent for "How do you do?"

Spitting, I afterwards learnt, is an important ceremony among the Suk, but happily the Baringo Collector had managed to instil it into those of the tribe in closer connec-

tion with the boma, that a white man considers the greeting quite as hearty, if that part of the performance is omitted.

As our visitors announced that they would guide us to the Government boma, which was three days off, we gave them meat and tobacco, put their spears into safe custody, and they spent the night round our camp fire. They belonged to a pastoral branch of the Suk tribe, who had been induced to come southwards and settle within touch of the Government station.

The Suk are an exceptionally tall and well-developed race, who, like the Karamojo and Turkana, wear little or no clothing, which leaves them free to devote their time and attention to an elaborate method of dressing the hair.

To their natural growth, the elders add the hair which they have inherited from their ancestors, and have shorn from their enemies slain in battle, working it into a felt-like mass, and stiffening the whole with clay. Eventually it attains an enormous size and reaches in a bag-shaped chignon nearly to their waists. It is decorated with ostrich feathers, and a slender piece of rhinoceros horn, or a few quills bound round with giraffe tail-hairs, curves upwards from the base, tipped by a little white tuft of hare's fur. The edge of the chignon is turned inwards, sometimes as much as five inches, the base being divided to form two shallow pockets, in which are carried a quid of tobacco, snuff and other light odds and ends. The Collector of Baringo told me that he had even seen a native produce a gourd of honey from one of them.

The younger men wear a little pat of clay on the top of their heads stuck with ostrich plumes. A cape of softened monkey skin is worn across the shoulders, not, however, as a garment, but simply to throw over their heads and keep

the clay from being washed out of their matted hair, in case of rain. The rest of their kit consists of a string of beads round the waist, iron wire wound round their necks and arms, small brass wire earrings, and the usual flat sandals made of rhino, elephant, or giraffe hide. Some of them also affect brass pendants, which are passed through a hole pierced in the lower lip. Among the Suk proper, I saw no quills worn in the lip, and have it on good authority that they are confined to the half-caste tribes of the hills, with whom some writers have confused the true Suk. As a special visiting costume, they don a bib of goat skin with the hair left on, which reaches to just below the waist.

As weapons, the Suk warrior carries a couple of long slender spears, one of which he throws during an attack, while the other he retains to stab his enemy at close quarters. The blades are leaf-shaped, and measure 8 by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches; the haft is 22 inches in length, and the wooden shaft double as long, while a 12-inch iron foot gives the balance, and is used for sticking the spear upright in the ground. On the third finger of the left hand, they wear a knife ring for gashing an enemy's flesh, while many of them also affect a curious circular knife which is fastened to the right wrist, and when not in use, its razor-like edge is protected by a leather sheath.

None of the Suk proper carry bows and arrows, although they may be found among the mongrel hill tribes already mentioned. This is another point in connection with which the true and bastard tribes have been confounded, and misleading information given, to the effect that bows and poisoned arrows are among the weapons of the pure Suk. The shield of giraffe or buffalo hide is long and narrow, and the slight inward curve of the four sides towards the

centre makes the corners very pointed. A stick running lengthways down the back, like a midrib, stiffens it and provides the hand grasp. To the lower end of this, which projects below the hide, is fastened, as a finishing touch, a pompom of black ostrich feathers.

The custom of circumcision is now gradually dying out among the tribe, the reason they give being that their young men have been too often beaten in battle.

The Suk women wear much more clothing than the men, but do not affect such an elegant hair-dress. The matrons are dressed in a sort of skirt made of two skins, the one behind being the longer, and another is thrown over the shoulders. Round their necks are ropes of beads, besides necklets of brass and iron wire, of which metal they also wear armlets and bracelets. Their heads are occasionally shaved, but are more often covered by an untidy mass of short frizzy hair.

The younger girls are very much more scantily clad, their costume principally consisting of ostrich eggshell beads. Some of them twist their hair into strings and let it hang down like a mop, while others clip it close to the head along the sides, leaving a ridge down the centre from back to front, or only a little tuft of hair two-and-a-half inches long, well in the front of the head.

## CHAPTER VII.

Baringo plain—Reach the boma—The Collector—Mail from home—Mild-mannered crocodiles—Greater Kudu—The African chamois—Trial of a native—Ambatch wood boats—Hippo asleep on shore—The island—"The Place of the Hot Springs"—Steam blow-hole—Submerged trees—Villages—Cooking lunch—Baboons and snakes—A night on the island—A weird scene—A storm on the lake—Return to the boma.

THE next day our way lay over a sun-scorched plain, with thick clumps of thorn bushes and aloes here and there, where the graceful little dik-dik, one of the smallest of the antelope, were numerous.

We camped below the second step of the escarpment, close to a little stream, whence it took us only two hours on the following morning to reach the boma. As I passed through a traders' camp, lying at the foot of the little bare hill on which the Government station stands, the Collector, Mr. Hyde Baker, came down to meet me and led me up a steep path to his quarters, where a great sackful of letters was awaiting us.

Of course, the rest of the day was spent in reading our correspondence, and discussing the news and our future plans. It seemed that the plague had been so virulent at Nairobi that it was doubtful whether either C—— or our trophies would reach the Coast without being quarantined on the way. At daybreak the Kikuyu

porters started off on their return journey home, and Baker sent a runner to Eldama Ravine, or Shemoni, as it is more generally called, to find out whether C—— would be detained or not.

We spent one whole day at the south-east corner of the Lake, where the turbid waters of the River Molo flow in, and where we found the usual crowd of crocodiles lying sunning themselves on its mud banks. C—— succeeded in killing a big one with a shot through its head, as it lay floating in the water, and we both wounded one or two others, but were not lucky enough to recover them.

Baker took C—— out in a collapsible boat, a relic of one of Lord Delamere's trips. They managed to get close to a hippo and stepped overboard, so as to fire a steady shot, but the water proved a little too deep for C——, and in his endeavours to keep his footing in the mud, he missed his quarry.

As they could not scramble back into their unsteady craft, they had to walk ashore, and on the way C—— stepped on a crocodile, which skinned his shin as it wriggled peaceably aside. The crocodiles of Lake Baringo seemed to be much more mild-mannered than any I had previously met with either in Africa or Asia. Perhaps this is due to the enormous number of fish with which the Lake is stocked. At all events, the cattle and sheep which graze on this shore of the Lake are but seldom molested, and I could only hear of two cases of men being attacked, one of which, curiously enough, occurred just before we arrived at the boma.

The victim was Baker's fisher lad, who, when standing knee-deep in the water, as is the native custom when

fishing, was seized by one of these brutes and his leg badly torn before his companion could rescue him. Baker had him carried up to the boma, where his wounds were dressed every day.

After one day at the mouth of the Molo, we started



Cobb and his best crocodile.

for the foot-hills to the east of the Lake, rather further north than the route we had come by, as C—— was very anxious, if possible, to add that much-sought prize of African shooting, the greater kudu, to his bag, before leaving for the Coast.

What with one thing and another, we did not get away till nearly mid-day, and found the heat reflected from

the rocks very trying after the cooler atmosphere of the Likipia plateau.

Herds of impala and Grantii were frequently seen on the way, and C—— wounded one of a couple of klip-springer on the lower ridge, but failed to recover it. On the plain above we saw four oryx, a herd of zebra and numerous dik-dik; on the next ridge we could distinguish several mountain reedbuck, and a little party of kudu cows, while in the distance, an old rhino, who had got our wind, trotted away. In the evening we found our tents pitched in "Kudu Camp," a lovely spot amid the hills, with shady trees overhanging the little stream which ran through it.

A big cone-shaped hill, which dominated the valley, was pointed out as the centre of the ground on which kudu were always to be found. After this we separated, Baker taking C—— with him, while I, with some Njemps trackers, set off in a different direction, and was soon lucky enough to make out with the glasses, a kudu bull with a herd of cows. However, after I had made several detours in order to approach him, it turned out that he carried but a small head, and I made my way back to camp, passing a few reedbuck, some zebra, and one duiker.

The others returned after a long day, without having seen any marlu, as the Njemps call the kudu. On the way back to the boma we searched a wide extent of hilly, stony ground; but although we sighted one small bull and several cow kudu, we came upon nothing shootable.

We had just given up all hope of C—— getting a chance at one, and had determined to shoot specimens of the smaller game which we had, so far, ignored. Suddenly, however, as we were descending a steep path in single

file, C——'s second gun-bearer, Asman, a Somali, pulled his sleeve, and pointed out a kudu bull, which had just risen from the spot where it had been lying, 120 yards from the path. C——, instead of firing at once, whistled to me; I made signs to him to fire, and passed along the



A Baringo shauri.

signal to Baker, who was in front, but by this time the animal had realised his danger and bolted.

He reappeared again on a ridge in front of us, just as C—— had joined Baker. The former got a standing shot at about 180 yards, and, much to his delight, knocked the beast over. It stood 57 inches at the shoulder, weighed 654 lbs., and, like all the Baringo kudu, had a fine spread of horns.

As we were descending the slope, a klipspringer jumped up and stood looking at us from the top of a rock, and I succeeded in knocking it over, but had to give it a finisher. Three more then showed, and one after the other, I picked them off the rock, which, as I was some 150 yards off, I considered rather pretty shooting. However, the conceit was soon taken out of me, for, when I got to the spot, I only recovered two, happily both males, while Baker explained that there had only been three in all, one of which had been wounded slightly each time it showed, and had eventually bounded away.

Parties of natives were constantly coming into the boma to bring in some case or dispute to be settled by Baker. These tribunals were always interesting to watch, as they gave so good an insight into the workings of the native mind. One of them took place just after our return from "Kudu Camp," for the purpose of trying a youth who was an incorrigible thief.

The usual native method of dealing with such characters is to spear them out of hand, but, whenever the tribes are in touch with a Government station, everything possible is done to induce them to lay the case before the official in charge, for his decision.

Baker held court from a seat on the verandah, with the two chiefs concerned, and their followers, squatting in a half circle outside, in the shade, and the youth in the centre of them. It appeared from the evidence, that, while acting as herds-boy, he had watched his opportunity, and set off to drive the flock of sixty sheep of which he had charge, away up into the hills. Half of them had broken down, to be eaten by hyænas on the way, and he had been caught with the remainder and brought in a prisoner. Both his



Njemps lad who found the hippo.

own and the Njemps chief, whose sheep he had stolen, urged that Baker should have him hanged to save further trouble, but the final sentence was a sound flogging and two days in which to clear out of the country.

As soon as this little business was settled, we made for the northern slope of the hill, through the askaris lines, and past a boat-house, where a group of Nubian women were chattering and laughing merrily as they bent over their washing, or filled their jars with water.

After descending the slope, our way lay over nearly half-a-mile of marshy ground covered with reeds and grass, where Baker's cattle were grazing, together with a tame eland, an ostrich, and a Grant's gazelle, the latter a beautiful little beast with its fawn coat and dark black bands. Close to a mud shoal, where crocodiles were always basking, we found the collapsible boat, and four of the native craft peculiar to Baringo. These are built of the stems of the ambatch, an annual fibrous plant which is known among the natives as *Kirongeet* when it is growing, and *Siepe* when mature and dry. It springs up after the rains, close to the edge of the lake, and attains a height of about five feet. Its flowers are said to be large and bright orange in colour, but at this time of year there was nothing to be seen but the young shoots just appearing above ground, and the round, dry, brownish stems of last year's plants, the latter of which measured three inches in diameter near the ground, but tapered almost to a point at the top.

When perfectly dry, the natives find the stems admirably adapted for boat building, for, being filled with very light pith, they are a mere feather-weight. The boats are built to hold two and are about 89 inches in length

by 29 wide. At every second layer, the ambatch wood is bound together with the inner bark of the thorn tree, and the seams are caulked with the drift vegetable matter to be found on the edge of the lake. The sides are about  $17\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep, but the bows are both higher and wider than the stern. Little squares, made of ambatch stems tied tightly together and placed in the bottom, serve as a seat.



Njemps women with loads of hippo meat.

The craft are propelled, at a speed of about three miles an hour, by a couple of paddles, made of thin, concave, pieces of wood,  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. These are shaped something like a scoop, rounded at the lower end, while the other is slightly pointed, to give a better grip in the palm of the hand. As the native paddles, he immerses nearly the whole of his hand in the water. Although I have often seen ambatch wood used for rafts

both on the Blue and White Nile, this is the only attempt to fashion a boat from it that I have ever come across. Through the kindness of Baker, who, on leaving Baringo, gave me his boat, I was able to present one of these curious craft to the British Museum.

C—— had a couple of shots at hippo from the boat, as we were paddling round to the River Molo, where we waded ashore. From the banks, I spent some time shooting crocodile, and was told, when I returned, that C—— had meanwhile managed to kill a fine hippo. It appeared that a herds-boy had discovered the beast asleep in some bushes, and had immediately taken the news to C——, who, however, could not make out what the lad wished to say.

At last they found Baker, who acted as interpreter. By approaching very close to the bushes, and lying almost flat on the ground, C—— got a glimpse of the animal, and shot it through the head. It turned out to be a splendid old bull, but very much cut about, probably from a mighty fight with a rival the night before, which had exhausted it so much that it had not returned to the lake, but slept on shore. When the animal was skinned and cut up, a number of the Njemps women carried it up to the boma, where Baker superintended the division of the meat, and the head skin was handed over to some Sudanese to prepare.

One of the few remaining days before C——'s departure, was spent on the largest island in the lake, the most easterly of the little group lying in the southern half of it. It is about a mile and a half long and a mile wide, and, like the whole of the district round, is of volcanic origin. In fact, the island has all the appearance of a sunken

crater, consisting, as it does, of a couple of ridges separated by a narrow strip of flat land, and bounded at each end by a little bay.

We landed at a place called Labourri, where, quite close to the edge of the lake, a little bright green plot, some 80 yards square, was studded with pools smelling slightly of sulphur, and yellow patches of discoloured



Preparing a hippo scalp.

grass. It was the "Place of the Hot Springs" discovered by Baker, and there were nearly fifty of these pools extending down to and under the surface of the lake—another strong indication of volcanic formation. The water in the largest, which measures ten feet in diameter, is so beautifully clear that, although over twenty feet in depth, you can see the bubbles rising from the bottom. Some of the smaller ones throw out an intermittent jet of steam, while others are continuously on the boil. When

we saw them, none of the jets were over 18 inches, but after heavy rain, the springs are said to be much more active.

Perhaps the most interesting feature was a steam blow-hole among the tumbled rocks of the hill-side, behind the springs, which hissed and boomed incessantly.

On nearing the northern end of the island, it was curious to see the trees on the shore partly submerged, showing that either they have sunk, or the water has at one time receded to an even lower level than its present one. Some of the older natives told us they could remember the time when it was possible to walk from the southern end of the lake to the islands, where now there is comparatively deep water, while, on the other hand, the northern end is much shallower than formerly.

Near the shore of the northern bay, lies the largest of the villages, while three smaller ones are scattered about the island. These are only occupied when the flocks are being grazed on the sides of the ridges, far from the main village. A permanent population of some fourteen Njemps families, known as the "Islanders," inhabits the island, and the people subsist chiefly on the fish they catch in the lake and the milk from their flocks.

The islands have long served the harassed and persecuted Njemps of the mainland as a place of refuge, and have been largely instrumental in preventing the entire destruction of the tribe, by the constant raids of hostile peoples. At the approach of an enemy, the Njemps women, children, and cattle are ferried over into safety, leaving no boat or raft behind them, there to wait until either their foes have been repulsed, or have retired with all they can lay hands on.

Lunch that day had been cooked in one of the boiling pools, the fish taking only five minutes, and as usual we did justice to it. From the very beginning of our visit, Baker had been highly amused at our prodigious appetites. C——'s trencher exploits so especially struck him at one luncheon, that he sarcastically offered him a biscuit at



Baker cooking fish in hot springs, Baringo Island.

the end of the meal, and was much taken aback at the quiet reply, "Thanks, I *should* like one." A freshly opened two-pound tin was produced, and C—— fell to with such a zest that hardly one was left. It was only then that he realised that Baker and I were nearly exploding with suppressed merriment at this display of his marvellous capacity.

We were told that a cow had once fallen into the largest spring, and before means could be devised to hoist it out, the unfortunate beast was cooked to a turn, and there was nothing to do but sit down to an impromptu feast.

The natives complained that the baboons and large snakes which had their homes among the rocks, were constantly exacting toll on their flocks, and they begged us to shoot some of them. It was too late for us to attempt it that day, but on a subsequent occasion, I spent the best part of two days on the island for this purpose. I failed, however, to find any of the snakes, and, after cutting my hands and knees scaling the sharp lava rocks in quest of baboons, only managed to kill one of them.

It was during this visit that I spent a night on the island. The full moon lit up a strange scene. Close to the shore a school of hippos broke the silvery surface of the lake, as they gambolled in the warm water, while a pair of goat-sucker birds skimmed low over the hot springs to feed on the buzzing mosquitoes. Every now and then a fountain of water would rise from one of the little pools to fall back glistening in the moonlight, and when at last I dropped off to sleep, an extra loud report of the escaping steam would make me start and wonder whether the whole place was going to be rent asunder.

It was not till late in the afternoon, that we succeeded in getting away. We could see a storm brewing in the north, and Baker hurried us on, anxious to get back before it struck the lake and imperilled his tiny canvas craft. Gradually the wind grew louder and the ripple on the surface of the lake gave place to little chopping waves, so we decided to make for a small fishing village not so far

south as the station, and more than half an hour nearer by boat.

We waded ashore and walked to the boma, guided by the light of a huge bonfire which Ellison, the Sergeant Instructor of the station, had built on the highest rock as a beacon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Dassies—C—— leaves for the Coast—Searching for giraffe—Find a lion's lair and bait it—Lose a track and sight a fine kudu—Put up and kill the lion—A vexatious incident—A good chance for lion spoilt—Ant traps—A long shot at kudu—A lost track—A lucky guess—A fine trophy—Lose a record head—My second kudu—A party of leopard—Return to Baringo—A day's shooting on the lake—A narrow shave—A hippo fight.

THE grass hut which C—— and I occupied at Baringo was built close to the precipitous side of a rock facing the lake, and in the early morning it was a pretty sight to watch the dassies, or rock rabbits as they are more generally called, scudding about among the clefts. They looked like big guinea-pigs, and some varied almost as much in colour, but the majority were a slatey-brown, matching the cliffs they lived among. As no one ever shot them there, they were extremely tame, and we left them in peace, but secured some specimens from another mass of rocks close by.

A reply at length came to C——'s wire, to the effect that, if he went straight to the Coast, and his trophies were sent down in a sealed van, there would be no trouble about passing through to Mombassa. As he decided to start on the morrow, a busy day lay before us.

Not only had the trophies to be packed and men told off to accompany him, but what was far more trouble-

some, we had to settle the accounts of forty-two out of the seventy Swahili porters we had brought from the Coast, for the term of their engagement was now over and they could not resist the temptation of returning to Mombassa with C—, to spend their wages. At length a guide was engaged, and all arrangements completed.

C— and I had a last meal together, and in the afternoon I saw my friend off on his first march homeward, feeling very sorry to say good-bye to such a good sportsman and pleasant companion as he had proved to be during the four months we had spent together. I had tried to persuade him to continue the trip, at all events as far as Mumias, but he had arranged to return to England by May, and, as it was, would arrive home a month later than he had anticipated. He had done well in bagging good specimens of the different varieties of animals we had come across, although bad luck had prevented him from adding either lion or elephant to his game list.

The day after C— left, as I was working along the banks of the Molo, trying to get a shot at a crocodile, a rustling noise in a deep hippo path, overhung with grass, caught my ear. I ran forward just in time to see a leopard bound away, but was not quick enough to get a shot. It had evidently been lying up in the hope of intercepting a goat or sheep as the flocks were driven down to water.

Just about this time, Baker learnt from the natives that some giraffe had been seen within two days of the boma, the bulls of which were extremely black, and as this was said to be one of the distinctive marks of the five-horned species, I determined to set out in quest of them. Since nearly all my men had accompanied C— to the rail at Nakuru, I attempted to hire some others

from an Arab trader who was waiting to move up country, and offered him half as much again as he paid his men, but, as he demanded three times this amount, the transaction fell through. However, I settled that if I were successful in getting a giraffe, a party of men were to be sent out to my assistance.

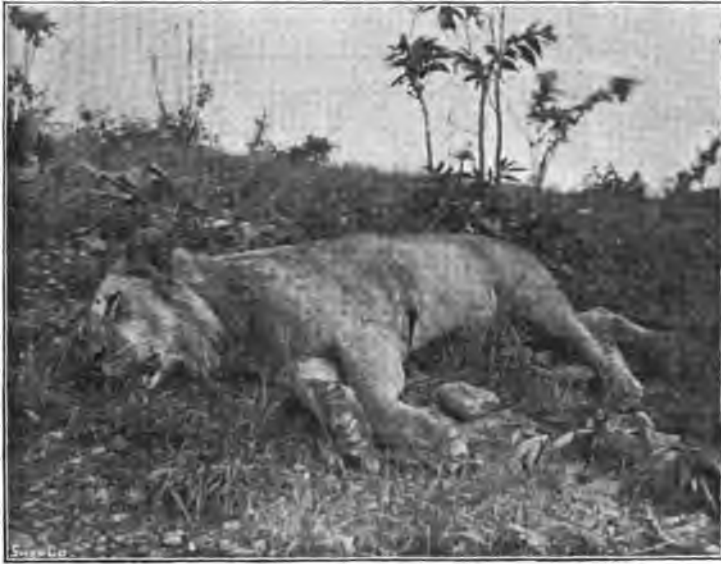
It was after I had climbed the lower ridge of the escarpment, towards "Kudu Camp," and had set my face northwards, that I managed to bag my first pair of Baringo mountain reedbuck. I also stopped on the way to stalk some ostriches, but the birds were far too wary to let me get near enough for a shot.

That night, and again an hour before dawn, lions roared close to camp, and as soon as it was light we started in pursuit. For three and a half hours we followed the track of two full-grown beasts and a cub, but were unfortunate enough to lose it on stony ground. Later on we again picked it up, and were led to a "larder" concealed in a clump of thick jungle, where were lying the remains of an impala which the lions had devoured that night. They themselves had apparently retired to the hills, to lie up during the heat of the day.

I found out afterwards that my Njemps tracker had carried off the four shank bones, the tail and jaw of the impala—practically all that was left of it—as a little delicacy for his own consumption. In the evening I returned to the lair, and the syce, who was behind me, declared that he saw a lion bolt as it caught sight of us, but none of us set eyes on it again.

I next searched for something to slay, and throw into the den, in the hope that if the lions returned and found a meal awaiting them, they might remain in the [neigh-

bourhood. It was soon my good fortune to drop an impala at the first shot, and after the head and skin had been quickly taken off, I sent the carcase back as bait. At dawn I was back on the spot again, but was disgusted to discover that the meal had only been provided for such scavengers as hyænas. While crossing a long valley



My Baringo lion.

which ran up into the hills, I came upon a single large lion track; we followed it to the top of the first ridge, where we lost it.

We were resting and wondering which direction to try, when a little herd of zebra came trotting over the ridge straight towards us. The leader was an especially fine beast, but it looked such an easy shot that I was not suf-

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ficiently careful and my first bullet was placed too low. It took two more to finish it, and then, after setting the men to work to skin the carcase, I cautiously searched some masses of rock, where it looked likely the lion might be lurking.

I worked round to the next ridge, from which I made out, with the glasses, three kudu bulls grazing on the hill opposite, and a moment later, another, a splendid beast, feeding a little apart. Bedoui, my gun-bearer, who had replaced Mary Jane, when that worthy returned to the Coast, had forgotten the water-bottle, so I sent him back for it, while I went slowly on alone.

It had just struck me that the small wooded valley, the steep side of which I was descending, was a very likely place for a lion to lie up in, when a big tawny-maned fellow trotted out of some thick shrub up the opposite side. He had evidently been disturbed by the stones I had dislodged. Quite 250 yards separated us, and in a few moments he would be over the top of the ridge, when I knew that it was ten to one we should not be able to track him. I therefore opened fire at once with my .256 as he showed between the thorn bushes.

At the first shot he stopped and turned, the second sent him spinning round in a towering passion, the third showed him where they were coming from, and he stood facing me, growling savagely.

At the fourth bullet he came to the conclusion that the locality was unhealthy and slunk off up hill, while the next knocked him over.

Uttering a roar of mingled pain and rage, and fiercely biting his own paw, the brute rolled back and died. Just as I had finished firing, Bedoui, attracted by the noise,

ran up to see what was afoot, and looked very astonished when I pointed out the body of the lion. Rain began to fall before the skinning was over, and I covered up my rifle, and moved some 50 yards over the ridge to see if the kudu were still in sight.

At first I could only discover the three bulls, and was wondering where the big one had gone to, when there was a rattle of stones and his splendid spiral horns showed close to me. He saw me, but without seeming to recognise his enemy—man, for he trotted off some 200 yards, and stood looking back at me for several seconds, offering a simply perfect shot.

How I cursed my folly in breaking my rule never to stir without a rifle! I hurried back to my men, seized my .256, and followed him right across the wide valley and up the opposite hill, ignoring a reedbuck which stood gazing at me 30 yards off, and a couple of klipspringer which jumped on to a rock close by, and even let me get within 15 yards of them before walking slowly away. But, as a rain storm set in, and it grew too dark to see the sights, I had to abandon the stalk and return empty-handed to camp.

The following day we had a hot climb after kudu, resulting in one long shot, which I missed. A mid-day thunder-storm had soaked us through, and it did not improve my temper, on reaching camp, to find that the lion-skin had been very badly prepared, while the zebra was slightly tainted.

I was obliged to spend the rest of the day applying preservatives, and trying everything I could think of to save them. Lions again roared several times after dark, not far from camp, apparently going to and fro between the plain and the hills. The natives were par-

ticularly stupid, and declared they could find no pugs in the direction in which I had heard the beasts pass. I therefore spent all the morning searching a wide extent of country, further afield, but found nothing, until, on my way back to camp, the well-marked spoor of a large lion lay across the very ground where I had been assured there was nothing to be seen. As soon as I had looked to the lion-skin, I again left camp with a couple of Njemps trackers, and took up the trail. It guided us into some thick bushes, where the animal had evidently potted about from one to another, as though seeking a shady spot to rest.

I expected to sight the lion every moment, and held my rifle ready, when one of the trackers made some remark to his companion in a loud whisper, flung his spears on the ground with a clatter, and stooped to drink from a puddle. It was done before I could protest. I moved forward a few paces, and there, within 20 yards of the pool, was the place where the lion had been lying on a bed of soft grass, still so warm that he could only have left it a moment before. My feelings are better imagined than described.

We took up the track as quickly as possible, but the animal had soon broken from a walk into a gallop, and had cleared out straight for the hills. To make matters worse, the other Njemps had caught sight of a specially fine mane, which, judging from the size of the pugs, I could well believe. In the meantime men had been scouring the country in every direction in search of giraffe, and reported that the animals had all left the district.

A number of Suk had wandered into the neighbourhood to graze their cattle and flocks, and were busy building



*Photo by]*

An ant hill Baringo plain.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

curious little huts, or shelters, of boughs, daubed over with moistened clay, at the foot of every ant-hill. I was a good deal puzzled as to what they could be intended for, as they appeared too low for anyone to crawl into. The builders explained that with the commencement of the rains, the white-ants took to flight, and these erections were to prevent their escape. The natives visited them every morning, and collected the fat, grub-like insects, when they had cast their wings, eating many of them raw, and carrying off the remainder to roast.

My next attempt at kudu proved in the end much more successful. The Njemps hunters unexpectedly struck a herd, and I hurried forward to find that the animals had scented danger and were moving away.

I immediately recognised the bull as the one which my own carelessness had lost me a few days back, and, disgusted at missing a second chance of so fine a trophy, I fired three shots, although the distance was nearly 300 yards. At the last bullet he separated from the cows and made off alone. At first we could not trace him, but finally, in a valley filled with thick undergrowth, we came on the track, and decided that he must be wounded and was hiding from us, as these animals often do. In the hope that he would appear later on, I sat for an hour, and was then rewarded by seeing the tips of his horns slowly emerging from a dense strip of jungle. A couple of shots at long range found and crippled him, and as he was standing under a tree, I finished him. His horns measured nearly 54 inches in length, and over 40 from tip to tip. I was especially pleased at my success, as I had never expected to set eyes on the animal again, much less to bring him down.

Early one morning, while searching the hill-side with the glasses, I spotted a bull kudu with the finest head I have ever seen, lying under a small tree. It was a difficult place to reach, and the Njemps tracker very nearly spoiled the stalk, by bringing us out directly opposite the beast, but fortunately he had got up, and was feeding head away from us. Soon he vanished over the top of the ridge. With the greatest possible caution, I crept across the side of the hill, when, suddenly, a spur fowl rose, with a great crackling and rustling of wings, almost at my feet. I ran forward at once, but only just saw the tips of the kudu's horns, as he dashed off straight down hill.

Some hours later, we caught another glimpse of him far away, but after that never saw him again. Late in the afternoon a little herd of kudu, containing one fair-sized bull and several smaller ones, came quite close to camp. They were feeding very much apart, and while I was trying to crawl in among them, a cow posted herself in the way and it was a long time before she let me move any further forward. At last I commanded a clear sight of the biggest bull as it emerged from the bushes, and killed it with the first shot.

The following day I started back again to the boma. Suddenly, in the slanting rays of the rising sun, I saw what I thought was a troop of five lions working along the hill-side. I jumped down from my mule and tried to cut them off, but they had seen us and made off along a valley leading to the main hills. By this time I had discovered from their spots, which, in the peculiar light, had almost escaped my notice, that they were a party of leopards.

I set off in pursuit and soon out-distanced my men.

From a spur of the cone-shaped hill by "Kudu Camp" I was lucky enough to see the animals trotting past far below me. As I whistled loudly one of them stopped and looked up; my first shot hit it, and it bounded away. Another halted for a moment and I knocked it over, while a long shot at a galloper only just missed. My last bullet, aimed at a fourth beast standing at extreme range, struck the ground beneath its belly. We found the second animal I had fired at, lying in a small nullah, just breathing, and I gave it a quick finisher with the .400, for a wounded leopard can be as nasty as any animal I know. I then took up the blood trail of the first, and came upon it lying concealed in a little clump of grass, which did not look as if it could have hidden a rabbit. Like the other it was breathing, but by the time we had finished skinning its comrade, was dead.

At the boma, I found a letter from C——, to say that as certain stores had not arrived, my men were sitting at Nakuru station till they should turn up—a piece of news extremely annoying in view of my being so short-handed.

The next few days were spent shooting on the lake, and in the neighbourhood of the boma. Several times Baker took me out in the little collapsible boat to have a shot at hippo. It was awkward work. The tiny craft only just held the two of us, and even then required the greatest care; the brutes kept their heads above water for a very short time, and even on the smoothest day, the ripple on the lake and the blinding glare of the sun added greatly to the difficulty of hitting so small a mark. Still, after many failures, I one day succeeded in wounding two, the second of which sank at once, and a moment later we were nearly thrown from the boat. Swinging

myself round as far as possible, I saw the beast's great head rise within a foot of the after part of the boat, and fired into it, while Baker paddled for dear life. It was a narrow shave; a few inches more and we should have been overturned far out in the lake, when, even if we had succeeded in reaching shore without being attacked by hippo, it must have meant the loss of our rifles. As we were busy baling out the water we had shipped, our attention was attracted by a great commotion in the distance.

Through whirling clouds of spray we made out two huge hippos having a deadly encounter. They threw themselves half out of the water, lashing it into foam, as they tried to gash each other with their white gleaming tusks. After a fight of nearly half an hour, one of them got the worst of it and fled, closely pursued by his antagonist.

He plunged through the water, sometimes below it, sometimes throwing himself well above the surface, in his mad endeavours to escape. It was a grand sight, and I wished we could have got closer, but a pair of infuriated hippos are not desirable as near neighbours. About two hours after I had shot the beast that had so nearly overturned our boat, Baker spotted its body floating.

At first such a very small patch of hide appears above the surface of the water, that it is difficult to make it out among the ripples. Soon the other carcase showed, and happily for us the wind blowing in our direction, was drifting the bodies our way. When they were fairly close to the shore, Baker rowed out, attached a rope to their feet, and towed them in till they grounded, when the natives rolled them to land.

## CHAPTER IX.

An abandoned baby—Fishing at Baringo—A fish that feeds on land—A living tally of the slain—A Suk chief's death-bed Suk in a dog-box—Post on the Ribo hills—Poisoned honey—Fight with the Jabtulail—Straits of the garrison—Abandonment of the post—Loss of British prestige—Abyssinian aggression—Baringo boma established—A native's view of barbed wire—Description of the new boma.

WHEN we went down to the lake end to shoot, we always took one of the askaris pal tents with us, to shelter us from the mid-day sun or sudden showers. One afternoon, on my return to it, after bagging a big crocodile and an iguana nearly 4 feet long, I found my men much excited by the discovery of a baby boy, not more than two years old, lying among the reeds at the edge of the lake.

They had come across him just in time, for the water was lapping partly over his body and he was benumbed and almost dead with cold. The heat of a big fire, however, and the rubbing of kindly, if none too gentle, hands, had soon brought warmth back to his tiny limbs, and when I saw him, the little fellow was crowing and prattling contentedly, while the men fed him on such indigestible titbits as half-cooked meat and hot rice.

The abandonment of a child seemed to be a most unusual occurrence among the natives, for there was much discussion and speculation as to the reason of it. Their

most likely conjecture seemed to me to be that it was the child of a Kamasia mother, who, probably on the brink of starvation herself, had, in her desperation and misery, preferred to see her son die, rather than that he should suffer from hunger. Her courage, however, had been unequal to the task, and, instead of killing the child with her own hands, she had relinquished him to the crocodiles, or the lions whose fresh pugs were nearly always to be seen near the lake.

Finally one of the Njemps trackers declared his intention of taking the baby home with him and adopting it. This incident naturally led the men to recount one strange tale after another ; how the body of the only man who had been killed in the lake by crocodiles, floated ashore uneaten ; on another occasion, they had found the carcase of a full-grown lion bitten clean in two by a hippo.

This latter story started a discussion as to how it would be possible to get at the lions which so often visited this end of the lake. They said that the animals travelled too far for anyone to track them up, and that a night spent over a kill by the edge of the water would certainly result in a bad bout of fever. even if the sportsman were fortunate enough to escape the dangers of wandering hippo and crocodile.

The method of fishing in Lake Baringo is rather curious, and we often stopped to watch the natives at work. Each fisherman possesses his own little artificial reed-patch, which he has made by sticking the reed-stems into the mud of the lake bottom, a few feet apart. He is armed with a rod 8 feet long, to the end of which is fastened some 2 yards of aloe-fibre line, and his hook, which is very strong and measures an inch across, is sickle-shaped, with

a sharpened point but no barb. Suspended from his neck he carries a little gourd holding a supply of dragon flies with their wings plucked off, for bait. These are tied to the hook, three or four at a time, with a single fibre drawn from a knot of them which is fastened near the butt of the rod. The rest of his outfit consists of a short length of cord round his waist, and a small knob-kerry.

To catch the fish, the native lowers the baited hook alongside each reed in succession, and directly a bite is felt, jerks his catch right out of the water, swings it round with a circular movement, and grasps it with his left hand. He kills it by a blow on the head with the knobkerry, threads it on to the line round his waist, rebaits his hook, and repeats the process.

The fish, a sort of perch, with very large mouths, are good eating, and weigh up to 8 lbs. The natives declare that there is a much larger fish in the lake, which, at certain seasons of the year, lands, and feeds on the young grass.

My English-speaking boy's term of engagement was now at an end, and he left me for the Coast. At first his absence was extremely trying, but it forced me to learn some Swahili, which afterwards proved of great service.

Comoto, the chief of the Suk, was often in the boma, and through Baker, I was able to gather a good deal of information from him, as well as to make a complete vocabulary of Suk names for animals (see appendix). I had noticed curious little tattoo marks on the bodies of their warriors, and Comoto explained that they were a tally of the number of people the men had killed. For the first man slain a series of lines of little scars is made on the right arm by



Comoto, a Suk chief.

thrusting a needle through the flesh, and snipping off with a knife the piece so raised. For the second victim, a patch of similar scars is done on the shoulder; for the third, on the right side of the chest, and so on. The left side is similarly decorated according to the women killed. When the man's body is covered to the waist, with the exception of a space down the sides which is left free, his own decorations are considered complete, and he continues the record on the bodies of his wives.

Comoto's predecessor, Chumeringo, when on his death-bed, sent for Baker, as he wanted to say good-bye before setting out on the long journey. Baker found him in his hut, stretched on a pile of skins, with his women clustered round him, while a continual stream of young men were rushing from his tent door at top speed to a distant point, and returning to throw themselves breathless on the ground before him. The idea seemed to be that the old man's laboured respiration would be eased by their loss of breath. For the same purpose numbers of oxen were being slaughtered. The old chief, who was quite collected, seemed very glad to see Baker, for whom he entertained feelings of sincere friendship, and commended the Suk to his care, that they might be defended from their enemies the Turkana.

Baker told me that some time before my visit he had taken Comoto and a party of his men down to the railway. At first they travelled in an open truck, and after attempting to get an idea of the speed of the train by wetting their fingers and holding them up as they do to test a wind, they asked if their best runner might try conclusions. There was great jubilation when they saw him get away at the start, but it soon gave place to surprise as the train

quickly overtook him and left him behind "as though standing still."

The party seemed to find the heat so oppressive, that Baker told them they might get into a horse-box that was on the train, but the station-master, who knew nothing of Baker's directions, saw them clambering in by the window, and had them promptly hauled out. They were now full



Suk (showing tattoo marks)

of trouble and perplexity, as they did not wish to disobey Baker's orders, and could not tell what to do. At last they spotted a dog-box, and crawled into it, the interpreter, who was a big fellow with very long legs, coming last. Fortunately, before the train again started, Baker went round to see how they were getting on, discovered their whereabouts by catching sight of these legs sticking right out of the box, and soon put matters right.

The outing evidently made a great impression on them,

for they told Baker it was "very great magic" and wondered why he did not "bring a railway to the boma."

While I was in the neighbourhood of Lake Baringo, a party of Suk were sent down to Mombassa to witness the coronation festivities. The thing that had astonished them most was the lightning speed with which the flags and decorations were hauled down when news came that the "Great Sultan" was ill. They were taken out in a gun-boat, saw a big gun fired, and a mine exploded under water, all of which was to them wonderful evidence of the white man's power.

During my stay at Baringo I picked up some information as to how and why the post had been established, but it was not till nearly a year later that one of the officers in the Uganda Rifles gave me the details upon which the following account is based.

Baker had received orders from the Commissioner, Sir Harry Johnson, to set up a post on the Ribo hills, lying between Lakes Baringo and Sugota. He was given 25 porters and a police force formed from the Nubian mutineers of 50 men, armed with Remingtons and Sniders.

As soon as the boma was built, an attempt was made to open trade with the Jabtulail, a warlike hill tribe, but all overtures were only met by volleys of poisoned arrows. Assistance being procured from the Ravine Station, the aggressors were punished, and the chief professed sorrow for his past misdeeds and made profuse promises of future friendship. The exchange values of trade goods for grain were duly fixed, but, when it came to actual business, evasive replies were always given, and as time went by, no corn was sent in, although Baker paid a couple of personal visits to the chief's village. As a result of the last

of these, the Jabtulail sent Baker a jar of honey, with a message that the grain was ready for his men to fetch, but there was a peculiar taste about the present, and an attack of retching soon confirmed his suspicions that it was poisoned. A Nubian woman, who found and ate some of it that had been thrown away, suffered terrible agony and almost died.

Baker set off at once to seize the chief and fetch the corn.



Suk warriors

The former kept out of sight, and there was no sign of the grain, but word was sent that Baker's people could cut the ripened crop for themselves. To make arrangements for this, Baker returned to the boma, but was prostrated by an attack of fever, so, unable to return himself, he dispatched the Sergeant-Major and 43 men—double the previous escort—to cut and bring back the corn. The party was surrounded by overwhelming numbers of the

Jabtulail and speared to a man, after which the enemy descended on the boma.

One division drove off the cattle, and while Baker was trying to re-capture them, another forced the zariba, broke into his house, and looted his personal property. He was wounded in the forearm by an arrow, but saved himself and four of his men from the effects of poison by hypodermic injections of arsenic. The first messenger sent out with an appeal for help, was caught and killed, but a second was more fortunate, and managed to get through to Njemps and the Ravine. In response, 200 Njemps spearmen, and a crowd of bowmen, marched to the relief of the boma in record time, driving with them herds of goats as food for the now starving garrison.

A sharp fight on their arrival drove off the enemy, who had been maintaining a perpetual siege of the boma for five days. Baker meanwhile had had a hard and anxious time to keep the place from being rushed. One of his arms was powerless, and he had but a handful of the remaining Nubian askaris, a few Swahili porters and personal servants, with whom to keep back hordes of bloodthirsty savages flushed with recent victory.

To make matters worse, the widows of the slain soldiers shed their clothing, and, covering themselves with ashes as a sign of mourning, gave themselves up to frenzied lamentations, absolutely refusing to aid the defenders in any way. Although the Jabtulail, now that the boma was strengthened, made no further attacks for a time, they still refused to bring in the arms of the fallen askaris, or to entertain any proposals with respect to trade. All the cattle had been looted, game was very scarce in the neighbourhood of the post, owing to a prolonged drought, and

the supply of goats was nearly done, so Baker set off to Shemoni to make arrangements for the commissariat.

On his return, accompanied by a band of armed porters with droves of cattle and sheep, he found his people in a piteous state of starvation, having at last had to keep body and soul together with a broth made by boiling down



A party of Suk.

the skulls and hides of the animals he had shot. The enemy made two more determined attacks, but were repulsed with great loss, and the station was left in peace for some seven months. In the meantime, the people subsisted on the cattle and sheep brought from the Ravine, and any game that Baker managed to shoot.

In December, he again visited Shemoni, to arrange for an expedition to be sent to deal out punishment to the

Jabtulail, and while returning, heard that two large war parties of Turkana were within two days' march of the northern end of the lake. He warned a sportsman shooting in the neighbourhood to quit for his life, sent back urgent messages for help, and pushed on by forced marches to the relief of the boma. This he strengthened so much that the Turkana, after raiding Njemps, returned northwards, making a wide detour to pass on either side of the post.

A fortnight later, two and a half companies of Uganda Rifles, with machine guns and a large body of friendly levies, arrived. The force severely punished the Jabtulail, but was not considered strong enough to follow the Turkana into their own country and teach them a lesson. Orders were now received to evacuate the post, which was burnt to the ground before the force retreated to Baringo. To add to Baker's chagrin, his lack of porters forced him to resign his trophies, with the exception of a few picked specimens, to the flames that were devouring the boma he had so bravely held against the enemy.

There could be but one result to these extraordinary measures on the part of the Government. The news of the abandonment of the post spread far and wide, and not only weakened the prestige of the white man among the different native tribes, but also encouraged the Abyssinian raiders to press still further south. In my journey northward from Mount Elgon, I had ample proof of the bad impression this decision of the Government had produced. The natives naturally could only regard the action as a confession of the white man's inability to hold his own against the tribes, and among the Turkana it is now a common boast that they "have only to show themselves for the white man to burn down his boma and

run away." Baker had constantly received insulting messages, to the effect that they were only waiting till he collected enough cattle for it to be worth their while to swoop down and capture them. It is a matter for grave apprehension that Abyssinia is beginning to be regarded as a great power by the natives of the British Protectorates. Raiders from that country frequently descend on them, live on their flocks and herds, and compel them to disclose their buried ivory. In addition, they make a practice of looting safaris which trade under license from the Uganda Administrative, and sometimes even carry off the men as prisoners. And the Government makes absolutely no effort to check them!

For some time after the destruction of the Ribo post, Baker settled down in a temporary boma on the western side of Lake Baringo, with a view to exploring the country and selecting a suitable site for the new station. This was eventually built on a rocky hill close to the edge of the south-eastern side of the lake, and although, from its proximity to marshy ground, it was a somewhat feverish spot, it could easily be defended against an enemy, which was the main object Baker had in view. The Baringo boma is surrounded by a strong wall, with posts built into it, on which barbed wire is stretched. While Baker was busy erecting this wire, some of the Njemps were overheard making sarcastic remarks about the "feebleness of the string he was putting up on sticks."

He quietly suggested that one of them should try to get through the "string," whereat two promptly dashed at it, and it took some half-dozen of their companions to extract them, torn and bleeding. After that their belief in Baker's sanity went up considerably.

Within the enclosure is Baker's thatched house, the walls built of stone set in mud, the two rooms divided by a wide passage, which, together with a deep verandah running right round it, insures as much coolness in the house as the climate permits. Near it stands the large wattle and grass hut where I was lodged, while, a little beyond, lie the office and store.

The cattle and sheep pens separate these from the askaris lines, which cover the northern part of the hill. Their dwellings are circular wattle and daub huts, standing close together, with conical thatched roofs.

At the foot of the rock, on the eastern side, a stretch of plain has been cleared of bushes and stones to form a parade ground for the askaris. The waters of the lake almost wash the northern end of the hill, so that, in case of siege, it would be very difficult for an enemy to cut off the supply. Although this water is sweet and clear, it is apt to cause fever among any but natives of the place.

Baker had ascertained the exact range of all the prominent trees and other objects round the boma, and often, when a party of natives came in to see him, he would fire a shot or two at a distant mark, sometimes choosing the crocodiles which basked on a mud shoal some 800 yards away, just to show the sort of reception an enemy might expect.

## CHAPTER X.

Leave to shoot in the Reserve refused.—Hair-splitting regulations—Baker's pets  
 —A cat's adventures—I stalk ostrich and walk into a rhino—Giraffe at last  
 —Death of a cow—How I dried the skin—Lion hunting oryx—A tiresome  
 track—Rather too close quarters—Death of a lioness—A herd of giraffe—A  
 plain covered with game.

As soon as I had found that there were none but old giraffe tracks to be seen in the neighbourhood, and that all these led northwards, Baker had applied for permission to be given me to search for them at the northern end of the lake, and a reply, truly characteristic of East African officialdom, at length came, to the effect that it was impossible to comply with this request, as I had only leave to shoot the animals outside the Reserve. There was therefore nothing to be done but to sit down and wait till the giraffe should be moved to cross the mystic boundary, and try meanwhile to follow the inscrutable reasoning of the official mind, which, unfortunately, rarely appeals to the ordinary mortal as being particularly far-seeing. I need hardly point out that it never occurs to a native to consider whether the beast he kills is on one side or the other of an imaginary line, and it appears to be nobody's business to attempt the futile task of making him do so. The restriction, therefore, is solely for the annoyance of the white sportsman anxious

to send specimens home, and the fact that he is spending his time and money in trying to improve the national zoological collection, makes no whit of difference to the officials concerned.

While waiting for news that the giraffe had moved southwards out of the Reserve, I employed the time in adding to my collection specimens of the smaller game to be found within easy distance of the station. I was very anxious to bag one of the little grey monkeys, of which there were a good many troops along the streams in the neighbourhood, but they were extremely shy, and it was a long time before I got a chance at one of their leaders.

One evening, however, I knocked over a good specimen, and directly afterwards shot a large baboon weighing nearly 50 lbs., which fell in dense jungle and took some time to recover. When I returned to pick up the grey monkey, its body was nowhere to be found. Whether the animal had been merely stunned and had escaped, or whether a wild cat or other beast had carried it off, we were unable to tell.

Baker's curious collection of pets at the boma included one of these little grey monkeys, two or three young baboons, and a litter of jackals. The latter were lively little beasts, who used to spend their time racing round the recesses of a storehouse, and they greatly resented being brought out to the daylight for inspection. On one of his journeys from the Ravine, Baker had set out with a black cat to add to his pets, but it escaped on the way, and a reward of a sheep was offered to anyone who would bring it in.

Some three weeks later, two natives turned up with a gaunt, bedraggled object that Baker had difficulty in recognising as the sleek, well-fed English puss that had left Shemoni.

The men reported that they had found it wandering about the hills, and after a good deal of trouble had managed to catch it. They complained that it was quite the worst kind of animal they had ever tried to get along. First they endeavoured to lead it on a string, but the animal either refused to budge, or landed with a wild spring on their naked bodies and clung like a leech. Then they tried



Baker and jackal pups.

to drive it like a goat, but it took no more kindly to this method of advancing, and finally the unfortunate creature was dumped into a leather bag, the neck of which was firmly tied, and a small boy was persuaded to carry it. When the cat was shot out at the boma it was nearly suffocated, and more dead than alive. It afterwards proved an endless source of amusement to the native visitors to the boma, more particularly the Suk, who had never seen a domestic cat, and were lost in astonishment at its docility

and evident delight when we stroked it. They always took care, however, to watch proceedings from a safe distance.

A half-wild cat also belonged to the boma, but it was only seen occasionally. Some time before my arrival Baker had had two genets, ferret-like animals with long bodies and still longer tails, but they turned out to be quite untameable and were eventually released. With one of these, the half-wild cat had formed an intimate friendship, and one night as I was writing late, my attention was attracted by the sound of an animal lapping, and glancing round, I saw the cat drinking the water from one side of a basin on the floor, while on the other side, was this curious animal, measuring some 38 in. in length, and appearing to be nearly all tail.

I kept quite still, and when they had done drinking, they gambolled round my room two or three times before disappearing into the night.

Fortune proved kinder than the responsible officials who had done their utmost to prevent me getting a chance at the giraffe, for, only a few days after their reply came, news was brought in that a small herd had moved south, and just as I was ready to start in pursuit of them, my men returned from Nakuru. Nzau was sent down to enlist fifty porters against my return, and I set out. On the second morning, I spotted two ostriches in the distance, and as these birds are quite the cutest I know, I left my gun-bearer behind, and started for them alone, armed with my .256.

As I was edging towards a thick belt of scrub, two big ears, twitching among the grass not twenty paces away, attracted my attention, and for a moment I thought it was a zebra lying down. A peep through my glasses, however, soon showed that it was a big rhino; luckily its head was

away from me and the wind was fair. I turned and beat a hasty, but noiseless, retreat to the nearest bush, behind which I crouched, for taking on a tough old rhino at close quarters with tiny split bullets, which were all I had with me, was hardly in my programme. The brute, however, had heard me, and scrambled to his feet, turning his great



My followers, giraffe tracking.

head from side to side, his ears cocked, and his wicked little eyes peering about trying to spot the disturber.

I lay quiet till he gave up the search and began to feed straight towards me. Now a rhino in that country, when he discovers danger close at hand, invariably makes for it, so I decided on aggressive tactics, and sitting up, got the sight to bear on the back of his neck, and fired.

Off he went well to my right front, but as he got abreast of me, either catching my wind or seeing me, he wheeled round and bore down in my direction. The next cartridge missed fire. Throwing out the empty case, I plugged in two bullets as quickly as I could work the bolt, which made him swerve across my front at fifteen paces distance.

I let him have another as he passed me, and one at his stern as an *au revoir* ; then I breathed again.

The next morning I came across some fresh giraffe tracks and followed them for three hours, seeing on the way two single rhino, and two cows with their calves. One old lady and her child walked straight towards me, and only turned off just as I feared I should have to fire. She apparently did not realise what we were, till some way off, and then sticking up her ugly head, she snorted and went off at a hand gallop.

At last I spotted two giraffes in the distance, but decided to leave them unmolested, until preparations were made for dealing with the skins. On the following day I set the men to work to build an open platform, which I had designed as being the best adapted for drying the hides quickly without unduly stretching them. We made it of branches tied with aloe rope to a series of forked stakes set in the ground, and on one side of it rose a pole some 18 ft. high. When all was completed, we made a start, and an hour's march through dense thorn scrub brought us to the edge of a wide grassy plain, on which roamed eland, Grant's gazelle, rhino, ostrich and oryx, while near the centre, we saw three giraffes slowly stalking towards us. At length, after many halts, they reached a patch of thorn bushes about 1,000 yards from us, but as we

crept forward, we found the place very open, the bushes affording us but scanty cover.

Having left my men behind, I crawled on alone to the shelter of a fallen tree some 150 yards from the nearest beast. With the aid of the glasses, I decided that all were full-grown cows, and as one was wanted, for the National



Masai tracker and cow giraffe. (Now in Natural History Museum, South Kensington.)

Collection, I selected the largest "horns," and as soon as their owner moved into the open, fired at her shoulder with my .400. The beast reeled and almost fell, but recovered, and was just turning away as I hit her with the other barrel. Her companions, meanwhile, stopped feeding and stood gazing at me in a bewildered sort of way; nor did they move when I followed the wounded one, which turned out

to be very sick. To put a quick end to her suffering, I fired another couple of shots ; she swayed violently from side to side, her head sank, and she fell over dead.

While a messenger was sent off to fetch some of the men from camp, I took a few photos of the animal with my Masai tracker standing by its side, and a series of measurements as a guide to its being set up at home. It stood 13 ft. 10 in. and measured 8 ft. 2 in. in girth behind the shoulder. The blotches were rich red in colour, of every variety of shape and with broken edges, each of which, however, corresponded more or less to the side of the blotch next it, as though a piece of crazy patchwork had been unpicked, frayed, and stitched on to a cream-yellow ground, leaving as equal a margin round each patch as possible. On the front of the neck there was much more ground-work showing, while the lower part of the legs from just above the knee was a plain, dirty-cream colour.

When the carcase was skinned, we commenced paring down the hide, a tedious process, which required constant supervision to prevent the men shirking their work, for, if not carefully done, the skin—from its great thickness—becomes tainted, and the hair slips off. The thinning completed, the skin was carried back to camp by relays of a couple of men at a time, and was then with great difficulty hoisted on to the platform, the neck being hung on the high pole, so that the air could play on every part of the hide. Day and night men were told off to watch it, and, on the first sign of rain, every man in camp was turned out to wrap it in great waterproof sheets ; no easy task on a dark, blustering night, as I know from having had to turn out many a time and hurry the men up.

Every morning the skin had to be taken down, folded and

replaced, for if allowed to get thoroughly dry without this precaution, folding it would have been impossible, and as it was, the hide made an extremely awkward package to carry.

Two days later, while still searching for giraffe, the Njemps tracker turned to me as we were crossing a dried-up river-bed, and whispered, "El'gobusuruk\*." I slipped off my mule



Giraffe skin platform.

just in time to see three of them galloping down on us. The next second they turned abruptly away, circled round, and dashed across the bed of the stream, quite uninjured by two bullets I sent after them. I turned and told Bedoui that I thought they must have been chased by a lion. Hardly were the words out of my mouth, when the Njemps beckoned me forward and pointed out three of these beasts making up the opposite hill. They proved to be a couple

\* The Njemps name for Oryx.

of lionesses and a two-parts-grown cub. As soon as we saw them top the ridge, we set off in pursuit, but lost the track on stony ground.

In the valley, however, we again took up the pugs, which led us past the remains of a young zebra they had killed that morning, and up another hill, where they had lain down two or three times. At last, after a weary march, we reached a valley covered with thick bush, and as the natives said there was no water in it, I concluded that the beasts must have come here to lie up, and advanced with extreme caution.

Suddenly I caught a glint of their yellow coats as they worked up the hill-side. By that time it was two o'clock, and we had been on our feet since six, so I ran forward and opened fire with the .256, long range as it was. After my first shot, which was too high, I managed to place the rest close enough to drive one of the animals from the path, and it was utterly bewildered by a stream of bullets knocking up the ground under, and all round it. Just as it reached the top of the hill, and we expected to see it disappear from sight, I fired a parting shot, and it made a mighty bound into the air, its tail going like a catherine wheel.

We hurried up the hill, but could find no blood track, when suddenly my eye lighted on a lioness standing motionless not thirty yards away, half-concealed among the broken rocks and tufts of yellow grass. For a moment this unexpected encounter took me aback, but my first bullet knocked the beast over, and another, as she was trying to struggle to her feet, killed her at once. A second later there was a growl close by, and the men pointed to a bush in which they declared an animal had just showed, but for the life of me I could not manage to get a sight of it.

At last I fired at the place where they said it was crouching, only to hear it dash out of the other side of the bush apparently unhurt. When we came to examine the beast I had killed, there was no trace of the .256 bullet to be seen, and whether one of the .400 shots had struck the same spot, or whether I had hit one of the other animals, we were quite unable to decide. The syce, who came up later, reported that three leopards had tried to stalk the mule beside which he was waiting, and he had considerable trouble to drive them off.

The following morning we crossed the valley to the west, and I spent some time telescoping the ground, but without any satisfactory result. As we were marching up a small side valley, two giraffe cows, which the trackers ahead of me had missed seeing, attracted my attention. I slipped off my mule and made towards them, eventually discovering five cows, which were joined a little later by a fine black bull. A painful and very cautious crawl—for the beasts evidently scented danger and were looking alarmed—at length brought me so close that I thought one more advance of about thirty yards, to the shelter of a bush, ought to give me an opportunity of a shot; but all at once the herd bunched together and made off, gradually increasing their speed.

A more comical sight than giraffes galloping it is difficult to imagine; the action of their forelegs is so exaggerated, their long necks sway backwards and forwards, their bodies roll from side to side like a ship in a heavy sea, while their tails are continually being screwed up into a knot, first on one flank and then on the other. A good horse pressed to his utmost speed might have been able to range alongside, but not so my mule. However, we followed the tracks

over a low hill, from which we commanded a wonderful view across a plain teeming with herds of zebra, eland, oryx, Grantii, ostrich, rhino and the giraffe we were pursuing. A tedious stalk brought us up to them again. Once more they bolted, and as it was now well on in the afternoon, we set out for camp, determined in the morning to pitch it beside a small stream, which in spite of the assertions of the guides that there was no water near, flowed close to this spot.

## CHAPTER XI.

A pugnacious rhino—My gunbearer knocked over—A lion foils us—Hungry visitors—A big herd of giraffe and their sentries—A troublesome stalk—A successful shot—A fine bull—The five "horns"—Bag an ostrich—An oryx duel—Giraffe lying down—Bad luck.

ON the way homewards, while passing some thin scrub, we saw two rhino, who, on catching sight of us, began shifting about uneasily. They were evidently making up their minds to charge, and as they would have reaped the full benefit of our wind directly we had passed them, I thought it best to bring the matter to a crisis before they bore down on our rear. Acting on this decision, I aimed for the shoulder of the larger animal, but the shot was awkward, owing to the thorn trees which obstructed my view, and, though I hit it, the next moment they were both charging down on us, while my men fled in all directions. The uninjured one kept across slightly to our right front, but the brute I had fired at was evidently bent on revenge, for it galloped at me in a bee-line. It was hit in the lungs, for blood and foam were dripping from its mouth and being blown into the air from its distended nostrils. I hit it hard again with the left barrel, but failed to stop it, and turned to run like the rest, re-loading as I went. This was hardly done when the ground shook under my feet and I heard the angry snort of the brute so close that I

thought it must be almost on me. I jumped to one side, swung round and fired both barrels at its shoulder at some three yards distance. This made it swerve, and as the infuriated animal dashed past me, it caught sight of Bedoui, who had not fled so far as the others, and deliberately chased him as he dodged behind some thorn trees. Although he was in great danger, I could not help being amused at the ludicrous figure he cut as he fled for his life and doubled from side to side in his attempts to escape the vicious brute.

I was running as hard as I could to endeavour to intercept them and draw the rhino away from his quarry, when Saburi, who was in a direct line with both the animal and Bedoui, raised his rifle to fire. As I knew what an indifferent shot he was, and that, if he hit anything, the chances were it would be his comrade, I yelled to him to desist, but it was too late. The report rang out, but, happily, the only damage done was to knock up the dirt a few yards in front of him. A moment later Bedoui was measuring his length on the ground, while the rhino continued its course over his prostrate body. When we helped him to his feet he was a good deal shaken, but uninjured, save for a badly bruised wrist, where the beast had stepped on him. After recovering ourselves a little, we searched for the rhino and found it lying close by; I fired a solid .256 bullet into it, and then made a cautious approach for fear it might still show signs of life. While my other followers collected the things they had strewn round in their headlong flight, I took a photo of the rhino with Bedoui sitting on its back. The only member of the party that seemed quite undisturbed by the encounter was my good old mule, who, although left quite by itself, stood patiently watching

proceedings as though wondering what all the fuss was about.

On visiting the remains of the carcase early next morning we came upon a big lion track, that led us back in the direction of the camp, and then into a thick belt of jungle along the bed of the stream, through which we tiptoed,



Bedoui and the rhino that chased him.

expecting every moment to surprise the beast. However, after twisting about a bit, it had turned sharp back across a big plain, over which tracking was very easy, as the ground was for the most part formed of soft earth. We passed through the thorn patch where we had seen the giraffes the day before, and although they even came out to gaze at us, I was too keen on a shot at the lion to disturb their peace. Moreover, the platform for drying the next

skin would not be ready until the following day. The lion track now led us along another stream, and I had just reached the edge of it, after slowly pushing my way through the scrub, when there was a rustling noise, and I saw the bushes shake on the opposite side. Running back, I gained a clear spot on the bank, but could not catch a glimpse of the lion, and although I dashed across the river and hurried along outside the belt in the hopes that I might cut it off, my efforts were unrewarded. On the way to our new camp we almost ran into a sleeping rhino, but backed just in time, and managed to get round him without disturbing his nap.

The next day I decided to spend in camp, and was busy over the giraffe skin when a party of Suk turned up, one of whom was wearing a fine lion's tail down his back in place of the usual monkey-skin cape. They reported that in the rains this plain was covered with giraffe, but that now they had all moved further north, *i.e.*, into the Reserve. The whole band proved to be shocking beggars, demanding cloth, tobacco, and meat, but, as I consider it a mistake to foster a mendicant spirit among natives, I only distributed a few strips of rhino flesh among them, and told them that, if they wanted anything else, they must first bring me in news of giraffe. Of course they made profuse promises to do so, but, needless to say, never carried them out. In the afternoon I went out for a stroll round, to be soaked to the skin by a heavy shower of rain. My disgust was increased when, on reaching camp, I found the trench round my tent had overflowed, and many of my possessions standing inches deep in water.

Soon after six next morning, we espied on the opposite side of the plain, a large herd of giraffe, some lying down,



**Haring's giraffe and Suk elder.**



others feeding in a thin strip of thorn, a good distance from any cover. We made a long detour, only to find the giraffe very scattered, while numbers of eland, zebra, and Grantii grazing on the leeward side of them made any near approach impossible. For nearly an hour I lay watching one big bull, who was standing sentry. At last he moved, and most of the antelope having meanwhile drawn off, I commenced a difficult stalk, passing very close to a fine old bull eland, who was quite unconscious of my presence.

By means of the glasses I decided which was the master bull, a much more arduous task in reality than one would think, for members of the herd were constantly appearing and disappearing, so that it was puzzling to know if one had seen the whole of them or not. In addition to this, the colour of the coat varied so much, according to the way in which the light struck it, that as there were several bulls in the herd, it was most difficult to decide which was the blackest, and therefore the finest specimen. I would watch till every head was buried in a bush, and then crawl a few yards forward ; but, long before I could get within shot of the "Master," his watchful mates had spotted me, and I could see long mast-like necks rise on every side and remain erect and motionless with eyes turned in my direction. Still I crept on, while the animals drew closer together. Then, as they turned and began to move off, I jumped to my feet and ran, crouching, towards them. Fortunately my quarry was bringing up the rear and I crippled him by a shot in the stern. The giraffe immediately quickened their pace, but, when clear of the scrub, waited for their leader, who was lagging behind. Not knowing how hard he was hit, I fired several shots at long range before he fell, and his faithful comrades made off

across the plain. Eighteen of these huge beasts made a fine sight as they filed past me, three little calves at the tail-end finding it very difficult to keep up with their mothers. Two other bulls, though not so large as the one I had slain, were conspicuous for their dark coats.

It was now four and a half hours since we had first seen them, and not till three in the afternoon did the men arrive, though our friends, the Suk, were with us by mid-day. Their chief strode forward, and, having spat freely on his palm, grasped me warmly by the hand, as is their usual unpleasant mode of salutation. He intimated that, having heard the shots, they had come for a present of meat, and on my replying that they were welcome, they promptly ran to the carcass, ready to slash the hide with their spears, and reach the choicest morsels. I and my men quickly interfered to prevent the catastrophe, and firmly declined their assistance in removing the skin. The deep chocolate-coloured blotches of this giraffe's coat verged to almost black in the centre, and his great height of over 16 feet made him look much more handsome than the cow I had previously shot. Another difference between the two was that the blotches of the male were even-edged instead of irregular like those of the cow, and his "horns," of course, were much more strongly developed. The pair of horns common to all giraffe, which crown the skull above the eyes, were, in his case, nearly 5 inches long, very massive and rugged, the upper part almost bare of hair. In front rose a single horn, or lump, which, in the female, was hardly noticeable, and which forms the distinctive feature of all northern giraffe. The southern variety have a mere thickening of the skull in its place. In addition to these horns, a pair of knobs, each about the size of a

large hen's egg, appeared a little behind and above the ears, and it is this addition that gives the variety the name of "five-horned." All these horns are merely excrescences of the skull covered with skin, and by no means "horns" in the ordinary sense of the word. The hide of the cow had given us a certain amount of trouble to cut,



A five-horned giraffe head.

but this was infinitely worse. However, by dint of myself and three followers sticking closely to our task, we managed to get the skin off before the men arrived. As soon as we had taken the meat we required, the body was handed over to the Suk, who had been waiting in the scanty shade of the thorn trees till it was ready for them. It was a strange sight to watch them fall on the carcase and cut it up with their spears, the long hafts swinging about in

a way that made us anxious to keep at a safe distance. Towards dusk, the heavy skin slung on a pole was borne by relays of six men at a time into camp.

In the morning as many of them as could possibly get near it were kept busily employed for five solid hours cutting strips from the under surface, in order to thin down the skin, while others were told off to sharpen the knives and keep the workers supplied with water to drink. The process of hoisting the heavy mass on to the platform proved this time to be an even more tedious task than it had been before, and another half-hour had passed before we were able to enjoy a well-earned rest. A succession of rainy nights caused great anxiety and extra work, but by the constant application of preservatives, the skin dried very much better than I had ventured to hope.

In the meantime I amused myself hunting other game, more particularly lion, but the Njemps, although far better than my men, were but very poor trackers, and made me wish for my Somali shikari, Ali Barali, who had accompanied me on previous trips in Somaliland and through Abyssinia. He afterwards accompanied Mr. Sidney Buxton on his two African trips, but alas! he fell fighting against the Mad Mullah, and never again will his cheery laugh urge a white sportsman on to stick to the lion's trail, or follow in the wake of a herd of elephant, under a pitiless African sun. Let us hope he is hunting in a far-off land where the lions are all black-maned.

There were numerous flocks of ostriches on the plain, and I often tried to shoot these wily fowl, but so hard was it to get within shot, that for long my nearest approach to success was to wound a fine cock bird, which, in spite of a long chase, escaped. At last one day I managed to

stalk up close to some of them which were feeding amid some rather thick bush, and wounded two, one of which I secured.

On this same day I struck a herd of fourteen giraffe, including three males, one a particularly big one, and two little beasts only a few days old. After a long chase they caught our wind and bolted, but seemed uncertain in which



Suk cutting up a giraffe.

direction they should go, for they turned twice and finally made off towards camp. We followed in the hopes of cutting them off, but they galloped steadily on right across the plain.

In Western Likipia and round Lake Baringo, eland, at that time an absolutely protected animal, was far more plentiful than Heuglin's hartebeest, of which ten might be shot. On one day alone I saw three herds of the former,

the largest of which numbered 148 and the smallest 15, besides several fine old solitary bulls. Oryx beisa were even more numerous, but the herds rarely contained more than thirty, although I saw one with double that number.

One day as I was watching a party of them, including three tiny calves, I saw the master bull have a deadly encounter with a would-be poacher in his harem. Time after time they dashed at each other, their foreheads meeting with a thud, and then, horns interlaced, they wrestled fiercely, separated and charged again. Neither of them attempted to use the points of his horns, as wounded animals sometimes do when cornered by man, or a beast of prey.

For an hour one morning I lay watching a band of sixteen giraffe, only to discover that there were no big bulls among them. Many travel books tell us that it is an extremely rare thing for a giraffe to lie down, but either the Baringo species is more given to taking its ease, or I was particularly fortunate in finding the animals when they were doing so, for on several separate occasions I saw them resting. Once my attention was caught by what I thought was a curious looking tree growing on the top of a small hill. Fixing my telescope on it I discovered that it was a giraffe lying down with its long neck erect and perfectly motionless; soon afterwards I made out another feeding in some scrub a little lower down. Making a wide circuit, I tried to get to them, but found that I had miscalculated the distance, and was obliged to make another detour. The beast on the top of the hill, which proved to be a big bull, stood up, and remained on sentry go. Some 600 yards lay between me and a group of thorn bushes at the foot of

the hill, which I was determined to reach. Stooping with my head well down, and moving very slowly, I managed to get there without attracting their attention. Meanwhile, the bull had begun to feed, while the other animal, a cow, had moved down into the plain. I worked my way from one thorn tree to another, and then waited till the bull came down to join his mate. Just as I was advancing a little nearer, under cover of a thick bush which hid them from sight for a moment, the bull came out, spotted me at once, and gazed steadily at me. I slowly sank to the ground, and remained motionless for half an hour with the merciless noonday sun beating fiercely down on my back. The giraffe, still very suspicious and watchful, at length began to saunter away. As soon as they reached some rather thicker thorns, I again made towards them. Another roo yards, and I should have been within shot, when the cow in her turn spotted me, and the bull became uneasy but did not seem to realise my exact position. Risking the danger of frightening them off, I moved a bit nearer, but the cow immediately bolted, and was followed by her companion, at a pace which soon left me far behind.

Just at sunset, as I was returning to camp, one of the long-tailed genets jumped up at my feet, but I was too taken aback by its sudden appearance to let drive in time.

## CHAPTER XII.

Hyænas and wild dog—I thin a pack—A fine oryx head—Rhino chases us—A wounded impala—Rhino galore—Should rhino be protected?—A string of kudu—A grand head—A mission boy—Return to the lake—Arrival of the new collector—"Coronating"—Release of prisoners—A notorious character—An official muddle—Picturesque shauris—A Dorobo hunter and his clever donkey—Dik-dik shooting.

ONE morning, while following up a lion track, no less than six hyænas skulked out of a patch of thorn, and we made certain that either they must have been finishing up the remains of a meal left there by their lord, the lion, or were waiting till he moved off. But we were doomed to disappointment, for there were no traces of the lion or his kill.

Almost directly afterwards, a couple of animals, which I at first took for more hyænas, showed at the foot of a hill near by, but with the glasses I made out that they were wild dog. The next moment I detected the remainder of the pack trying to cut off a zebra from a herd, which, however, saw them, bunched together and drove them off. The pack then set off along the hillside, and I followed, trying to keep out of sight as much as possible among the thick bush on the plain. At last one of them gave me a chance, and I knocked him over, which brought the rest back at once to see what was in the wind. After worrying the body of

their comrade for a moment, the whole pack made for me, uttering angry snarls of revenge. I brought another to the ground and then missed several shots as the beasts dashed madly in and out among the bushes. One more successful shot finished my store of cartridges, and while the dogs were snuffing at the bodies of their wounded mates, I suddenly bethought myself of urgent business elsewhere,



A pair of wild dogs.

and made off at full speed. Having secured a fresh supply of ammunition, I returned to the spot and found the beasts still prowling round. Three of them fell to my rifle, and then I followed up one blood-stained track, while the syce took up another. A long-drawn too-oo from one of the survivors suddenly broke the silence, and guided me to the spot, where, among a jumble of boulders and scrub, the wounded animal was almost hidden from sight. At my

third shot it fell dead. Another, whose answering cry we had heard, was nowhere to be found, although we made a long and careful search. On the way back we came across the carcase of the master dog, making a total of six animals killed, and leaving only three of the pack unaccounted for. These wild dogs stood a little under 2 feet in height, had very large rounded ears, and a mangy coat of rusty black, blotched with brown and white. There was a large brown patch on the neck, and the tail and forelegs showed a good deal of white. The hide stinks more than that of any other animal I have killed, and seems to retain the smell, no matter how old it may be. The hair of the coat slips very easily, and the sun worked considerable havoc, even in the few minutes before we found the bodies and carried them into the shade. Although these wild dogs are fairly common in Asia and Africa, it is very seldom that they are seen in daylight, and still more unusual for them to be shot and their skulls and skins sent to England. I had previously killed one of a pack in Thibet, and seen others in the Central Provinces and also in Somaliland, but this was the first time that I had had the satisfaction of materially thinning the ranks of a band of these beasts, which are a perfect pest to sportsmen, driving away all game from their hunting ground.

It was to this district that I owed my best specimen of oryx beisa, which, one evening as we returned to camp, we saw tear across the plain a long way in front of us, then turn and come back across our right rear, where he stood a second at gaze. His head was such a good one that I fired, although hardly expecting that my shot would have effect, for the range was some 320 paces. To my delight, however, he dropped dead, and we found that the .256 split

bullet had cut his heart to ribbons. His horns measured 34½ inches, and were very thick.

The next day, while out hunting, we noticed a rhino some 500 yards to our left, and after we thought we were well past him and out of danger, there was a cry that the brute was chasing us. The men threw down the cameras and their other light loads, and made for the nearest trees, while I kicked up my mule to overtake my gun-bearer and seize the .600, before dismounting. The rhino trotted up fairly close to us, stood for a moment or two pawing the ground and snorting, and then to our satisfaction made off. Soon afterwards, I jumped a fine impala, and wounding it with the second shot, set out in pursuit. The animal followed the usual tactics of its kind, dashing away in headlong flight, with every now and then a series of huge bounds into the air. Then it would suddenly stop dead behind a bush, only to break away again as we approached. During one of these halts, I descried it, with the aid of the glasses, standing behind a thorn tree, and fired through the branches, but with no apparent result. Directly afterwards a crackling behind me caught my ear, and turning, I saw a rhino coming full pelt for me. Just as I was wondering whether small split bullets would serve me as well as they had done with the previous rhino, it swerved to one side and crashed on through the undergrowth. I then gave chase to the impala, and hit it twice before it managed to get away. As we were following it up, Bedoui seized me by the arm and whispered that another rhino was standing in the bush close by. We immediately made a detour to avoid it, only to come face to face with a cow and a very small calf. Now as these ladies have the reputation of being specially vicious, I clutched the .600 and backed gracefully from her presence

as she gazed at me for a moment or two, and then, to my intense relief, turned and disappeared. I again took up the impala track, to disturb yet another rhino, which happily, did not come to close quarters, but allowed us to continue our pursuit of the wounded animal. However, after jumping it once more, we lost the spoor altogether. A little later another impala standing in a tiny clearing caught my eye. I fired, but could not see the result of my shot. A second animal, which appeared a moment later, collapsed in a heap to the bullet, and to my delight, it proved to be a fine head of 28 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

For the day I had had enough rhino incidents. At a distance they are doubtless interesting animals, but when they are as pugnacious as at Baringo and in many other districts of East Africa, they become a dangerous pest. I have discussed the matter with a good many officials, and, almost without exception, they agree that the regulation restricting a sportsman—who has paid £50 for a license—to two, is absolutely absurd. It seems to me that in some districts, where rhino are particularly numerous, it would not only be advisable to remove all limitations as to their destruction, but also to encourage it by permitting the export of the horns and skins without duty. If some of those who, from a superficial knowledge of the rhino and his little ways, would have us believe that he is a much maligned and really quite sweet-tempered animal, could only have been with me in the Baringo country, I think they might have been led to change their minds. Constantly I had to stand helplessly by and see my most precious loads, including cameras and other almost indispensable treasures, thrown violently to the ground, while the bearers took to flight. If I killed a third specimen of these cherished

animals, I knew I should lay myself open to fines and imprisonment. As I have before mentioned, natives stand in far greater awe of rhino than of either elephant or lion, and this seems to me to be a conclusive proof that he is not quite as timid a creature as some chance visitor to African wilds may think. Moreover, when your followers see you taking to your heels instead of facing the brute, they naturally



The chain gang.

put it down to the white man's want of courage, and smile a superior sort of smile when you try and explain that the Sircar (Government) forbids you to kill it.

The two or three herds of giraffe which had come southwards now seemed to have disappeared again into the Reserve, and as there was little chance of their revisiting this country for some time, I determined to make my way back to the boma, across the kudu ground. During the

first march I saw six cows, a cow and a calf, and two other little herds in the distance, but no old bulls. However, I managed to add a good buck klipspringer to my bag, which I have cause to remember, for during the skinning process, Saburi let his knife slip and almost sliced off the top of my thumb. On the third day I was fortunate enough to discover a really fine bull, feeding with a younger one on the slope of the escarpment. Owing to the wind, the stalk was long and devious, and, to my disgust, after working my way along the deep bed of a stream, I found my quarry had shifted its ground. I next saw a cow and a calf, which had crossed the stream and were feeding up hill, and, thinking the bulls might have accompanied them, I climbed the opposite hillside, to see four males in a string making away over the broken ground. I singled out the third as carrying the longest and widest spread horns, and hit him hard with the first shot. The second bullet held him, while his comrades bounded away, but the third only broke his leg and I had to give him a finisher. His horns turned out to be seven inches shorter than those of my big kudu, but the span between the tips was as many more. This was my last day at these animals, and although I had failed to get a record Baringo head, I was very well satisfied with the three fine trophies I had secured.

That night my tent was pitched at Kudu Camp, where twenty-five porters, under the charge of an English-speaking boy, Peter by name, awaited me. Peter proved to be a bit of a character; his features were, to begin with, not prepossessing, and he had a cast in his eye that made him anything but engaging to look on. He had been brought up in a mission, and, I regret to say, possessed two qualities characteristic of most of the mission boys I have had in my

employ—laziness and dishonesty. This promising youth could say, "Yes, sir," with a beautiful accent, and could copy writing in a really good clear hand; in fact, so well, that he had just been serving the Government gratis for the slight indiscretion of repeatedly forging his master's signature for whiskey.

Unfortunately for me a body of Suk were camped in the



Combo at work.

neighbourhood, and their cattle had driven off all game, so I was prevented from securing another specimen or two of reedbuck, as I had hoped to do.

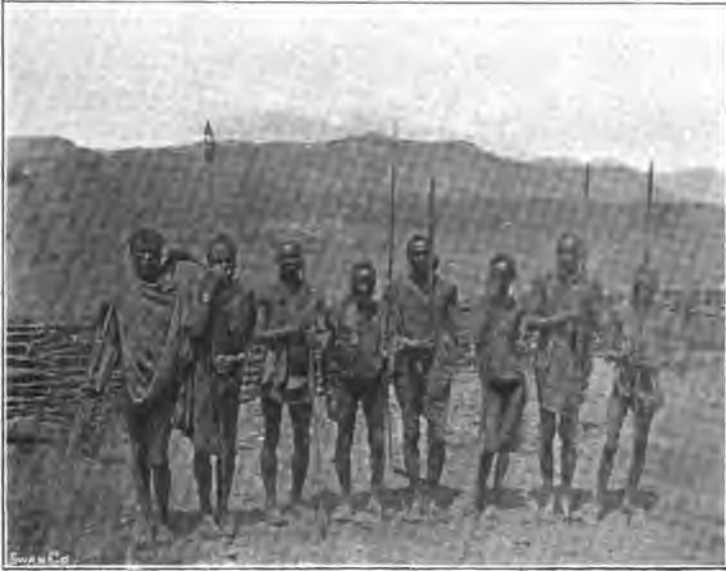
On arrival at the boma I found Baker very fit, and heard that he had been having some good sport in company with a couple of men in the African Rifles, who had come up from Fort Ternan for a few days' shooting. As Baringo is out of reach of the telegraph, the news of the King's illness, and consequent postponement of the Coronation festivities, had reached the boma too late, so Baker had

"coronated" on the original date fixed. After a special review of the police, when they fired "furious joy," the prisoners were marched down to the spot, in order that, in accordance with an official circular, those who were nearing the end of their sentence, or were only in for slight offences, should be released. In the up-country stations there are no jails, but the prisoners are put into what is called the "Chain Gang." Each of them wears an iron collar, and is attached, in common with five to ten others, to a length of chain, from which he is not released, day or night, until his term of imprisonment has come to an end. With the usual perverseness of the native mind, possibly inspired by a hint from the guard, the prisoners on this occasion were under the impression that they were to be shot as a fitting item in the day's programme. They were marched on to the ground presenting a picture of abject terror; their knees knocking together, their teeth chattering, their eyes starting out of their heads with fright, and their general expression one of mingled despair and supplication.

As soon as the first man was released from the chain, he threw himself headlong at Baker's feet, grovelled on the ground, and entreated him "to reconsider the matter." When it was explained that the white man's way of celebrating a great event was to free his prisoners, instead of shooting them, the horror written on their dusky faces gradually gave place to blank astonishment. The day's proceedings wound up with a great feast.

Among the prisoners released was Combo, a man whom we had engaged at the Coast as cook, and who, as it turned out, had had quite an eventful career. As soon as C—— and I reached the Baringo boma, Baker had come to me to say that he was afraid he must deprive

me of the services of one of my followers, whom he had recognised as an old servant of his own, and who had been wanted for some time for theft. This proved to be Combo, who had previously been Baker's cook in the Ribo Hills, and who, although a thief and a drunkard, was one of the bravest supporters he had had with



Kamasia chiefs at Baringo.

him when hard pressed by the Jabtulail. Bad shot as he was, he had proved absolutely fearless, and had dashed among the hostile archers firing his rifle off as quickly as he could cram in the cartridges and pull the trigger. Having served a term of imprisonment for theft from Baker, he proceeded down country and committed robberies at various other stations, but always succeeded in clearing out before

he could be caught and placed in the Chain Gang. The fellow had had the impudence, on our arrival at the boma, to go up with outstretched hand to Baker, and say "Jambo Bwana" ("How do you do, sir"), whereupon he was promptly arrested. Although, all the time we had had him, he professed to know nothing of English, he now began to be excessively abusive in that language, with the result that the error of his ways was forcibly pointed out to him, before he was consigned to the Chain Gang, where numerous jobs of a less inviting nature than preparing himself savoury messes from our store of provisions, awaited him.

In spite of this man being such a notorious character that he was, as I have shown, wanted in several stations for robbery, he openly sought employment in Mombassa, and engaged himself to us under his own name, we paying a heavy registration fee for him to Government. This enforced registration of natives at the Coast seems to be regarded, firstly as a tax, and secondly, as a protection to the porters, but the leader of the caravan is apparently left out of all consideration. Notorious criminals like Combo, who ought to be well known to the police, find no difficulty whatever in engaging themselves, and when they have brought off a successful coup, they can brazenly return to the coast to spend their ill-gotten gains. Any enquiries as to deserters are met with the reply that it is your business to catch them, when the Government will graciously consent to let them work, without wages, for the Administrative.

Nzau had by this time collected forty-six porters, and had brought on all my goods which had been sent up from Mombassa. For the year's registration of these porters I



[A. FORB-TIER.

Dorobo hunter and his donkey.

*Drawn by*



had only to pay R1 a man, whereas, if I had registered them in Mombassa I should have had to pay many times as much. The reason for this is rather curious. At the commencement of the financial year, 1902-1903, the Baringo district, together with all the country up to the eastern side of the Victoria Nyanza, had been taken over by East Africa from Uganda, but up to the end of June, no instructions had reached the officials as to whether they were to charge duties and fees according to the Uganda or the East African scale.

Each station, therefore, worked on its own initiative, and the extraordinary anomaly existed that, at the same time in different stations, Uganda rates, East African rates, a happy blend between the two, and even in some cases, whichever happened to bring in the highest revenue, were being charged, although all the stations were clearly part of East Africa. Though I managed to score over the porters, the advantage was somewhat discounted by a fee of 8d. charged for Uganda road dues on every load that had been brought up from the station. Now I was not in Uganda, and saw very little chance of getting there. Moreover, except for the railroad, the loads had come over nothing more ruinous to the Government than a native track, which had never cost it a sou.

Just about this time, Baker received a wire from a man of whom he had never heard, requesting that a number of porters should be sent down to the rail to meet him. In default of any other information, Baker came to the conclusion that this must be the official who was to relieve him at the boma and allow him to start on his long over-due leave. This surmise turned out to be correct, for on July 4th, Mr. Pearson, Baker's substitute, arrived. Baker and I, however, did not get away till the morning

of the 8th, for endless shauris had to be held with the natives to introduce them to their "new bwana." These were always picturesque. The natives would solemnly take their places in a semicircle, with the chiefs and interpreters in the centre, outside the verandah, in which Baker and



Dorobo hunter.

Pearson; were seated. Baker then gave his farewell address and introduced Pearson as their new master to whom they were to bring all their troubles, as they had done to him.

These remarks were translated into the different dialects, and the chiefs replied. Pearson would then assure them, in a short speech, that he would treat them as a Father,

and help them in any way he could. These ceremonies, of course, afforded me an excellent opportunity of securing photos of the different tribes. Amongst others, I managed to persuade a Dorobo hunter, who is noted throughout the district for his success in the chase, to let me take him. With infinite skill this man dresses up his cleverly trained donkey to represent any animal he may have made up his mind to stalk. With the horns of some beast strapped to its head, and its body painted or covered with a skin to correspond, the clever little creature would decoy many an unwary victim within reach of the poisoned arrows of the hunter crouching behind it. This man had quite the most handsome features of any I saw during the whole trip. He was tall and well-built, with a strong and intelligent face, cast in rather Egyptian mould, and his whole bearing involuntarily aroused vague wonder as to how, in that place, so fine a type of features could have developed.

While Baker was making preparations for his departure, I employed the time packing up my trophies for the journey, and shooting a few animals which I still wanted from the district for my collection. Several times I went dik-dik hunting, amid some dense thorn bushes, interspersed with patches of aloe, which lay near by. There was always a spice of adventure about these expeditions, for rhinos frequented the spot, and it was quite likely that, creeping carefully round a clump of aloe, with only a shot gun in your hand, you would find yourself face to face with a tough old specimen, instead of the timid little dik-dik you were seeking.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Start for the Ravine—Njemps villages—A superstitious custom—Possible rice-fields—Meet a sportsman—A charming camp—Arrival at Eldama Ravine—Mr. Isaac, collector, ethnographer, and naturalist—The Gwashengeshu Masai—Enter Mau Forest—Wild honey and fire sticks—Tarego, my Dorobo guide—Guereza shooting—Quest for bongo.

AT last Baker and I started on our first day's march, which brought us to Njemps the greater, a village lying among the woods to the south of Lake Baringo. It consists of some 250 circular huts, built mainly of branches interlaced, and thatched with roofs of grass. These are enclosed by a strong palisade, with openings at intervals, and in the centre of the huts and granaries lie the cattle kraals. After a short rest under a tree just outside the village, we pushed forward to lesser Njemps, where our tents were pitched under the welcome shade of a fine mimosa growing on the banks of the lower Molo.

The Njemps people are a branch of the Gwashengeshu Masai, who, worsted in inter-tribal warfare, were driven out of the rich country they possessed. All their cattle were captured and they were dispersed, some of them taking refuge on the banks of the Molo, where, deprived of their herds, the majority had to give themselves up to agricultural pursuits, while others became fishermen on Lake Baringo. Although in general appearance and cha-

racteristics they still closely resemble the pastoral or true Masai, the Njemps have, in the course of time, developed various customs peculiar to themselves. One of these is to only refrain from eating hippo meat, of which they are inordinately fond, while the crops are being sown ; and they are so particular on this point, that no cooking pot that has had the prohibited meat in it, is used till all the corn is



Njemps men.

sown. Their idea apparently is that, if the God who causes the grain to germinate should see that they can easily feed themselves without his help, he would simply let the seeds rot in the ground.

Early next morning we forded an elbow of the River Molo, while the donkeys made a long detour to avoid it. We had considerable trouble to get our riding mules across a narrow spruit intersecting the ground in the bend of the

stream, for its steep banks proved very awkward for them to negotiate. At this season the Molo was rather above our knees, but when in full flood, it is said to be far over a man's head. Much of the ground we passed through was, at one time, highly cultivated, but, owing to incessant raids, the agricultural area had dwindled to nearly vanishing point. Now, however, under Baker's initiative, the Njemps are beginning to bring it under cultivation again, and from the ease with which it can be irrigated, it struck me that it would be a very favourable spot for experimental rice-growing. Some six miles away to our left lay a big swamp, really a continuation northwards of Lake Hannington, where hippo and buffalo are numerous and an occasional herd of elephant roams. The first part of our march was through a park-like country, the rich grass dotted with fine trees; but further on, the path was shut in by almost continuous walls of thorn, which were then covered with masses of white blossom and gave out a sweet, but rather sickly, scent. On the way we met Mr. Blain, a sportsman marching from the Ravine, who told us that while he and a friend were shooting on the Athi plains, not long before, his chum had been badly mauled by a lion. He was then going to hunt round Baringo, meaning to devote himself mainly to greater kudu, oryx and impala, this district being noted for the fine heads of the last species. Indeed, they are said to be the largest of any in Africa.

Soon after we had parted from him and resumed our journey, we came on a little valley simply full of dik-dik but, unfortunately, Saburi, who was carrying the shot-gun, had lagged behind to talk to some friends in Blain's caravan, so I had no chance of securing one. This I much regretted; so did Saburi—later on. That evening we camped by the



*Photo by]*

Sowongo, the fighting chief of Njemps.

[MR. F. C. COBB.



side of the Tigris River, which at this point flows through a deep wooded valley, and finally empties itself, with the Molo, into Lake Baringo. From here Baker pushed on in one long march to the Ravine, while I took things more leisurely, and kept a watchful eye on the trophies.

Camp was pitched that day under a grove of stately mimosa trees, in one of the most charming spots of the whole trip. Before my tent stretched a rich, grassy plain ; a little stream, clear as crystal, rippled over its stony bed close by, while in the background rose a line of wooded hills. After a night of heavy rain, I continued my march to the Ravine Station, which lies on the edge of the Mau Forest at an elevation of 7,250 feet. Before the railway was built, this post was a most important one, as the main road to Uganda passed through it, and it had a large Government transport depôt. Now, however, the road northwards is no longer used ; transport is limited to the Londiani railway station, and the houses are, many of them, tumbled down and overgrown with grass. The Collector, Mr. Isaac, gave me a very hearty welcome, and proved a most interesting host, for he was a regular fund of information on the different native tribes under his jurisdiction, as well as a keen observer of animal life. It is due to his energetic research that the National Collection now contains specimens of the Mau Forest bongo and duiker, the very existence of which, previous to Mr. Isaac's arrival at the Ravine, had been unsuspected.

As Baker had kindly consented to see my trophies to the Coast with his own, I was kept busy for the next few days, packing them in convenient loads for the journey.

My stay at the Ravine was a particularly pleasant one, for it was there that I was lucky enough to meet Mr.

Harrison, leader of a party of the East African Syndicate's prospectors, Mr. "Road" Smith, an ivory trader, and Mr. Bagge, Sub-Commissioner from Naivasha. They had all of them seen many of the more remote parts of the Protectorate, and proved most entertaining companions, besides giving me a number of useful hints. I made a few longish shooting



Gungani camp.

excursions in the neighbourhood, and bagged some good specimens of bushbuck, duiker, and reedbuck, while a good deal of the rest of my time was spent bartering for curios with the Gwashengeshu Masai, of whom there was a large settlement close by.

The trading, as usual, was a slow process, and I had plenty of opportunity, in the meantime, to gather information about

the tribal customs of the natives. So many accounts of the Masai from far abler pens than mine have already appeared, that I do not propose to give any detailed description of them. At the same time, these people have played such an important part in the history of British East Africa that, it seems to me, a book concerning the country would be incomplete without a short sketch of them.

At a very early age the Masai boy is set to tend the goats



Bullock carts at the Ravine.

and sheep ; later on he has to herd the cattle, and is generally at the beck and call of the warriors and elders. At length his days of drudgery are over ; his hair is allowed to grow, and he becomes a probationary warrior before going through the ceremony of circumcision and being raised to the dignity of a full-fledged fighting man. Of his war kit, the most striking part is probably the head-dress. It is formed either of a lion's mane, or of ostrich plumes, set in an elliptical band of leather, which encircles the face, and

head, the feathers gradually increasing in length from short ones at the sides to long waving plumes at the top. His head, which when he was a boy had been closely shaved, is now covered with numerous little well-greased plaits, half of them bound into a bunch on the forehead, and the rest in the nape of the neck. This coiffure, which he cultivates with much care, is completely shorn off at intervals



Loads ready at the Ravine.

of about five years. In the absence of the Laibon, the elders settle the time of the ceremony, which is a great festival, and is talked of for months before it actually takes place. Dancing and a big feast of meat precedes the shaving of the first little batch of men. Each succeeding day sees the denuding of a further small number of heads, till the last man has sacrificed his locks, after which the festivities continue for four days. Until the hair begins to grow again, the warriors lay aside spear and shield and

carry in their stead a stick decorated with red-cloth streamers.

The lobes of the young warrior's ears have been gradually stretched, so that he can insert in them a wooden disc, or cleat-like piece of wood, some  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches long. Round his neck are one or two small strings of beads, and a circlet or so of wire, while on his arms, besides a coil or two of wire above the biceps, he wears a curiously-formed armlet of wood or hide. This is bent into a U shape, the sides bound round with copper wire, while the curved lower part is split into two, and the arm thrust through it. His clothing consists of a short skin cloak reaching to about the waist, the top, which is edged with beads, being passed under the left arm and fastened on the right shoulder. From the back of his girdle hangs an oval piece of goat-skin, some 18 inches long, on which the hair is left, and the top end is turned well over to show the under surface. Narrow strips of hide sewn with beads, and little lengths of iron chain, are fastened below his knees like garters, and sometimes short projecting sticks fringed with long hair are attached to them. The ankles are decorated with bands of leather holding a tiny iron rattle or bell. The Masai protects his feet by sandals of raw hide, like most Central African tribes.

The greatest pride of a Masai warrior are his battle-arms. Of these the chief is the famous Masai stabbing spear, which he grasps in his right hand; a heavy weapon with a blade 3 feet long, which, in times of peace, is protected by a leather sheath decorated with a pompom of ostrich feathers. A short wooden haft connects the head with a weighty, tapering, iron hilt, which maintains the balance. Through the right side of his girdle is stuck a

sime, or double-edged sword, 31 inches long, which is heavier towards the tip, and beside it a knobkerry of rhinoceros horn or hard wood. In his left hand he holds his oval buffalo hide shield, measuring 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft., on which is painted in glaring black, white and red, an heraldic design denoting his tribe. A Masai warrior, although not allowed to marry, may, nevertheless, choose for himself one or two young girls to make life less dreary in times of peace. As soon as his term as a moran (warrior) is completed, he becomes an elder, and relinquishes his fighting weapons for the arms of his boyhood—viz. : bows and arrows, and a spear with a short leaf-shaped blade and a long wooden shaft. He next turns his thoughts to matrimony, and after buying himself one or more ladies of his choice, according to his means, settles down to the more peaceful life of helping to rule his village and bring up his children.

Unlike the boys, the young girls have a very happy childhood, with practically nothing to do but adorn and amuse themselves. Even when they become ditos and go to live with the warriors, they are not expected to do any hard work, and rarely so much as attend to the cooking. Their clothing consists of a single dressed skin, elaborately decorated with beads, which is worn dependent from the waist, leaving the upper part of the body bare. On reaching the age of puberty they return to their mothers until sought in marriage, after which the lighter household duties fall to their share, but it is not till they are past child-bearing that they are expected to take part in the more laborious work. Their ornaments, however, are the most striking feature, for the Masai women, besides any number of neck-lets of beads, wire and chain, wear many pounds weight of iron wire round their legs and arms, so that the

wife of a really well-to-do elder is almost as encumbered with her armour as was a knight of old. The women scar their faces, generally by burning, as a charm against sterility or to ward off evil. The younger girls are often really good-looking, with skins not so dark as a southern Italian, slender, well-proportioned figures and regular features, but the effect is rather spoilt by prominent teeth, which are probably due to the fact that the children, when little more than babies, are given chunks of hard meat to chew.

All the Masai have their two lower front teeth extracted, which, they say, enables them to spit straight, for even now spitting takes a great place in a Masai's life.\* They spit at meeting and parting, on any young child they come across, on seeing anything unusual, to clinch a bargain, and in fact on almost every conceivable occasion.

Burial is the portion of small children and great chiefs only. The rest, both men and women, are carried out at dusk and left in the bush, a regular fee being paid for this service, which is never performed by near relatives. At early dawn the place is visited, and if the body has not been devoured by the hyænas, a sheep is slaughtered, its blood sprinkled over the corpse, and the meat left beside it to attract scavengers.

On the 24th July I left the Ravine, at the same time that Bagge and Isaac set out to inspect Baringo. I followed the old trade route, now much overgrown, and camped close to a salt lick, overhanging a small, marshy valley. The

\* A more prosaic, but probably more correct, explanation is that this custom is a provision against starvation from tetanus, a disease to which the Masai are peculiarly susceptible. When the teeth are tightly locked, the patient is fed through the hole made by the extraction.

ground all round was cut up by tracks of domestic as well as wild animals, for the natives drive their cattle down every now and then, and dig out the salty cream-coloured clay, which the animals greedily lick.

During our march the guide discovered some wild honey in the hollow trunk of a tree, and getting out his fire sticks, he set to work to burn out the bees. To raise a flame he held one of the sticks in position between his toes, sprinkled a little tinder on a nick cut in it, and rapidly twirled the end of the other in the nick, till smoke arose and the tinder glowed. He then heaped on dry grass, blew the sparks into a flame, and fed it with dry lichen, until a large smoky ball of fire was ready to be thrust into the tree. Most of the bees were soon stupefied, and regardless of the stings of the survivors, the natives rushed on the honey, and before long we were munching great combs of it. Sometimes the honey-bird would guide us to the store; at others the buzzing of a colony, or the sight of a single bee flying home with his load of nectar, would betray the spot.

Our next march lay through the heart of the forest, where there were wide stretches of tangled undergrowth, but no very fine trees. After penetrating a little patch of bamboo intersected by a stream, we climbed a steep and slippery path up the side of a hill, and reached a small open glade, in which we pitched camp. Here the trees were well grown, and made a most picturesque background to our tents, while the position commanded a splendid view over wooded hill and dale.

I had brought with me as a guide to the forest, Tarego, the local chief of the Dorobo, a queer, wizened old fellow, wrapped in a huge monkey-skin cloak, the edge worked with beads. A little skin cap completed his clothing, while

as weapons he carried a bow, carefully rolled in a strip of leather to preserve it from the damp, a quiver of thick hide full of poisoned arrows, and a sime. A younger man, some



Tarego and his children.

women, and children accompanied him, in the hopes of feasting on the game I might kill.

From information gleaned from Tarego, and from the tracks which I myself had seen *en route*, this part of the forest appeared to be as good a centre as any for my quest for bongo and forest pig, specimens of which I was very

anxious to secure. I therefore determined to remain in the present camp for some days, and scour the place in all directions. There was a heavy rainfall during most of the afternoon and night. Consequently, on turning out early next morning, I was not at all surprised to find the Dorobo trying to put off, as long as possible, the search through dripping undergrowth, by urging that the forest animals would not yet be awake. At length I persuaded them to start, and we soon came upon a little group of guereza, one of the biggest of which I succeeded in dropping, while the two guides had shots with their arrows at several others. I was not impressed by their skill, more especially after one of their poisoned shafts had glanced off the branch of a tree to bury itself in the ground within a yard of where I was standing.

After crossing a big open glade, we again entered the forest, and near a bamboo brake, came upon a band of grey monkeys of the same species which had provided Tarego with his fur cloak. I missed my first chance of a specimen, but soon afterwards came across some others, and dropped one of them. When it fell, the unfortunate beast was still breathing, and I found Tarego stuffing bits of stick up its nostrils to kill it. This seemed to be the usual method of his tribe for finishing small game. Later on we saw another troop of guereza, at which the guides again tried their skill, while I sat watching their marksmanship. However, when an arrow shot into the ground so close to me that it actually grazed my knee, I thought it time to suggest that they had better confine their attention to spotting the game, and leave the shooting to me.

On my return to camp, we had another little shauri with the guides, as I had seen no fresh tracks of either bongo or

pig during the morning. They explained matters by the quiet remark that there was no game left, as they had killed it all round about. The next four days were spent in continuing our search in the forest, but only once did we see the fresh tracks of a couple of bongo, who bolted without my getting a glimpse of them, after a four hours' stalk. I was surprised at the ease with which these heavily-built animals, standing some 4 feet at the shoulder, could twist in and out of the narrow tunnels in the dense undergrowth, under branches so low that I had to bend nearly double, in order to follow them.

Tarego and his companions were wonderful fellows for pointing out a monkey hiding in the cleft of a tree, and, on the whole, not bad trackers. But they were lazy in the extreme, for as long as they knew there was food enough for them in camp, they would not budge an inch without a good deal of persuasion.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The Mau Forest—A Dorobo and his dogs—Dorobo desert—Bag a forest pig—Shooting from mule-back—An amusing request—Mount Sirgoit—An unfenced Zoo—A picturesque salt lake—Elgeyo visitors—A Nandi raid—Reedbuck—Stalking topi—A lad's encounter with a lion—The Elgeyo appeal to God.

THE part of the Mau Forest that I penetrated differed considerably from that of Mount Kenya. Here there were no forest giants rising from the almost bare earth, their lichen-hung branches interlacing overhead to cause a perpetual twilight. Instead, a tangled mass of undergrowth, ferns and mosses in rich profusion, here and there a dead branch clothed in orchids, and the giant thistle, the favourite food of the forest pig, on every side. With its undulating slopes, its little streams and bamboo brakes, the Mau Forest presented a charming picture, but after plunging hour after hour through its almost impenetrable and dripping jungles, we longed for an occasional shot to break the monotony.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, a party of Dorobo from a neighbouring encampment came to visit us. One of the women carried a roll of softened guereza skins, which she offered me for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of flour (value  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.) apiece, this being the usual rate of exchange for them. Thousands of these monkeys are slaughtered by the natives, for the Dorobo live, for the most part, on their flesh, and yet,

when a white sportsman wishes to make a collection of them for scientific reasons, he is absurdly hampered by Government regulations. My own experience is proof of this. I was anxious to collect sufficient specimens to clear up the question as to whether the same species extends across East Africa to the Nile, and to discover



My camp in the Mau Forest.

how these guereza differ from the Abyssinian variety. For every monkey killed, beyond the two permitted in my £50 shooting license, I had to pay an additional £1, not to mention the export duty which was collected on a fictitious value.

With one of the men of the Dorobo party I had a long talk, naming the rewards I would give if I secured a bongo,

or forest pig. The fellow's eyes fairly sparkled, and it was agreed that his dogs should be fetched from his camp, some little distance off, as they were said to be really good trackers. He started early in the morning, with great assurances of the haste he would make to return, but he never came back, and, to my disgust, Tarego and all the other Dorobo also vanished. Whether they were tired of the work, or my men, sick of the cold and damp of the forest, had made things too hot for them, in the hopes that, as soon as they left, I should abandon the search and continue my journey, I never found out. If the latter were the case, they must have been rather disappointed, for I not only stuck to the work, but spent longer days in the forest than before.

On the second day, while stealing along a narrow game path, through dense jungle, I saw some animals trotting towards me, but in the gloom of the forest they were hard to identify. As they came closer, I made them out to be pigs of a very dark-red colour, marked with white about the head and neck. At this moment, Bedoui, with the rifle, was, of course, behind another man, and a second or two passed before I secured the .400. I hit the first animal, which ran under a bush, squealing loudly, but apparently missed the second. Two squeakers rushed up snuffling at the wounded beast, and one of these was killed by my next shot. I then started crawling on my hands and knees among the dense underwood to look for the other big one, and although I at last managed to spot it again, I did not get a chance to fire. After the couple I had shot, which turned out to be Uganda bush-pig, were skinned and weighed, I hung up part of the meat, hoping it might attract a jungle cat, and sent the rest into camp.

I then moved into another bit of jungle and sat watching for some time on the chance that one of the little dik-dik, whose tracks were visible on the path, might come that way. Once I caught sight of a tiny head among the tangled grass, and heard a shrill little squeak of fright as the animal dashed away without giving me the chance of a shot, and Bedoui said that he had seen one four times.



Mau Forest.

On the fourth evening, when I reached camp, I was met by the news that both of the Masai guides, who had come with me to show the way across the Gwashengeshu Plateau to Mumias, had bolted. Possibly it was they who had instigated the Dorobo to desert, but, finding that I still showed no signs of moving on, had decided in their turn to quit. I wrote off to Shemoni for another couple to be sent, and filled in the interim by continuing my wanderings in quest of the denizens of the forest. After the Dorobo

had left, my Swahilis were at first very loth to venture off the beaten track, fearing we should be lost. I was, therefore, rather pleased at my success in invariably leading them safely back to camp each day.

On the 6th August, as the other Masai guides had arrived, I made a start, and, after reaching the outskirts of the main forest, crossed a couple of streams and camped on an open spot. The next day's march was over grassy hills with occasional patches of timber on their slopes, and swampy streams flowing through the intersecting valleys. Although I saw roan, Heuglins, reedbuck, and oribi, *en route*, the length of the grass and the wildness of the animals prevented me from getting a successful shot.

On the following day, close to some pretty little waterfalls, we disturbed a camp of Dorobo, who fled into the bush at our approach; only one man could be prevailed upon by our guide to come and talk to us.

For the next five days we made short marches towards Mount Sirgoit, gradually leaving the undulating country behind and entering a great, grassy plain almost bare of trees. On the way the only fresh species of game we came across was waterbuck. The buffalo of the district had evidently been decimated by rinderpest, for numbers of their skulls were lying along our path. They appeared to have been the Northern variety, as the bases of the horns were set wide apart. Owing to the length of the grass, I tried once or twice to shoot from the back of my mule, and found it quite successful. I was much amused to be met with a request from the Masai guides that we should not march in the early morning, as the tall wet grass cut their bare legs. As we were having heavy rains nearly every afternoon, this ingenious sug-

gestion, which would have meant only some three hours' march per day, did not appeal to me. Here and there we came upon Dorobo game pits, long deep trenches narrowing to nearly nothing at the bottom. They were generally dug in a game path just where it passed through



Mount Sirgoit.

a belt of timber, the top being concealed with thin sticks and grass.

On the morning of August 14th we neared Mount Sirgoit, the Sirgoi of the maps, a solitary rocky hill that had been in sight for the last three days. It was a pleasant change to find ourselves on short, sweet pasturage, instead of the coarse, reed-like grass through which we had been wading, waist high, since leaving the forest. As we approached, we saw the first herd of zebra, and then troop

after troop of game came in sight. When we got abreast of the rock, a column of beasts that had gradually been crowding together, streamed across our front. It was impossible for me to count them with any accuracy, but there must have been not less than 200 hartebeest, 300 to 400 zebra, and some 20 eland. They made a striking picture as they galloped off in a body, wheeled round to our left, and then all massed up together facing us. The chestnut coats of the slight, cleanly-built hartebeest, and the brilliant black and white of the cob-like zebras, contrasting with the massive grey eland, stood out clearly against the dark background of the rock. One moment the mass remained almost motionless as they gazed at the intruders, the next there was a sea of tossing horns, waving tails, and flashing hoofs, as they turned to gallop further afield, while the changing light caused by the heavy clouds of a coming thunderstorm drifting across the sun, added not a little to the grandeur of the scene.

After passing the rock we turned away to the east, seeing on our march reedbuck, jackal, ostrich, warthog, and waterbuck. The thunderstorm at length broke, and rain came down in torrents before we reached the borders of a little salt lake, lying in a rocky basin, where camp was to be pitched. It is only some half-mile long by a quarter wide, and is sunk in such a sudden dip in the plain that, without a guide, it would be extremely easy to miss it altogether. The lake is fed by a small, sweet stream, but is itself so salt that a crust of mud-coloured brine surrounds the open water.

The natives collect this brine, and pound it up when dry, to mix with the tobacco they chew. A couple of Elgeyo, who inhabit the hills lying eastwards, towards

Baringo, found their way to our camp, and we learnt from them that the Nandi, a powerful and turbulent tribe from the south, had raided them during the previous week, killing some of their people and carrying off a mob of cattle. As they assured us their tribe would be glad to exchange grain for iron wire, I determined to remain here a day or two, to give them the chance of bringing it in.

Away in the distance to the north, the two of them pointed out a line of thorn bush, where they said, giraffe were to be found. In the evening I went up on to the plain, and soon sighted a little party of reedbuck, a buck, a doe, and a young one. I managed to wound the buck, and started out in pursuit, when another male dashed out from a little clump of long grass, drove the injured one away, and at once took possession of his family belongings. Still I continued to follow the worsted beast till after bounding into the air several times, standing straight up on his hind legs, he fell dead. I then set off to stalk his supplanter, and, with a lucky shot, brought him to the ground. He had a fine pair of hooked horns, while in the other, a very old animal, the hook was almost entirely worn away. As we were skinning and measuring the beasts, a flock of 15 ostriches stalked past in the distance. Lion roared that night and mosquitos buzzed galore.

I started out early next morning, and was soon rewarded by the sight of three beasts which, at first, I took for reedbuck, but later, coming to the conclusion they must be Uganda kob, spent a considerable time in vain endeavours to get a shot at them. Soon afterwards I saw some hartebeest, ostrich, eland, a beast of a darker colour than Heuglin's, which I took for topi, and a fine pig, for which last I tried, but as he wasn't waiting, turned my attention to

the topi. The whole crowd of animals on the hillside had by this time moved off, and I determined to make a long detour to try and get behind the hartebeest herd with whom my quarry was feeding.

On the way, while passing through a swampy little valley, I put up over 20 reedbuck, of which I killed two, one with very fine hooks to his horns. Here these animals were generally roaming about in little parties of two's and three's; the largest band I saw numbered only five. A man was left with the meat, while I started for camp, and on the way dropped an old reedbuck with my first shot. A little further on I came upon a big herd of Heuglin's, which divided, 100 of them streaming past us at 250 yards, while the remainder, about 30, among which were two topi, moved off in the opposite direction. I started after the smaller party, but the topi separated from the others, and vanished over the top of a ridge. Again we headed for camp, when a single hartebeest showed, and directly afterwards a topi joined it. I got forward and they moved off, only to stand side on at nearly 300 yards distance. I fired at the topi—a short gallop, and my first of the sort fell dead.

The topi is a handsome beast with a dark purple-coloured coat, horns curving backwards, but not very long, and, unlike Heuglin's, quite a graceful head. Most of the larger herds of Heuglin's were accompanied by one or two topi, which, in spite of their smaller size, and very much darker coats, were not at all easy to pick out in the distance, as, in the different lights, the colour of the hartebeest's coat varies so much. Sometimes we found a couple of topi by themselves, but more often a bull topi and a single Heuglin's of the same sex, roamed about together. Later on I saw several small herds consisting only of topi.

The mosquitos had become so troublesome close to the lakelet that I had been obliged to have my tent shifted to higher ground. To my disgust, however, the little pests were quite as bad there as in my old quarters.

My second topi we found feeding on a slope with a Heuglin as pal, while a large herd of hartebeest was close



Masai guide and topi.

at hand. With a good deal of manœuvring we managed to move the crowd without disturbing the pair, but as the result of a long crawl, I found myself within 50 or 60 yards, not, as I had hoped, of the topi, but of the hartebeest, who had lagged behind, while my quarry had placed nearly 350 yards between us. My bullet, however, hit him, and the beast, not perceiving the direction from

which it had come, moved a little towards me, and then stood looking about him, chest on. My second shot found him, and he swayed from side to side but kept his feet. Four of the hartebeest were fussing about between me and my prize, galloping round and pulling up short to stand and survey the land from every little ant hill in a way that was peculiarly annoying. At last they cleared off, and I started slowly towards the wounded animal. Twice he moved, but a shot at 185 yards dropped him as though dead. As soon as my men arrived, we went up to him, but to our surprise, he sprang to his feet and dashed off in the direction of camp. He lay up in some long grass just beyond it, and it took a good deal of time before I found and finished him. When this was done I again set out for the rock, and saw a big troop of 150 zebra, out of which I was lucky enough to secure the largest male I had yet killed.

On our return to camp, we found a couple of Elgeyo chiefs awaiting us, and after we had patiently listened to a long tirade against the wickedness of the Nandi raiders, they promised to bring us flour for sale on the morrow. A youth who accompanied them had a very fine black-maned lion's mask. He told me he had taken it from an animal that had suddenly started up from a little patch of bush where it had been devouring a kill, and confronted him at close quarters with its lips drawn back in an ugly snarl. The boy promptly fired a poisoned arrow into its open mouth, and, while the lion was trying to cough it out, ran for his life. In a few minutes the beast was dead, and he returned to take the scalp in the hopes of trading it to the Masai. For a few strings of beads I purchased it from him, and tried to induce him with the promise of a reward

to search for the skull, which he had left by the carcase, but it never came to hand.

The Elgeyo have a custom which seems to me so strange for a pagan race that it might be of interest to students of ethnography. Their elders, in times of adversity, assemble to decide whether the stress is dire enough to warrant their supreme appeal to the Spirit of the Universe. This appeal is made by fire. A number of fat-tailed sheep are slaughtered, of which the tails, hearts, lungs and entrails are collected and, together with a pot of honey and an unleavened cake made of flour and water, are placed upon a heap of glowing embers. The smoke, rising to Heaven, calls God's attention to their wants. He looks down upon them, and if the smoke is "good" (*i.e.*, if their sacrifice is great enough) he brings their sufferings to an end.

## CHAPTER XV.

March to giraffe ground—Native unselfishness—Giraffe vanish—Finally sight two bulls—A long chase—A dark, wet march—Camp at last—Men benighted—Shoot an ostrich—Lost man's adventures—My record giraffe—Stone ruins—Dwellings of a vanished race—The Masai invasion—A troop of lion—Topi shooting—A big herd of giraffe—Variation in colour—A swarm of bees besiege camp—Sleeping lions—I stalk them and they stalk my mule—A tantalising episode.

As it was extremely doubtful whether, in spite of their repeated promises, the Elgeyo would bring us any flour, I determined next day to move camp into the giraffe country. A steady march for two and a half hours brought us to the edge of the mimosa thorn. On the way I saw a good many animals, but did no shooting. Another hour and we had reached a stream, called Elgarai, near which roamed a herd of eleven giraffe ; but as preparations to deal with the skin had still to be made, they were for the present left in peace. My porters got in about twelve, and directly afterwards heavy rain set in, and a chilly wind rose. About five we heard lions grunting pretty close to camp, and again in the early morning they broke the prevailing stillness.

Next day we made a seven hours' circuit of the country round, but although other game was plentiful, there were no signs of giraffe. While still searching, we came upon a little party of natives, consisting of an old man, a mere skeleton covered with skin, a younger man also very emaciated, and

a bright little boy of six or seven, who seemed in far better condition than the others. They were busily employed with pointed sticks digging up some sort of bulb, and from the way in which they seized them, and without so much as wiping the dirt off, devoured them raw, the party were evidently suffering from acute hunger. One of my men gave the little boy a chunk of cooked meat. The child grasped it eagerly, but instead of cramming his mouth full at once, as we had expected, he ran with it to the old man, who divided it into two unequal portions, gave the larger to the little fellow, and handed the remainder to his other companion, keeping nothing for himself. This little chance incident made a deep impression on me, for the native has the name of being utterly callous to another's sufferings; and yet I doubt if, in its touching simplicity, the unselfishness of the two chief actors in the scene could have been surpassed. From the two men we learnt that, on the previous day, they had seen a herd of forty giraffe, and we persuaded them to come with us and point out the place, while the little boy was sent by himself, unarmed, back to their camp which lay some distance off. Our search, however, proved fruitless, for we saw nothing beyond the track of one of the lions that had disturbed us in the night. When we reached camp we found a party of Elgeyo, who were anxious to sell us the picked-up end of a big tusk and a rhino horn. They said that elephants were numerous on the slopes of the hills a little further north.

All that night lions roared at intervals, but although I left camp as soon as we could see, in the hope of coming across them, I met with no success. I then made a cast round through the mimosa, and after an hour or two had passed, I struck the fresh track of two bull giraffe, and

started along it. The animals seemed to scent danger, and kept on the move through a rather dense bit of thorn scrub, but at last I got close up to one of them, and, as there seemed to be nothing to choose between them, fired two shots at it in quick succession. It immediately slackened its pace and gave me a chance of getting alongside and dropping it with a third bullet. On examining the animal, I found that it had been badly mauled by a lion. There were several deep scars in its skin, one of which had healed in a great knot, while part of the tail had been bitten off. My men were far behind, and, as they somehow managed to miss the way, it was not until eleven that we got to work. However, when the men from camp arrived in the afternoon, besides taking photographs and measurements, we had finished all the skinning possible without turning over the carcase, a task which had baffled the two gunbearers and myself.

After dark, in a heavy downpour, I reached camp, and a few of the men found it with the help of some signal shots and the light of a lantern hung on the giraffe skin mast, but the main body did not turn up with the hide till the following morning. They had spent a most uncomfortable night in the wet, with lions prowling round them. Three of them were still missing, and two parties were immediately sent out in search, as I was afraid the beasts might have attacked them. We were all dog-tired, and it was not till very late in the afternoon that the skin was thinned and hoisted on to the platform. Even then the feet were still unfinished, and the men, too worn out to do good work, had made several cuts in the skin.

A stroll round before sundown brought me close to three more giraffe, one a fine bull, quite near camp, but as I

was not anxious to handle another skin that day, they were left alone. Soon afterwards I unexpectedly started a number of ostrich at close quarters in some rather thick thorn bush, but they scattered at once. To my surprise, within a few minutes I again came on them, hit one, and dropped another with a long stern shot. I kept after the first, but missed a second shot, and, worse luck,



Thinning a giraffe skin.

the animal escaped. The other sat on the ground with a broken thigh, but his wild endeavours to rise, and the vicious dabs he made with his beak, showed that he was still very much alive, and kept us all at a respectful distance. Just as I was about to fire a finishing bullet, one of the Njemps dashed forward, seized him by the neck, and, with a lightning cut of his sword-like sime, almost slashed his

head off. Even then the quivering body kicked violently. The bird was a fine one, with its contrasting jet-black and white feathers, but, unfortunately, the time of year was not the best for the plumage.

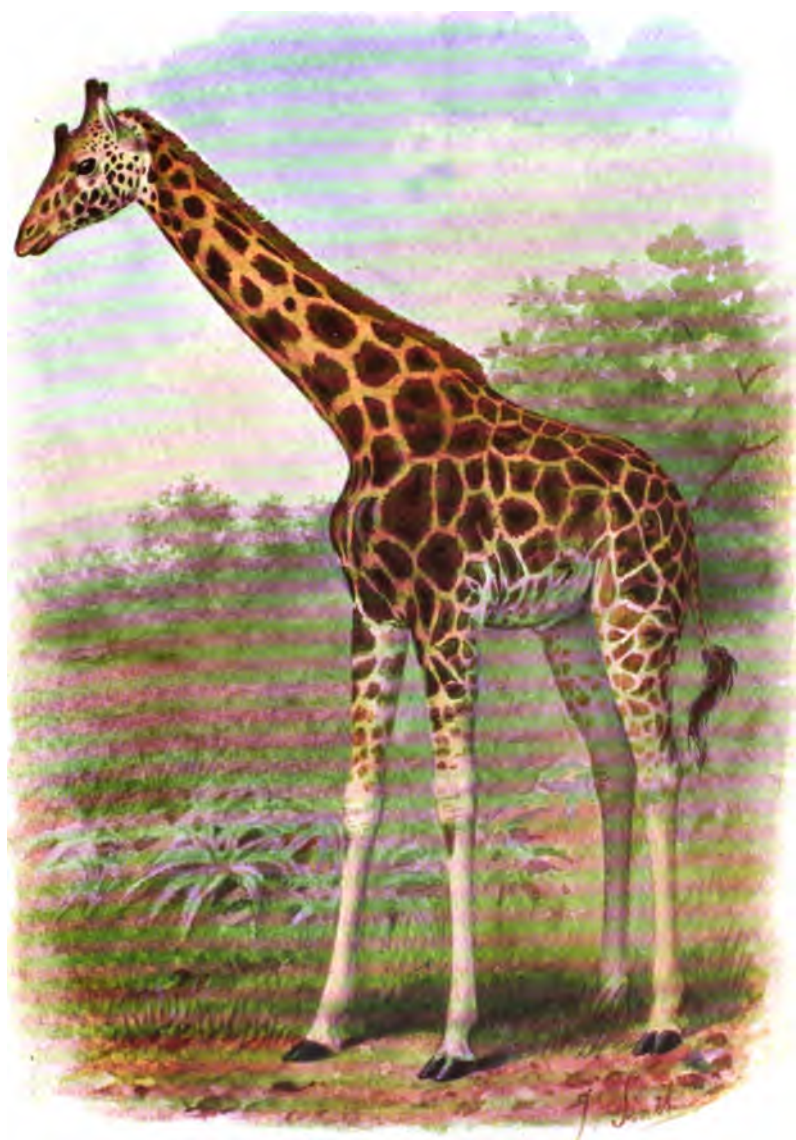
The first search party had returned with two of the men earlier in the day, and when I got into camp the second was just arriving. They had discovered a man who was sent off at eleven o'clock the previous day to fetch help from camp. He had gone in exactly the opposite direction, got benighted, and remained perched in a little tree till morning. A couple of lions chased and killed an antelope close beside him, over which they snarled and quarrelled, while the poor wretch, half dead with cold and fright, clung to his frail support, wondering whether the meal would prove sufficient for them, or whether they would add him to it—an easy matter, as they could have reached him with a single bound.

On the following day, as I was making towards Sirgoit, I again came across the three giraffe, which proved to be all bulls, and one of them seemed to be by far the largest I had yet seen. They were feeding in very open ground, and, long before I could get within reasonable range, I was discovered. There was nothing to do but try a shot. I fired at the big one. My first bullet happily crippled it, but it took a tremendous amount of lead to kill it. The animal was a splendid specimen, measuring 17 ft. 3 in. from head to heel, and anyone visiting the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road may see with what infinite success Mr. Rowland Ward has succeeded in mounting it. The skin gave us more trouble than any of the others, for, owing to its exceptional weight and very long neck, hoisting it on to the mast was a difficult process. When it was finished,



Giraffe, *Camelopardalis giraffa*.





Giraffa Camelopardalis Rothschildi. ♂



the two huge skins, standing side by side, looked from a distance like two twin steeples and served us as a landmark on our wanderings. Heavy showers of rain did not hasten the drying, but it turned out to be very successful. The immense packages the hides made, when folded, were most awkward to carry, especially as, later on, we had several



Hoisting a giraffe skin to dry.

swollen rivers to cross. It then took some fifteen men to each bundle, some carrying the pole on which it was slung, others steadying the package, while a number had to be told off to help the bearers keep their feet on the slippery stones.

Nearly all the Gwashengeshu plateau is dotted with stone ruins, which are almost always situated on the tops, or

sides of rising ground. They consist of a wall built of large, unhewn stones, without mortar, enclosing a space circular, or nearly so, in shape, and of thirty to fifty yards diameter. The interior is generally dish-shaped, and contains smaller circular walls marking the sites of the old huts. It struck me as rather curious that the ruins often lie at a considerable distance from any apparent outcrop of rock. All of them are, of course, more or less tumbled down and overgrown by long grass and jungle, making a scene of picturesque desolation. I always searched these places carefully, walking round the wide top of the enclosing wall, in the hope of disturbing a lion or leopard at his mid-day slumbers, but the only animal I ever saw near them was a jackal slinking into the shade.

On one hill-top, not far from Sirgoit, was a fragment of a straight wall, some thirty or forty yards long. Apparently it was not attached to any other ruins, and I was much at a loss to understand the purpose for which it had been built. No doubt the builders of these stone dwellings had found the country as devoid of timber as it is at the present day, and hence the immense amount of labour they must have expended on their homes. Probably wood was only used for the framework of the roofs. Over the camp fire I questioned my Masai guides as to whether the owners existed before the arrival of their tribesmen in the land, and if anything was known about them. As a result of these enquiries, and others made at Mumias, I have gleaned the following details, which I believe to be correct. Some time early in the last century the Gwashengeshu plateau was densely inhabited by a pastoral tribe, who were driven out by the great wave of the Masai, which swept the country from the North.



Giraffe skins drying.



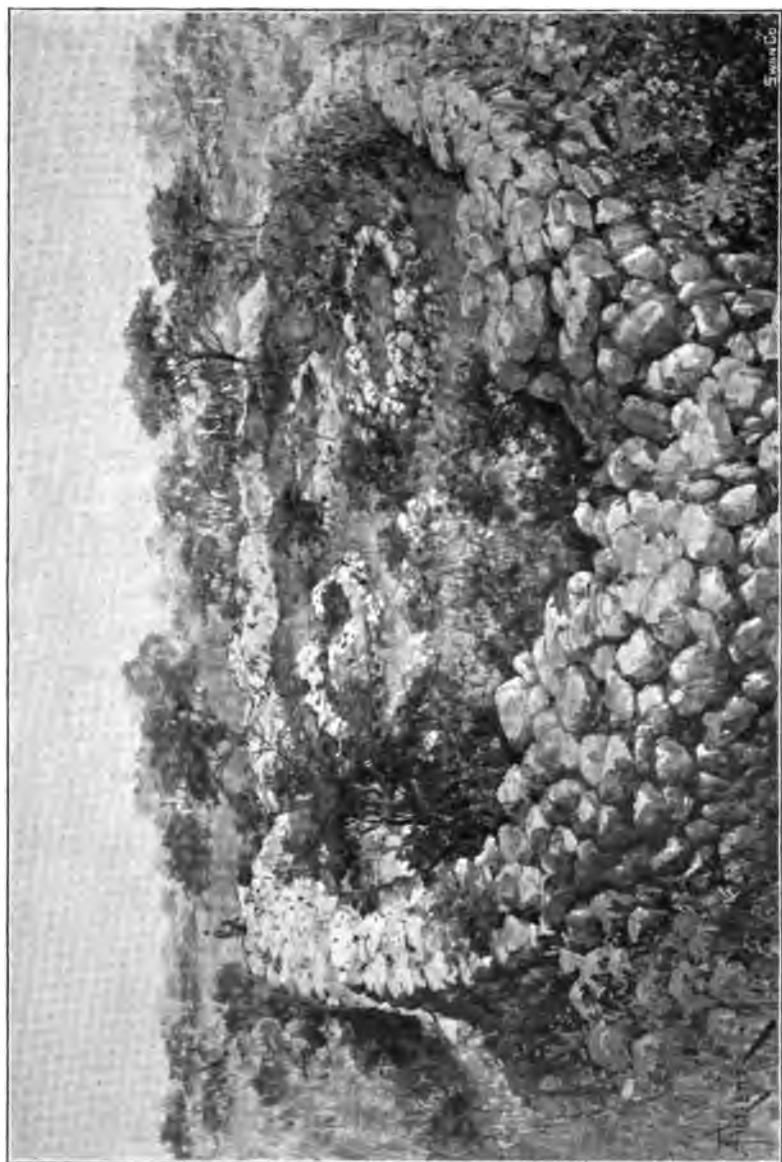
It is still a matter for conjecture whether this tribe was absolutely annihilated, or whether the few survivors became the ancestors of the Nandi speaking peoples, which inhabit the Elgeyo Escarpment, Kamasia Hills, Nandi, and Sotik countries. On their trek from the North, the Masai divided into two clans under separate laibons (medicine men), the one already mentioned establishing itself at Rangatanyuki, just east of Mount Elgon, the other proceeding by a more easterly route to Naivasha, and holding sway over all that part of the country as far east as Kilimanjaro. As time went on these two clans became more distinctly separated, owing to feud between the two laibons. Meanwhile they carried on continuous raids against the surrounding tribes till the latter were forced to retire to such remote fastnesses that they could no longer be harassed with any degree of success. A small section of the Gwashengeshu moved east and settled in Likipia, when the Naivasha Masai, who were itching for a worthy foe, immediately fell on them, and raided most of their cattle. Flushed with their success these Masai then decided to organise a larger expedition against the main strongholds of the Gwashengeshu, but their enemies got wind of their preparations, ambushed the advancing warriors, and completely foiled them. With no thought but revenge, the Gwashengeshu determined to make a great raid on the Naivasha clan, who almost simultaneously re-organised their army and started for Rangatanyuki. On their way east the Gwashengeshu, from the slopes of Eldalat, observed the approaching enemy in the plain, and a terrific battle ensued, which ended in the complete defeat of the Naivasha Masai.

The victors, filled with exultation at the success, con-

tinued their eastward march, and occupied the plains of Naivasha, capturing the majority of their opponents. Some six years later the Naivasha laibon, who had escaped the massacre and taken refuge nearer Kilimanjaro, succeeded in collecting sufficient forces from his tribesmen, who had settled on the slopes of the great mountain, to attempt reprisals on the supplanters, rushed their villages at night, slaughtered most of the inhabitants, and drove the few remaining survivors to the four winds. These are now represented by the Gwashengeshu settlements at Kikuyu, Ravine, Nandi, Lumbwa, Mumias, and Usoga, all close to Government stations, where they prove of good service.

As I was standing on the wall of one of the ruins searching the country for game, the guide pointed out some beasts which I thought were pigs, moving along the bottom of a grassy valley. With the glasses I discovered that they were a fine lion and four full-grown lionesses. As they were making off up the opposite hillside, the lion deliberately stopped, sat down with the lionesses grouped behind him, and gazed at us. I returned the compliment through the telescope, and the clearer view made me even more keen to have the handling of his skin. As soon as his curiosity was satisfied he got up and set off over the ridge, while we only waited till the tail of the last lioness disappeared before running down the slope and up the opposite side at our best pace.

When we drew near the top I held the .400 ready, expecting any moment to get a glimpse of them, but they had vanished ; nor could we tell which way they had gone, for, to my surprise, the next valley was full of zebra and Heuglin's, feeding apparently undisturbed. A wide cast round, including the banks of the nearest stream, proved



*Drawn by*

Dwellings of a by-gone race.

[A. FORESTER.



fruitless. I next tried to get near a herd of twelve topi, but failed, and then, spotting a single one on the other side of the stream we had just crossed, I doubled back, and managed to break one of its forelegs with a longish shot at its chest. Expecting that it would soon tire, I followed it for some distance on foot, but as it still kept ahead I got my mule and tried to ride it down. Even then, on three legs, the beast managed to outpace me, and at last I gave up the chase to sit down and watch it, till, in the far distance, it lay down. When I had re-stalked it and administered the *coup de grace*, I found the shoulder was smashed high up ; a few inches nearer the centre of the body would have been a heart shot, and yet, disabled as it was, the beast had taken us over three miles at a smart pace.

During the next few days, while the giraffe skins were drying, I continued to shoot in the neighbourhood, and got close to a large herd of from twenty to twenty-five giraffe, the largest bull of which, instead of being almost black, was very light coloured, probably owing to albinism. I was extremely anxious to secure some photos of live giraffe at close quarters, and this seemed an excellent opportunity. After a great deal of dodging about I succeeded in getting close enough, when, to my utter disgust, I found Bedoui had brought the case containing extra slides for the camera, instead of the camera itself. The language which I applied to the culprit in mixed Swahili and English can be more easily imagined than described ; at all events, it was to the point.

One afternoon our camp was invaded by a swarm of bees, which took possession of the store tent. We had the greatest difficulty in ejecting them, as we could not smoke them out, owing to the danger of setting fire to the tent,

which contained among other things a couple of cases of ammunition.

I had intended breaking camp next morning, but a steady drizzle set in, and on examining the giraffe skins, I found them not yet fit to travel. They had to be unpacked and spread out again as soon as the rain ceased, and when this was done I set out to hunt towards Sirgoit. *En route* I came across the remains of a freshly-killed zebra, which, judging by the tracks all round, had obviously been slain by lions. In this case, contrary to their usual custom, they had neither broken their victim's neck, nor drunk the blood from a wound in his throat, as there was absolutely no mark on either. My men soon lost the tracks in the grass, and I started searching the ground towards the stream, in the hope that the lions might have gone down to water. Meanwhile, a spotted hyæna slunk past us on his way to wrest his share of the spoil from the vultures, which were by this time swearing and fighting over the remains.

Presently I noticed a fawn-coloured patch on a hillside across the water at a distance of about 1,000 yards, which with the telescope, I made out to be three lions close together, while a fourth lay a little apart. Leaving the mule and my other men, I set off with Bedoui to make a long circuit, cut the valley higher up, work down unseen through the long grass, and then crawl up to where the lions were taking their noonday siesta. The first part of the programme was successfully carried out, and I was carefully moving up the hill, rifle ready, expecting every moment to see the beasts confront me, when a sudden growl behind made me swing round in quick time. The beasts were emerging from the other side of the tall grass we had just left, and ascending

the opposite hill towards the mule. They had evidently awakened and, seeing the mule in the distance standing apparently alone—for the men, according to my instructions, were all lying down—had decided that it would make a good second course to the zebra. There were two males, one rather finer than the other, but neither of them heavily maned, and two full-grown lionesses. They were quite 350 yards off, but as the valley lay between us and there was little chance of my being able to get nearer, I opened fire at the best lion while he made off to the right.

Meanwhile the other three spread out to the left, sneaked up the hill towards the mule, and began to close in on it. As they got closer my men showed themselves, whereupon the lions stopped, growling savagely, and twitching their tails. It was a most tantalising position for me; every moment I expected to see the beasts charge in to attack the mule, while I stood watching, powerless to interfere. At last one of my men fired at the nearest two, which sullenly drew off, and passed along the hillside between us, moving so fast that it was useless to think of cutting them off. Then the third lion approached the men very close from behind, but it bounded away as they fired. The whole incident was most annoying, for, had I contented myself with sitting down and lazing by my men, I should have had every chance of bagging a couple, or, if I had not been so cautious about approaching the place where we had first seen them, I should have met them by the long grass. But it is always easy to be wise after the event.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Nandi spies—An Oribi dance—Swollen rivers—Provisions running short—A herd of elephant—The heart shot—Preserving the scalp—Flour at last—A night's vigil for lion—The tree breaks—A dilemma—Mount Elgon in the distance—Reach Kabaras—Walled villages—Women in birthday attire—Village threshing floors—Reach Mumias station.

MY march to Mumias lay across a well-watered and rich pastoral country, with fine belts of timber. The journey took far longer than it should have done, for the guides were almost as lacking in the knowledge of the exact marches as those we had across Likipia. On the first day my men robbed a fine store of honey from an old tree stump, and I bagged the best defassa head I had got so far. The animal was the master of a little herd of six which bolted at our approach, but I followed and got him with a single shot from my .256. Duck were plentiful on the marshy streams we had to cross, and hippo tracks were everywhere to be seen. One morning Nzau reported that he had seen nine Nandi hanging about the rear of the safari, so that night all our tents were crowded together within a circle of watchfires with double sentries posted, and the long grass and scrub was flattened down for some distance round. The night, however, passed peacefully.

From time to time during the march we saw several herds of giraffe, a good many Heuglin's, besides reedbeek

and oribi, but for the most part the grass was long and I did but little shooting. One of the hartebeest had a single horn, the only instance I noticed on the whole trip. One morning, while passing a patch of shorter grass than usual, my attention was caught by an oribi bounding from side to side, throwing itself into the air, and generally behaving as if it were mad. Beside it stood a doe reedbuck, which was



Waiting to cross the Etakatok.

gazing at it in sheer astonishment. I tried to get near them, but the oribi darted off with lightning speed before I could plug in a shot. Bedoui accounted for its antics by suggesting that the beast had been stung by a scorpion.

When we reached the junction of the Etakatok and Nollosegelli Rivers, to give them the names they bear on the map, our guides wanted to cross the latter, but finding it up to our chests and very swift, I decided to keep to the left bank and ford the Etakatok. This stream was not so

swift, but even here the water near either bank was up to the men's armpits. A number of picked men were first sent across, each holding several coils of a thick rope I had brought for the purpose, above his head, while in the other hand he carried a tent pole to steady his steps. As the line worked its way across, each man, commencing from the rearmost, uncoiled his portion of the rope, still keeping it above the water, till the foremost couple reached the opposite bank and made the rope fast to an overhanging tree trunk.

Then some ten of the strongest men took their stand at intervals along the rope to steady it, while others, with much assistance, carried the loads to the other side. Every now and then a porter would lose heart and have to be relieved of his burden in mid-stream. The shorter men were not entrusted with anything to carry, and even then some of them were swept off their feet, and clung to the rope for dear life, yelling till dragged to dry land. One idiot tried to carry a double load, and of course dipped them both. The most difficult job was to get the giraffe skins over in safety; the largest had six porters to it, and a crowd all along the rope to help the six keep their legs.

When I went across I found the water very chilly, and it was difficult for me, being unaccustomed to go barefoot, to get a steady foothold on the slippery stones. As soon as all had reached the further bank I served out to every man six grains of quinine and a tin of hot, sweet coffee, which the cook meanwhile had been busy brewing in our biggest cooking-pots, and stood by to see each of them swallow it. The results were most satisfactory, for there was not a single case of fever among the safari. I had a



Getting the rope across.



Taking the loads over.

miserable afternoon myself, for the cold had set an old tooth aching, which, like Rachel, refused to be comforted.

On looking up the maps I found that we had only advanced thirty miles in the last six days, so winding a route had our guides brought us from Mount Sirgoit. We had still forty miles to do to Mumias, and the men had hardly any flour left.

The next day we came across some big tracks which looked as though made by hippo, but when, a little further on, I saw a tree torn down, I was sure we were in the wake of a herd of elephants, and what was more, that they had only just passed. Soon afterwards I spotted one disappearing over the crest of a low hill opposite us, evidently the last of the herd. I waited some time for the .600, only to learn that it had been left in camp to come on with the second lot of baggage, for, unfortunately, we had now more loads than porters, and a certain number of men had to make a double journey every day. Deciding that the only thing to do was to trust to the .400, I pushed on, passed the place where we were to camp, and continued up the hillside.

In the next valley, which had a marshy bottom, I found the herd, numbering from eighty to a hundred, drinking and bathing. Their leader was a fine big bull, but it was impossible to get near him without the remainder of the herd winding us. At the tail end of the others, who by this time were moving off, were two bulls which lagged behind and enabled us to get up to them without risk of the rest detecting our presence. While his companion went on, the better beast of the two stayed behind to feed from a small bush. It was in an open bit and I could not get near him, so had to wait for him to reach a belt of trees and then follow in his tracks. He was a bit suspicious, I fancy,

stopping and listening every now and then. At last, when I thought I was near enough, I moved out a little to one side of the patch. My quarry heard me and swung round broadside on ; I took the heart shot and plugged in a .400 solid bullet. He turned at once and made off, but just as he got out of sight behind some trees, there was a loud crash, and we knew he was down. As we approached we heard



A Kabaras elephant.

him groan once or twice, and found his dead body just seventy-five yards from where he had stood when I fired. I was anxious to save the head skin, and, thinking that the men were quite close at hand, I waited for them instead of following up the herd, but they arrived so late that it was long after dark when I reached camp. Getting off the skin was a most difficult task, and the Swahilis proved far more stupid than the Somalis, with whom I had done like jobs on previous trips. The scalp and tusks, the latter weighing

105 lbs. the pair—a fair average for a herd bull—did not reach camp till next morning.

By this time the safari had come to the end of their flour, and a meat diet had brought on its attendant troubles—dysentery—so Nzau and a party of men were sent off to the nearest village, said to be two days' distant, to make arrangements for a fresh supply. In the meantime I set to work to preserve the huge head-skin and feet. Elephant skin is always more troublesome to cure than that of either rhino or hippo, for, if it becomes the slightest bit tainted, the upper surface peels off, and the hide loses its distinctive appearance. Perhaps the most tedious part of the whole process is removing the cartilage from the thin skin of the ears. It needs an enormous amount of time and care. The work was not finished to my satisfaction till the next morning, which was happily fine, although rain set in after lunch. The temperature that day at 7 a.m. was 63°; at 11 a.m., 84°; and at 6 in the evening, 64°—a fair sample of the weather we were having.

While we were at our next camp, not very far away, a couple of my men returned, accompanied by a crowd of Kabaras Kavirondo, who came to carry the flour and help us with our extra loads. To my great annoyance these men told me that they had run into a big herd of elephants not three hours from camp, and had driven them off with shouts and spears. I had particularly told Nzau only to send some half-dozen men so as to avoid disturbing the country, and this was the way my instructions had been carried out!

Round the remains of the elephant I had killed I discovered, one morning, the pugs of a large lion, and decided to build a macharn, or platform, in the branches of a tree near the spot, from which I could watch that night in the

hopes of the beast's return. The only tree available was rather a poor one, and not very well placed, but before dusk the macharn was built and I took up my position on it, while my men left me for the night vigil. About two hours after dark, the sound of some beast tearing at the carcase caught my ear, but as it was on the farther side, and out of sight, I could not tell what the animal was. A little later



Drying the scalp.

the noise ceased and I descried the shadowy form of a heavily-maned lion slinking away into the darkness. There was no time for a shot. Every minute I expected the beast to return, and held my rifle ready, when, to my horror, I felt the tree under me slowly turn round and begin to bend over. What was to be done? The animal, for all I knew, might be lurking in the long grass close at hand, ready to spring on me without a moment's warning. I tied my spare rifle, water-bottle, etc., to the branches, and determined to

stick to the tree as long as possible. Gradually it bent nearer the ground, till at last I found it difficult to prevent myself being shot clean out of it. At midnight, just as the moon sank, the tree fell over with a loud snap, and I scrambled out and ran to the next one, which, to my distress, turned out to be very short. A rustling in the grass made me climb in haste as high as I could get, and I was glad I had done so, for soon afterwards the lion growled again. For over an hour the beast prowled round about me grunting his displeasure, while I clung in suspense to the branches, unable in the darkness to make out anything, much less to shoot. Even when silence reigned, I had an uneasy feeling that he was still lying in wait near by. Never was dawn more welcome. As soon as I could see my rifle-sights I climbed down, stretched my stiff, cramped limbs, and searched for the lion; but although his pugs marked the ground all round, he had vanished.

The following night I returned to the place, and, in order to raise the macharn further from the ground, as well as to make myself secure from a repetition of the mishaps of the previous night, built it in the tree top, and propped it up with poles. Then I placed a live goat in a cage between the elephant's carcase and the platform, in the hope that its bleating might attract the lion.

About three hours after sunset, there was a rustling in the long grass, and then something emerged, but directly under me, and in such a position that it was impossible to make out what it was. I held my rifle ready to fire as soon as I should get a clearer view, but to my disgust the beast proved to be a hyæna. Several times during the night it drew near the goat's pen, much to the latter's alarm, but apparently it feared a trap, and turned away each time. No-

thing else came near me, and I had to return empty handed to camp.

Two days' march brought us to the first Kabaras villages, camp on the way being pitched by a low range of hills overlooking the Kavirondo country, in which Mumias, my destination, lay. Away in the distance rose Mount Elgon,



Kabaras natives.

which looked very insignificant to me, who had the beauties of Kenya still fresh in my memory. Here was no forest of contrasting colours clothing the slopes, no jagged peaks, no dazzling snowy crest; nothing but a featureless mountain like a huge molehill with flattened top.

The elder of the place, Ketarnder, who had already received Nzau warmly, proved very friendly. Through his

aid, five days' posho (rat ons) had been collected, and he brought me presents of eggs and fowls.

The most remarkable feature of a village in northern Kavirondo is the high, well-constructed mud wall, circular, or nearly so, which runs right round it, and is bounded on the outside by a deep moat. The single gateway is generally arched, framed by heavy beams of wood, and approached by a light bridge.

The country is studded with huge granite boulders, on which the people would collect to watch our approach, for a white man is still a novelty in that part of the world. The natives, we found, were very indifferent as to clothes. The girls and most of the women wore none at all, which at first was rather embarrassing, particularly when a crowd of them clustered round my tent door with baskets of flour on their heads to barter for beads and iron wire. Some of them affected rather pretty little belts and diminutive aprons of bead work, and, turning to Nzau, I said I should like to purchase some of these. As soon as this was explained to my lady callers, several of them took off their scanty decorations without a moment's hesitation, and vied with each other in trying to get the bunch of beads offered in exchange.

The Kavirondo women are remarkable not only for their lack of clothing, but also for their scrupulous morality. Unlike the Masai and kindred tribes, it is exceedingly rare, and regarded as a disgraceful thing, for a girl to have a lover before her marriage. The men, unlike the women, were seldom seen without being, at least, partly clothed. Both sexes extract the four front teeth of the lower jaw. After a day spent in taking photos and haggling for curios, while waiting for the arrival of all my loads, I engaged

twenty-five Kubras men, who, for two rings of brass wire each, agreed to carry packages to Mumias.

Our first march was a long one, past numerous villages, many of which were unwalled, and surrounded by patches



Mumias Government station.

of highly-cultivated ground. Between these were stretches of tall elephant grass and swampy valleys. Close to most of the villages a mass of granite with a flat surface formed the common threshing floor of the inhabitants. Sometimes the women would be winnowing the grain as we passed,

and their natural, graceful poses as they slowly poured the corn from a basket held above the head, so that the wind might blow away the chaff, made a very pretty picture. Another striking feature near every village was an exaggerated hop-pole, stuck almost upright in the ground, and hung with little pear-shaped baskets. These were for tame quails, which by their cries decoyed the wild birds into the snares awaiting them on the ground round the pole.

The Kubras men got in a good while before my Swahilis, who found the heat very trying after the cooler atmosphere of the Gwashengeshu plateau. As I was sitting in camp talking to the chief of the place, Umbari, we heard a violent commotion, and one of my men came running up to say that the whole of the Kubras had bolted. A wild chase ensued, but only two of the offenders were caught. The Kavirondo I was now amongst absolutely refused to carry loads, no matter for what payment, so that, on resuming my journey to Mumias, I was reluctantly forced to leave a number of these to be fetched later.

A five hours' march brought me within sight of the flag floating over the Government boma at Mumias station, which latter derives its name from one of the most powerful Kavirondo chiefs whose village is close at hand.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Mumias station—Parcel post and its difficulties—Troubles of an ivory trader—  
 Chiefs and their followers—A native band—Cattle raiding—The market  
 place—Uganda thatching—Theft of ammunition—A little misunderstanding.

THE Government buildings at Mumias are built within a stone wall enclosure, round the outside of which runs a deep, wide ditch, crossed by three drawbridges. As we entered the compound by the main bridge, we passed the guard room of the Sudanese police, and found ourselves in a fine avenue of trees, many of whose branches were weighed down by the nests of the weaver birds, built at the extreme tips. Leaving the guest bungalow and the various store-houses behind us, we approached the official residence, a big thatched building, standing on a raised platform, with deep verandahs, and wide open passages between the rooms, to allow full play to currents of air.

The late Mr. Boughton Knight was the officer in charge, the Collector, Mr. Partington, being away for a change of air after a bad bout of fever. The former had only been in the country a few months, and had just come up from Kisumu to find himself almost at once responsible for an important station, which, on paper, is supposed to have a staff of four white men. Fortunately, Knight

had had considerable experience in India and Ceylon, which now stood him in good stead, and he seemed to have no difficulty in coping with the various important matters that required his decision. The only other European at the station was Dr. Booth, who had been in the country some time, but, his term of service now being over, he was to start for home in three days. Knight kindly placed a room in the guest house at my disposal and invited me to have my meals with him during my stay at Mumias, an invitation very welcome after my couple of months' solitude.

My next task was, as usual, to weed out the useless porters, engage others, and pickle and pack the skins for the coast. At the Ravine I had discovered that many of the smaller things could be sent by parcels post, a method both quicker and cheaper than any other. When I told the Goanese clerk, who was acting-postmaster, that I had about 50 parcels to despatch, I was met with the reply that none were accepted at Mumias. Now a comprehensive postal directory for East Africa and Uganda, setting out the exact cost of postage to the Falkland Isles and other such useful information, is on sale at all the stations, even one so remote as Baringo. However, when I referred the postmaster to the page and paragraph in this marvellous work, on which Mumias was entered as an office for the receipt and despatch of parcels, he merely answered with a shrug of his shoulders—"Oh, yes, it is down there, but I can't take them, as I have no forms or anything else for parcels post. We always refuse them." A wire to Kisumu brought the reply—"Kindly accept parcels; forms will be sent by next mail." But, as the parcels post only went once a month, and the unbridged rivers were then



**Mumias Avenue.**



swollen with rain, the things had to be despatched at once, and manuscript forms prepared. Knight, with his usual kindness, set to work to help me, and, together with the clerk, we had a very busy time making up the parcels for the mail. The figure 2 in 1902, on the date stamp, we found to be upside down, and the clerk explained



Mr. Boughton Knight at Mumias.

that the "oz" was a "20" reversed, for although in 1899 the then Collector had applied for a new set of numerals, as those he had were no good for the 20th century, so far none had come to hand. The next little difficulty was that, in accordance with a special memo. from headquarters, only one post bag was in store, and we had to resort to my own waterproof sacks. At last eleven loads were ready to start, and, to my amusement, a band

of 100 Kavirondo porters and two askaris turned up to carry them. Knight told me that this was quite the usual thing, as the men liked to have plenty of company, and to change the loads from one to another. This first despatch of parcels from Mumias was, I think, the largest it will be likely to see for many a long day.

Before I finally left Mumias we casually learnt that the post runner had, week by week, reached Kisumu after that office was closed, so that our letters regularly missed the English mail. It had never occurred to the post-master there that it was his duty to inform the Mumias officials of the fact, and, but for chance, the weekly delay might have gone on for months.

I think it is clear from these experiences that it would be more to the benefit of the public if the responsible postal official in a new country would devote a little more time to supervising the equipment and organisation of the up-country stations, instead of compiling elaborate guides, which give an entirely false idea of the progress of the Department.

This business at last satisfactorily completed, I had a great time haggling with an Indian trader, to whom I was anxious to sell a number of surplus stores. These had been provided for a doctor, who hoped to join me for the remainder of my journey, but at the eleventh hour had been detained in England.

No sooner was this bargaining over, than I started a deal for a drove of donkeys belonging to an Anglo-Greek and his partner, an Austrian, who had just returned from a trading trip in northern Karamoja. It had apparently been a most haphazard expedition. Neither of them had had any experience of the ivory trade, and, indeed,



Kaviroondo chiefs and their followers.



knew little of the native and his ways, the result being that a large part of the ivory they had traded was newly-killed cow, and, under the Regulations in force at that time, was confiscated by Government. From these men I gathered a good deal of useful information about the tribes I should have to pass through on my journey to the Nile.

My next task was to look about me for a guide, and the leading man among the Swahilis found me one who was said to be not only well acquainted with the different tribes on the way, but also able to speak their dialects. My plan was to make a short expedition round the northern part of the Nandi escarpment in search of elephant, lion and the Uganda kob, and then strike the trade route along the eastern slopes of Mount Elgon. There Nzau, whom I had sent to Kisumu with the giraffe and other heavy skins, was to meet me with a further supply of donkeys for the northward journey.

Mumias was the centre of a large and very populous district, and the chief place for fitting out caravans which were making northwards, so that, for securing photographs, studying the present method of administration, and the ivory trade as it presents itself to official eyes, this station was not to be surpassed.

Mumia and other native chiefs were continually coming in with bands of their followers, either to have some dispute settled, or merely to pay their respects. The chiefs used to get themselves up in fine style for these visits. Two of the most striking costumes I saw were a black frock coat over a long white nightgown, the whole crowned by a felt wide-awake hat, and a striped blanket with a jaunty sun-bonnet of plaited reeds, while leg gear descended

the scale from the regulation ammunition boots and putties, through the spring-sided variety, put on over the putties, down to sandals or bare feet. Their followers made up what they lacked in clothing by the strangeness of their forehead decorations. Among these I noticed sections of glistening hippo teeth, and twisted horns fastened on by leather bands.

One chief arrived, accompanied by his native band, who carried curiously-shaped trumpets made of the horns of different animals, fitted into each other, and held together by a covering of leather shrunk on them. The leader was the chief's bard, whose duty it was to improvise chants in honour of his master's exploits in peace and war.

The most usual cause of appeal was cattle-raiding, and the fact that justice was supposed to be administered under the Indian Penal Code made this crime very difficult to deal with. The Code is admirably adapted for a civilised people who love going to law and can appreciate all the subtle niceties of it, but ill-suited for a country just being opened up. In fact, in many cases, were the letter of the Code enforced, the greatest injustice would be done.

On one occasion a couple of cattle-raiders were marched in, with ropes round their necks, by some of Mumia's askaris, who also brought along the petty chief and head man concerned. On another day a big party with complaints of a raid came in to demand justice. As soon as the chief and his head man had taken their seats on little stools carved out of a solid block of wood, and their followers had squatted down on either side, they told their tale. They had with them little bundles of straw of different lengths, the longest to denote the cows taken, shorter ones for the calves, and others, shorter still, for the sheep

and goats. In this raid two women had been killed, and for one of them the injured tribe claimed ten cows as compensation, while for the other, who was with child, they wanted fifteen. The shauri lasted for two full hours, one bundle of straws after the other being laid out on the ground and carefully checked, even the colour of the in-



A Kavirondo band.

dividual cows being given. Then the band were told to call again after the other side had been heard.

Another visitor to the boma was a wizard or medicine man from the banks of the Nzoia, close to the place where it empties itself into the Victoria Nyanza. His costume consisted chiefly of string upon string of kauri shells, sewn on bands of leather, and wound round his body, while, in addition, he was wearing a mask of similar shells and a

curious cap, surmounted by ostrich plumes. His legs were wound with wire, and ornamented with bean-shaped bells, and he wore the usual wire bracelets. After he had been prevailed upon to let me take his photo, I tried to bargain for his complete costume, but, as he valued it at a cow, we did not come to terms.

In the morning, if there was nothing of interest going on in the boma itself, and nothing to be done, we had only to cross the drawbridge next the main bungalow to find ourselves in the midst of the market. This was a never-failing source of amusement. The sellers were shaven-headed Kavirondo women, many of them wearing no more clothing than a string or two of beads round the neck and waist, a diminutive fringe apron, and a curious tail, made of fibre, and shaped very much like that of a horse. Strings of these women would come into the market together, balancing on their heads big baskets of flour, grain, or sweet potatoes, bunches of bananas, or firewood. Then they would squat down beside their goods to chaffer with the buyers, most of whom were either the closely-draped wives of the Nubian soldiers, their tightly-plaited locks weighted with lumps of fat, or Swahili and Uganda women, in flowing garbs of brightly-printed cotton. Men and boys from all the different native races settled at Mumias, wandered about, haggling and chaffing with the women. Nearly the whole crowd, whether marketers or sellers, regarded the camera with suspicion, and, at first, my mere approach with it was sufficient to make them gather up their property, and run with one accord from its "evil eye." By degrees, however, when they got accustomed to my presence among them, I was able to seize a chance opportunity now and then of snapping them unawares.



A Kavirondo wizard.



The Kavirondo woman loves her pipe, and puffs away lustily at all times and seasons, carrying about with her, like the men of the tribe, a little bag of tobacco and a long-stemmed pipe with an earthen bowl. They grow such quantities of the plant in Kavirondo that the best "blend" can be purchased at R.2 for a 60 lb. load.



Gossiping marketers.

While I was at Mumias some Uganda men were employed in re-casing the thatch of the bungalow, a task carried out on rather different lines to those adopted by our thatchers at home. The old thatch was arranged as follows: Side by side on the ridge of the roof lay loosely-tied bundles of grass, a pole being fixed tightly down along the top, and another a little lower on either side. To renew this, the men cut a quantity of long grass, and made it up, green as it was, into bundles, some of which

were just a little over a hand-grasp in thickness, and loosely tied, while the majority were slightly smaller, and tightly bound round for about eight inches at the lower end. The unbound portion of the latter was then well-beaten to bruise the stems of the grass and flatten them down before the actual thatching began. The men, having renewed the bundles along the ridge and replaced the poles, proceeded



Mumias market.

to force up the grass under one of the side poles with a stick, thrust under it a tightly-bound bundle, and so on tier by tier until the roof was completed. The method is a slow one; taking some dozen men nearly a month to finish a bungalow with a smaller roof than a fair-sized barn at home. The thatch seems to stand well against the wind, but it soon rots, possibly owing to the green state of the grass used.

On the morning of the day I had intended leaving Mumias,

the corporal of the askaris, Abdallah, who had taken charge since Nzau left, came to tell me that, on going his rounds in the night, he had found a box of ammunition broken open, and a number of packets lying loose in the store tent. I went round to camp just at the back of the boma to investigate the matter, and found that 80 rounds had been stolen. The two sentries both declared that they had noticed the box was open when they took over the watch, but they "had forgotten to report it," a strange lapse of memory which cost them dear. Next morning, when I started, the delinquents were left in the chain gang, where their overtaxed memories would have a rest for a while.

Cartridges are worth 8d. apiece at Mumias, and theft there is very prevalent, for no provision is made for the detection of crime, the policy evidently being—"every man his own detective." Cartridges would, of course, not be easy things to identify, but later on I lost a carbine of a peculiar pattern and with the registration number on it, which ought to have been easily traced if any of the police had been trained to detective work.

With reference to the chain gang, rather an amusing tale was told me at Mumias. The Collector had decided to give the prisoners a change of diet from mtama flour to sweet potatoes, and the news was hailed with great delight. A few days later, however, they asked leave to lay a grievance before the Collector. The spokesman explained that they were all "very hungry," and prayed that the Bwana would let them go back to the previous rations. On enquiry, it transpired that the order had been misinterpreted, and the unfortunate prisoners had been receiving three small potatoes per man per day instead of three lbs. Small wonder that they felt "very hungry."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The bazaar—A native musician—The old Nandi road—The Kakumega people—  
Tattoo work as a costume—The Nandi escarpment—Rhino scatters my flock  
—Nandi villages—A troublesome tribe—My dealings with them—A queer  
costume—A nasty toss.

THE trial of the cartridge stealers took up so much time that I had to delay my start from Mumias until the following morning. Then the four newly-purchased donkeys gave me so much trouble to load that when I did at length succeed in getting away, with some twenty-five followers and a little flock of sheep and goats, the bazaar through which we had to pass, was at its busiest. The market people, having disposed of their produce, were spending their money at the Indian, Arab, and Swahili shops before setting out homewards. A native musician, in particular, caught my eye, as he strolled down the lane, and stopped by the larger groups to chant an impromptu verse, accompanying himself on a kind of lyre. The body of his instrument was made of hollowed wood, covered with snake skin, and the seven strings were of finely twisted gut. He made a picturesque figure as he bent over it, his brass and iron armlets, burnished till they shone like gold and silver, standing out against his dusky skin, beneath which one could see the play of the muscles as, at the end of each verse, he swept his hand across the strings. He seemed

loth to part with his treasured "dengore," which, fashioned as it was by his own hands, had, for many a long day, brought him a welcome everywhere. At last, aided by the persuasive tongue of an Indian storekeeper, I induced him to barter it for a pile of many-coloured beads, and coils of brass wire.

We followed the old Nandi road, which had been built



Mumias bazaar.

at considerable expense, but, when I used it, had relapsed almost into its original jungle state. On the second day we reached the banks of the river Daragarni, and, as the bridge had rotted away, were obliged to cross by a deep ford. Further on we came across a wild cat trap, shaped very much like a beeskip, but built on the ground. Arranged round its single entrance was a noose with a sapling attached to act as a spring.

At our camp that day the head man brought me in

some bananas, and one of his followers who was wearing a crescent-shaped knife as a forehead ornament, was prevailed on to sell it to me.

The next march brought us to the last group of villages



An Indian storekeeper.

on the fringe of the Kakumega country. The old chief, Keveni, was a fund of information, and very garrulous. He promised to provide me with a guide up to the Nandi escarpment, where, he said, three elephants had been killed only a few days before by a band of Nandi hunters, one of whom had been crushed to death in the chase by an

elephant he had wounded. I had counted on replenishing our flour supply here, but unfortunately we were only able to get a small quantity in exchange for salt, for which I had never before been asked.

The people here were all hard at work preparing their



A Kakumega couple.

fields, the women, as usual, engaged in the more laborious task of hoeing with short, bent-handled instruments, which made them stoop nearly double.

Most of them had their bodies tattooed in a raised geometrical design, giving them the appearance of being embossed. This method of decoration must be an extremely

slow and painful one. A series of incisions are made in the skin, and then some substance is inserted in the wounds to make them heal permanently in raised scars. These ladies had even dispensed with the horse-like tails and tiny aprons usually worn by the other tribeswomen of Kavirondo. A single string of beads round the waist and one round the neck formed their entire costume.

The men, meanwhile, contented themselves with the lighter jobs, such as collecting the rubbish with forked sticks, sowing the seed, lopping the branches, and dragging them off the ground. As usual in the frontier villages of a tribe, the men went armed with spear and shield, in case hostile raiders might suddenly swoop down on them, kill, loot, and carry off the women. Many were wearing iron anklets, necklets, and wristlets, but I saw no ear plugs or elaborate forehead ornaments among them, such as are affected by the natives nearer the Great Lake.

The following morning we were led out of the village clearing and into the forest lying at the foot of the escarpment. On the way my mule flatly refused to jump a tiny stream with steep banks that lay across our path, and I was forced to leave him behind till the more tractable donkeys came along, and they could go over together. After pushing our way for a couple of hours along the overgrown route, frequently having to make a detour to avoid a fallen tree, we struck off in a northerly direction through a pretty country of alternating grass and forest.

That evening a camping place was selected close under the escarpment. As darkness came on, and no donkeys were in, I was obliged to spend the night rolled in a bit of felt, with a sack under me. When morning dawned, there were still no signs of them, so I determined to let

camp remain there that day, while I saw what game the neighbourhood could offer. As companions, I took with me the guide, clad in a policeman's blue tunic and a blanket, and four Kakumega, who had just arrived, armed with spears, bows, and reed arrows, the hard-wood barbs of which were dipped in poison.

We spent a long morning forcing our way through the



Mount Elgon.

dense underwood and tangled creepers of the forest, and I bagged a couple of good specimens of guereza, which were much less shy than in the Kenya or Mau Forests. They frequented large trees with small green leaves, amid the foliage of which they were much more easily seen than in the moss-clad branches of the forests where I had previously found them.

The Kakumega hunt them for food, but not nearly so

persistently as the Dorobo, who are therefore much more expert in detecting them among the branches. As far as I could ascertain, the Dorobo do not work this country at all.

I also saw the tracks of both duiker and dik-dik in the woods, but was not fortunate enough to come across the animals themselves.

No sooner had we crossed the boundary into Kabaras than my guide and his friends insisted upon returning, although we had not yet reached any village. Before letting them go I made them small presents, and bought some of their arrows.

The old trouble of posho running short necessitated my sending Abdallah and one of the men to the nearest villages to replenish it, while I set off to ascend the escarpment. It was a bright, clear day, and Mount Elgon showed up well on the western horizon. Our climb brought us to a fringe of long grass, some quarter of a mile wide, bounded by a dense forest into which we could see no opening. It was, therefore, decided to camp by a stream in the grass belt, and fill in the rest of the day searching for the best route for the morrow. It was not long before we struck a path leading into the forest, past a deserted clearing with one Nandi hut on the edge of it, and then on across a little valley intersected by a stream to another abandoned settlement. After various false starts from here we found a trail in the direction we wished to follow, which finally brought us to a salt-lick cut up by rhino tracks, in one of which I noticed a game pit.

On my return to camp a letter was handed me. It proved to be from Knight, forwarding a report from Nzau that, owing to the large purchases by the East African Syndicate,

donkeys were not procurable, even at double the usual price.

Another misfortune happened to me that same day. I had been making a collection of orchids and bulbs, which had been spread in the sun to dry, but my goats had found



A Nandi elder's summer coat.

them out, and made a meal of the latter, while I was only just in time to rescue the orchids from a similar fate.

For the next two days our way lay through dense forest, in which there were any number of old elephant tracks, and many fresh traces of rhino and bushbuck. A couple of rhino charged into my little flock of sheep and goats

*en route*, and scattered them bleating in all directions. As ill-luck would have it, our best milker was never recovered. Bushbuck barked all that night, and guereza took the place of the farmyard cock at early dawn.

The second day we came on two little settlements of the Nandi tribe, who seemed very much alarmed at our approach. Warning cries sounded on all sides, and the people fled from their huts into the jungle. With some little difficulty the inhabitants of the second hamlet were reassured, and we told them that, on the morrow, the caravan would march through their settlement, but that they would not be interfered with in any way, provided they were friendly.

The Nandi are a large powerful tribe, closely allied in physique to the Masai, whose headquarters lie further to the south. Although much in contact with the white man—the Uganda Railway passes through their country—they have never accepted British rule with any sincerity. They are a formidable foe, and particularly skilled at stalking an enemy till a favourable opportunity offers for an attack, when they will pour in a flight of poisoned arrows, or make a sudden rush to close quarters, stab right and left, and disappear again into the long grass, almost before their presence has been realised by any except their unfortunate victims. The Nandi practise night attacks, as several of the leaders of the Protectorate's troops have learnt to their cost.

The tribe is continually giving trouble. Not a month passes without its tale of Indian coolies being cut up on the line, or of the deliberate murder of natives travelling through Nandi territory. On several occasions, after a more audacious outrage than usual, parties of troops

and police, augmented by levies of friendly natives, have been collected from all quarters, with the view of teaching the Nandi, once for all, that the spears of their young warriors cannot be blooded in the white man's followers with impunity. One of these alarms took place while I was at Baringo. A large proportion of the most efficient men was drawn from many of the posts, which were thus



Nandi archers trading at my camp door.

dangerously weakened, while a great deal of extra work was thrown on the officials. To the disgust of everybody concerned, the old, familiar farce was re-enacted. The Nandi chiefs were assembled, and seeing that for the time being the united forces were too strong for them, they re-echoed, in long-winded shauris, their protestations of friendship and their regret for an unhappy incident which they had been powerless to control. Eventually, they agreed to collect and hand over a certain number

of cattle as reparation, and went away with their tongues in their cheeks, rejoicing at the easy way the white man had once more been fooled. A few indifferent cattle were sent in to disarm suspicion till the troops had been dispersed and there were no means of enforcing the fine. Then, of course, payment ceased.

This short-sighted policy, with regard to the Nandi, is forced upon the resident officials by the Home Authorities, who, rather than allow a few sentimentalists at home to vaporise on the "massacre of defenceless natives," will permit hundreds of lives under British protection, and thousands of pounds of the ratepayers' money to be squandered. The idea, no doubt is, that the Nandi will one day recognise the white man's power, and settle down as his peaceful neighbour. Most of those, however, who have been in contact with these savages, foretell a black day, when they will rise and butcher the defenceless settlers without mercy. It is only to be hoped that before such a calamity crowns Foreign Office muddling in the Protectorates, a wiser and less ostrich-like policy may be adopted at home.

When we continued our march through the village, the inhabitants, instead of running away, clustered round my men to sell them little gourds of flour, pumkins, and other produce. Two of them even volunteered to guide us to a larger settlement, where we found the head man had just covered himself with a coating of light red clay, as a protection against flies. The sight of the camera made him very uneasy, and he hid behind my gunbearer, but not before I had snapped a fairly good photo.

In another of the villages which lay in our way, there was a fine yellow lion's mask hanging up under a tree.

That afternoon a crowd of Nandi men and women, together with one old Masai who had settled among them, came into camp. They had with them little bags of flour and gourds of sour milk and butter to barter, but trade was slack, as they asked too much *Americani*, and



Measuring a lady for a necklet.

also demanded large blue beads, of which I had none. Some of the women, however, sold their gourds of butter for iron chain. In general appearance, clothing, and ornaments, both men and women resembled the Masai, except that some of the former were clad in monkey skin cloaks and were armed with bows and poisoned arrows

as well as spears. One of the younger women of the party was quite pretty, with clean-cut features, but the faces of the older women had coarsened, and their figures had lost all shape. We had a long talk about elephants. They declared that these animals had all moved further northwards, and the old Masai announced his readiness to come with me, and guaranteed to show us some within five days.

When we started on our march again, he set out with us. Soon we spotted several reedbuck in the long grass, and with the aid of the telescopic sight of the .256, I bagged a female at 200 yards, although only her head was showing. To our surprise, when we cut it up, there were a lot of stones in the stomach.

As we were following along a path by the steep banks of a stream, the foothold suddenly gave way beneath my mule, and his hind legs slipped down the bank. My men, as usual, lost their heads, and instead of seizing the animal to prevent him slipping in altogether, they ran about like men demented, giving each other absurd directions. I had just got one of them to relieve me of my rifle, when the mule rolled over backwards on to me, pinned me under him, and together we slid down the bank into the water. My left shoulder and one side of my head were in the stream, and I was expecting every moment to be pushed right under, when, fortunately, the beast turned a somersault, and landed on his feet. My men scrambled down to pull me out, smeared with mud, but none the worse, save for the ducking, and a few scratches on face and arm. The mule, too, was quite unhurt.

After crossing the route we had followed from the Gwashengeshu, we waded through the Gwasho-Masa by

an elephant ford, where the water was 3 feet deep, and camped close to the ground which a prospector's safari had occupied only a few days back.

Next day I saw Uganda kob, but tried for them in vain. At last Abdallah rejoined me, bringing a supply of flour, so that I was free to move further afield. Peter, the mission boy, who had been getting more and more lazy and casual in his work, as time went on, left me at this place to return to Mumias, where, later, I found him plying the trade of butcher. He had previously been a compounder's assistant, and was a fair specimen of a "Jack of all trades, master of none." From the time he left, to the end of my journey, I managed without any English-speaking boy.

## CHAPTER XIX.

My first kob—Fording a river—Abdallah treads on a hippo—How plans gang aft agley—A troop of kuru bulls—No luck with lion—Photos of live kob and waterbuck—Ride into a troop of lion—Benighted in a swamp—Meet Mr. Howitt—Mumias again—Transport difficulties—Breaking in oxen—Official perverseness.

WITH Peter's departure my luck seemed to turn, for, as soon as he was well away, I secured my first two specimens of Uganda kob. By this time the Masai guide had been with us for six days, but we had seen no fresh signs of elephant. That evening, while returning to camp, I had a shot at two waterbuck as they were dashing across a stream. Only one of them went on, but as the hunt for a blood trail was unsuccessful, I pushed forward, leaving the Masai still on the search. This was the last we saw of our guide.

That night lions coughed near at hand, and in the morning we set out after one we could hear grunting near the place where I had fired at the waterbuck. A couple of Nandi youths, who met us on the way, said that the lions had moved a good deal further off, and that they had seen nothing of our missing guide. They added that the Nzoia, which lay between us and the country towards Mount Elgon, was quite unfordable, being well over a man's head. However, I determined to make an attempt, and

moved down towards the river banks, where my men had already arrived, and were, here and there, sounding the depth of the water with poles. Just as a little clump of trees hid them from view, some half dozen shots rang out, and as we hurried on, my gun-bearers made various



Uganda kob.

wild conjectures as to the cause, suggesting, among other reasons, hostile Nandi, and an attack on the donkeys by lions.

On arrival, we found that Abdallah, when wading across, had stumbled over a hippo, which, annoyed at such a rude disturbance of its peace, had reared itself out of the

water, jaws open, to be greeted by a chorus of yells and rifle shots. Zedu, whom, as one of the most energetic and handy of the safari, I had promoted from askari to assistant boy, and then to boy proper, soon found a ford a little higher up. The river there was so broad that our rope would not reach the trees on either side, and as the banks were marshy, it was a hard job to fix posts to strain it to. The donkeys fully acted up to their reputation for obstinacy. They made for a little mass of rocks which cropped up in the centre of the stream, just above some rapids, and absolutely refused to budge. When at length dislodged, they plunged down stream into deep water, and were only rescued with considerable trouble. However, finally everything reached the opposite bank in safety, including our little flock and all the loads, with only the loss of one saucepan lid.

While everyone was absorbed with the work in hand, one of my men seized the opportunity to open a sack and steal some flour. To his ultimate sorrow he was promptly detected, and made to feel that "the punishment fits the crime." Two days later we struck the Mumias-Turkwel path, but there were no signs of Nzau's arrival with my safari. On the way I got a kob, which had apparently had a recent near thing with a lion, for its hind leg was badly mauled, and it bore several other deep scars on its body. I now discovered that there were two paths, an upper and a lower one, leading from Mumias to the Turkwel, so I decided to leave two men with five loads here, and to send four others by the different routes back to Mumias with parcels and letters, and instructions to seek for news, while I, meanwhile, returned in search of lions, to the country I had just left.

In one long march I reached the bank of the Nzoia, where, in the sweet grass of the water-meadow-like land which fringed its banks, I found two herds of kob, out of each of which I picked the buck with a shot apiece. While going back to rejoin my men where I had left them at the beginning of the stalk, I saw eight kuru bulls, as the Swahili call the waterbuck. It was the first time that



Obstinate donkeys

I had seen so many together, and they made a pretty sight as they came towards me at a trot, in single file. I started at once to cut them off, but they changed their course and got my wind. Happily, I was near enough to drop the largest with a long shot. It proved to have horns measuring over 31 in. in length. That night not a ghost of a growl broke the stillness, and I feared the lions must have left the neighbourhood.

Every succeeding night and early morning, however,

we heard them grunting near by, and one dark drizzling night an askari on sentry declared he saw a pair of them slink across camp between the tents. The next nine days I spent trying to get on terms with them. Although I used to get up by candle-light, to start in pursuit before dawn, it was not till the last two days that I caught a glimpse of their yellow hides—once as a beast jumped into a thicket some distance off, and again, as one of them dashed through the grass.

With kuru and kob my luck was better, for, besides shooting some fine heads of each, I secured good photos from life, although, unfortunately, a plate of a herd of the latter, grouped on an ant-hill watching me, was accidentally spoilt. These ant-hills were the favourite vantage ground for the sentries of a herd to keep watch from while the rest were feeding. One day I made what seemed to me a good shot at a buck, which was standing on one of the hills, for he fell head over heels at once, but, when we got to the place, there were no signs of him. The bullet had probably merely cut him across the withers and knocked him down, but done him no serious injury.

By this time I was beginning to wonder what had happened to the men who were left camped by the path, and sent a party out to bring news of them. On their return they reported that one of the two men sent for flour had made off with rifle and cartridges. The other idiot, having bought two loads of flour, sat down for six solid days, waiting for heaven to send a man to carry the second for him, and at the end of that time a native promised to take it at exorbitant pay. Meanwhile the men left with my loads on the path to await his return had been in great straits for food.

The askari who had deserted arrived at Mumias, saying that he had returned by my orders, and promptly celebrated the event by getting drunk. On recovery he reported that his rifle and cartridges had been stolen from him, but since the officials had a shrewd suspicion of the



A live waterbuck.

truth, he was placed in the chain gang to prevent him losing himself before I returned. Finally he was tried, and when I left the place, was keeping close company with the two ammunition stealers.

Next morning we set out on our return journey to Mumias, and while I was jogging along on my mule, through high grass, I saw my gun-bearer, who was just in front

of me, suddenly stop and crouch down. At the same moment three half-grown lions trotted away, and jumping from my mule I snatched the .400, but too late. We had heard no signs of the animals all the morning, nor did they utter a single snarl as they made off. Two large circles pressed down in the grass quite close to us showed that there had been seven or eight of them lying asleep. Bedoui told me he had had no suspicion of their presence, till suddenly he saw a maned lion standing facing him directly in his way, which turned at once and slunk off. For over an hour we followed the track, only to be baffled where it entered a stream.

When, late in the afternoon, after crossing a good deal of swampy ground much cut up by rhino tracks, we struck the Mumias path, we found ourselves further north than we had intended. Starting back along it, we came to a place where it forked, and, as Bedoui insisted that the more westerly route was ours, we followed that one. It soon dawned on me, however, that these must be the two paths which were said to meet a little to the north of where my men were camped, so we cut across the angle to join the other. On the way we got benighted, and found ourselves in a swamp from which we could discover no outlet, so were finally obliged to retrace our steps. This offered great difficulties, for we had apparently entered by a mere tongue of dry land, but at last welcome answering shots to ours were heard, and, after fording a small stream in a deep, thickly-wooded channel, we reached camp, wet to the skin, amid drizzling rain.

A three days' march along a villainous track, through swampy ground, and across several unbridged streams, in the deep mud of which the donkeys were continually

sinking, brought us to Boma Majanjar. Here I found Mr. Howitt, one of the East African Syndicate's prospectors, in charge of a party just started out from Mumias. He gave me an excellent dinner and told me all the latest news.



A live kob.

The next morning we crossed the Nzoia by the Government ferry—a dug-out formed from the huge bole of a tree, and patched with rough-hewn planks. The craft leaked badly, and the curved bottom was so slippery that we had to be very careful of our foothold.

Mr. Partington had returned to the boma after his little

tour, when I arrived, and I learnt that Nzau had come back, but without having been able to purchase a single donkey at Kisumu.

For the following three weeks I had men out in every direction endeavouring to find a supply of donkeys, but without avail, so, as a last resource, it was decided to break in some cattle which I had bought at an average of £1 apiece. The first task was to ring their noses. In this I was forced to take the leading part, and, as I had never seen the operation performed, had no proper tools for it, and the men were constantly letting the beasts regain their feet, it was by no means cheerful work. This business over, we had to get them accustomed to being led, and then hang on their backs bags filled with earth or stones, to make them resigned to a load. The last process brought out the peculiarities of each beast. When the weight was adjusted, one of them would take a few paces forward, stand stock still for a second or two, and then lie down, when no power or method of persuasion that we could devise, could move him. Another, directly he was loaded, would put his head down, throw his heels into the air, and do his level best to rid himself of his burden. Finding this impossible, he would start off down the bazaar at a mad gallop, in spite of two unfortunate men hanging on to his nose-rope. Market baskets were overturned, and produce of all kinds scattered to the four winds. Porters threw down their loads and made off, helter skelter, as though the Furies were behind them, while women and children ran about screaming, thinking that their last hour had come. At last the animal would get so entangled in the ropes of his hated load, that he had, perforce, to stop in his wild career, and the marketers gradually recovered themselves. Suc-

cess eventually crowned our efforts, each beast carrying two 60lb. loads. Besides this I had other things to attend to, such as the making of pack saddles, and bags for the flour, and the sewing up of the trade goods in packages.

While all these preparations were going on, I was much surprised at the receipt of an intimation that the country lying between Karamojo and the Nile was so disturbed that I could not be permitted to pass through it. This was so absolutely at variance with all the information I had collected from safaris who had just returned from that direction, that I could not help fancying there must be some more cogent reason for certain officials being unwilling to allow a white man, who was not under their control, to visit the country. However, there was nothing for it but to alter my plans.

I therefore determined to move along the eastern foot of Mount Elgon, and, if possible, visit the homes of the cave-dwellers. Before I left England I had been anxious to see them for myself, and since my arrival in East Africa, the descriptions given me of these remarkable places and their inhabitants were so contradictory, that my curiosity was greatly whetted. Some accounts said that they were merely natural caves to which people resorted in times of danger; others, that they were vast excavations hewn by a prehistoric race in the solid rock, and had been occupied for ages by whole villages and herds of cattle. On one point everyone seemed to agree: that nearly all were then deserted, and that, in a short time, the cave dwellers, as such, would cease to exist. This naturally made me anxious to try and find some of the few surviving troglodytes themselves, and I determined to make a care-

ful search, although Sir Harry Johnson had failed to discover them. On the upper waters of the Turkwel I hoped to secure a good elephant, and then to make a big sweep round by the foot of the Kamasia hills and back to the Ravine.

## CHAPTER XX.

A sensible mission—Hut tax—Pets of the station—Night escape from the chain gang—Sunsets—"Delicate skeletons"—Start in a thunderstorm—A Kitosh "Darby and Joan"—Buying women's "tails"—A native blacksmith—Homes of the Mount Elgon troglodytes.

ONE day, while I was still at Mumias, Mr. Hotschis, a member of the American mission, which had settled near Kisumu, came up to fetch a band of orphan boys, whom the chief, Mumia, had collected to consign to his care. The mission scheme seemed to me to be a sound one, for, unlike most of these ventures, the lads were first and foremost to be taught a useful trade or handicraft suited to their several capacities, such as carpentry, cobbling, blacksmith's work, and so on. Thus, on leaving the mission, they would not only be able to earn their livelihood, but also be of real use to the community.

During my wanderings in Asia and Africa I have seen a good many of the results turned out by the different missionary societies, and regret to say that, with a very few exceptions, the mission youth is a thing to be avoided. The chief lesson he seems to have learnt is that he is "a man and a brother," and therefore fully at liberty to drink his master's whiskey, fib, and laze to his heart's content. Much of the fault lies, I think, in the fact that too much time is devoted to what is called his "spiritual welfare,"

and the little attention given to his worldly prospects is neither sufficient nor thorough, so that he can do nothing well.

Another morning a crowd of natives came into the boma, each carrying a long pole, and on enquiring who they were, I was told that a chief had sent them to put in so much work, in lieu of paying the hut tax. This led me to gather some particulars as to how this, the only direct tax a native had to pay, was collected.

In the year ending March 31st, 1901, the revenue of the Mumias district amounted to R.25,000, which was paid in cash, ivory, cattle, sheep, goats, flour, iron hoes, eggs and fowls, besides a certain amount in labour. This was all collected by the chiefs from their people, and paid in direct to the Government officials. The next year the system was altered, and instead of the chiefs bringing in the tax, it was collected by Swahili tax-gatherers, and only rupees, ivory, cattle, flour, and iron hoes were accepted. The result was that the revenue fell to less than half, although, from unofficial information given me afterwards in the district, I have very little doubt that at least as much as in the previous year was extracted from the natives, so that the balance had gone to line the tax-collectors' pockets.

To an unprejudiced observer of the Swahili and their little ways, this result is by no means surprising, for they are past adepts at making a bit for themselves, even on the smallest transactions. Turning them loose in a new country, where it is next to impossible to exercise any supervision over them, seems to be, therefore, an error in administration calculated to create much misunderstanding and bad feeling between the natives and the Government. Even if a larger revenue should eventually reach the Trea-

sure, it would only mean that double that amount, or more, had been wrung from the unfortunate natives.

Such a large proportion of hut tax is paid in flour that it not only feeds all the employees in the district, but the Ravine and Baringo, as well as other stations, are dependent upon it for their supply. It was a great convenience to me at the two former posts to be permitted to purchase



Hut tax poles.

Government flour at 1d. per lb., which, after all expenses of transport had been deducted, left the Government a fair percentage of profit. But when I got to Mumias, a price of 5s. for an amount of flour, which was valued at 1s. 4d. when received as hut tax, seemed to be a bit excessive, and on Partington's return, I pointed this out to him. He gave the matter his immediate attention, and decided, not only to reduce the price to travellers like myself, but also to establish a regular stock of flour for sale to safaris.

I was soon on excellent terms with the pets of the boma. The one that took my fancy most was a pretty little monkey, belonging to the Guereza tribe, only a single specimen of which has, I believe, ever reached England alive. The little creature loved to lie curled up on my knee, and, in his more wakeful moments, would turn up his quaint little black face, gaze at me steadily, and then stretch out a tiny hand to stroke my cheek. At other times he would scramble up on to my shoulder, and search my beard as if I were a still nearer relative, and his look of hurt surprise when I resented the attention as unnecessary was very comical. At meals I had to keep a watchful eye on the little chap, for, as soon as he fancied that my attention was engaged, with a sudden sweep of his hand he would upset the contents of the plate into my lap, where they could be got at more easily. If by any chance he missed me when I went across the compound to my room, he would search everywhere, crying plaintively, to appear at last on the threshold of my door. Then with a little cry of content he would hop across the floor, bound on to the bed, and nestle close in beside me.

Like all white men's dogs in a black country, Knight's little fox terrier hailed me as his master's brother, and therefore as his friend.

With a couple of Kavirondon cranes that belonged to the place I had a good deal more difficulty to get into favour, and it was some time before I could approach close enough for a photo. However, by dint of a little patience, and a few handfuls of corn, my efforts were at last crowned with success. These birds are the only animals that the natives tolerate in their villages merely for their beauty, and in Kavirondo they are nearly always to be seen, stalking

round the dwellings, picking about for stray grains. In the quiet of the evening they take up their position on the apex of the huts, where they stand motionless, on one leg, silhouetted against the sky, like sentinels watching over a sleeping hamlet.

4. One dark stormy night my sleep was disturbed by a couple of shots, which rang out loudly in the silence, and



Kavirondo cranes.

in the morning I learnt that two of the chain gang had escaped. They had succeeded in forcing open their iron collars, and then, digging a hole through the mud wall of the guard-room in which they were confined, had crawled out, scaled the outside wall, and dropped into the ditch on the other side. A couple of shots which the sentry fired had apparently missed clean, but the runaways were both eventually captured and brought back. All their companions in the chain gang swore solemnly that they knew

nothing of the matter, and had been sound asleep when the escape took place. Judging from the extraordinary way in which a native can sleep through almost anything, this is quite possible, although I have little doubt that most of them knew what was in the wind.

The weather remained very unsettled, with frequent violent thunderstorms in the afternoons, but on two evenings the sunsets were wonderful. High overhead the heavens were hung with a mottled billowy canopy of light and shade, while behind a line of hills on the western horizon stretched a heavy fringe of black cloud, crowned by a band of clear sky. As the sun sank, rays and shafts of light shot up from behind the dark mass of cloud, and turned the sky above into shimmering gold and crimson glory.

The telephone connecting Mumias with the outer world was by no means an unmixed blessing. When we received a good batch of Reuters we were loud in our praises of the wire, but as soon as there was a break in the line, it lost favour at once. Unfortunately a break was a frequent occurrence, owing to the flimsy nature of the poles, which the Goanese clerk described rather aptly as "delicate skeletons."

In the afternoon of November 26th, we made a start northwards, and had just got most of the loads safely over the ferry, when a tremendous thunderstorm burst right overhead, startling three of the cattle to such an extent that they bolted, with Nzau and one or two of the men in tow. Meanwhile I got the remainder of the loads, with the cattle and donkeys, across, and reached camp to find all the paths flooded, and the water standing in my tent.

It poured nearly all night, and two of the donkeys died before we left in the morning. The oxen were a bit trouble-

some at first, for as soon as we attempted to put the loads on them, they dashed about like so many mad things, and as the roads were rather heavy for them, I only made a short march to Boma Majanjar, where the chief brought me a welcoming present of a sheep, and a bunch of bananas. He was a wrinkled old fellow, a bit broken in health, and was draped in a red blanket, with a necklet from which dangled numerous charms, among them a fine lion's claw. His spouse was a sprightly old soul, and full of talk. It was her great delight to sit on the store-box under my verandah, smoking her pipe, and telling me all the gossip of the neighbourhood. Besides the usual Kavirondo "tail" and little apron, she wore a length of red clay-dyed Americani draped from one shoulder, while her jewellery consisted of four rings of iron, as thick as one's thumb, on either ankle, and numerous wire necklets and armlets.

After the next march to a place where I expected a lot of flour would be ready for me, I examined every load as it came in, and found that there was scarcely a donkey that was not partly burdened with old useless tents, worn-out clothing, and trade goods belonging to the men. My safari was also increased by a regular army of strange youths whom the men had picked up on the way. Out of these I selected seven to accompany the caravan, and placed three donkeys at the disposal of some of the chief men to carry their stuff. The rest of their property they were obliged to dispose of, while I personally saw that all the rubbish was burnt.

The natives told us that the flour we expected was there, but the man with the key a day's journey off. Happily he turned up the next day, but when we came to stow the stuff into the pack-saddles, I had, as usual, a maddening time

with the men. Although they had been specially warned not to touch the sacks set aside for flour, they had cut up several of them to make patches, in spite of having plenty of spare bits to use. When any brain-work is to the fore, the Swahili is absolutely useless, but he makes a fair beast



A Kavirondo "Darby."

of burden, and, if you watch him like a big child, look after his feet for him, and feed him well, he will make light of a 70 lb. load.

Ever since I had entered Kavirondo, I had been trying to buy a woman's tail and apron, and in Kabaras, Mumias, and Kitosh, had not only offered large prices for them,

but had endeavoured to enlist the help of the chiefs, who were always full of promises which never bore any practical results. It seemed that the ladies regarded their costumes in much the same way as the white woman does her wedding-ring, and Majanjar's wife confided in me that "if we



A Kavirondo "Joan."

sell our tails we die young." The unconscious humour of this statement tickled me a good deal, as the old dame had obviously left her days of youth and beauty many years behind. This district appeared to offer the last chance of procuring a "tail," so I sent out my boy with some strings of particularly fine blue beads, and he was successful in

tempting the ladies of a village near by to sell two of their dresses.

It was at this place that I spent some time watching a native blacksmith at work, as he squatted on the ground under a little open thatched hut. His anvil was a stone, and the bellows consisted of a forked tree-trunk, with the ends of the two arms scooped out to form a couple of bowls, which were loosely covered with softened, well-greased skin. The whole trunk was hollowed, so that there was a channel from both bowls to the end of the main stem. Opposite its opening, a little distance away, was placed an earthenware pipe, which ran down to the fire. The open space between the two took the place of a valve, the use of which, although I tried to explain it, the old smith could not grasp. To the centre of the skin over each bowl a stick was attached, and a lad worked the two alternately, sending the blast down the trunk and through the earthenware pipe into the fire. The hammer was an equally rude lump of iron, and yet, with only these primitive tools, the blacksmith turns out all the iron implements required by the natives in peace and war.

Boma wa Weli was the next place of interest to pass through. There Government was just establishing a *dépôt* for hut-tax flour, as it would make a handy centre both for its collection and sale to safaris. The agents of ivory traders, who had hitherto gained their supply from the natives of the district at a rupee's worth of iron wire for 120 lbs., were in future to be obliged to pay double the price at the new *dépôt*.

The following day, after passing numerous old game pits, which lined the path on either side, and made it very perilous for the donkeys and cattle, we reached the Fish

River, or Mto Samaki, as the Swahili call it, although apparently there are no fish in its waters. Our camp was pitched at the mouth of a well-wooded valley, crowned by a line of lofty cliffs, over which the river made a sheer leap into the vale below. The view of it from my tent was magnificent, though slightly marred by the intervening trees. While admiring it through the binoculars, I noticed a lesser waterfall to the right, behind which appeared to be the mouth of a cave, and still further along the cliffs on the northern side I thought I could distinguish another. These, I concluded, might be the homes of the cave-dwellers I was so anxious to come across, and my guide confirmed my supposition, calling the inhabitants the Wongabuney. These particular caves, however, he thought were then abandoned.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Track to the caves—Sentries—The mouth of the cave—Explore the interior—  
 Prevailing cleanliness—Inhabitants vanish—Are the caves artificial?—More  
 cave-dwellers—Make friends—Their mode of life—Matches a novelty—The  
 womenfolk—A baby Wongabuney—Their recent history—Fast vanishing.

NEXT morning, as the safari started on the march, I struck up the valley with three of the men. There was no path to be found, and forcing our way through the rank grass, after a night of pouring rain, was like passing through a perpetual spray-bath. As we disturbed numerous hartebeest and oribi on the way, I began to feel almost certain the place was deserted. Further on the vegetation became so dense that we made for the side of the valley, and were fortunate in finding a steep road along the foot of the cliffs, which, although treacherous in places from the rain, afforded easier travelling.

Presently I was delighted to see lying below us a little cultivated clearing, and beside it a couple of men perched on a mass of rock. A shrill whistle attracted their attention, but seemed to have no further effect. On our way down to them we struck a well-worn path, and turning, followed it upwards to the mouth of two caves, sheltered by the overhanging cliffs, with a wide rock platform in front of them. On this stood a number of high, circular,

granaries of woven rushes, besides winnowing baskets and other utensils of husbandry.

Not a man was to be seen, but four women were hard at work pounding grain as we approached. They seemed but little disturbed by our arrival, merely pulling their skin dresses more closely round them, and turning their backs on us. In appearance they reminded me strongly of the



Sentries.

Nandi. They had the same small, rather well-cut features, and were wearing similar iron-wire and chain ornaments, but a notable difference was that, in the case of the Wongabuney, the lower lip was pierced by a little stud of wood.

Attempts on our part at conversation were a complete failure, for although my men tried Swahili, Kavirondo, Nandi, and Karamojo, they understood none of them. Presenting them with a string of beads, I explained by signs

that I wished to go into the caves, and, as they offered no opposition, we began to explore the place.

The mouth of the cave was some 36 ft. wide, by 16 ft. high ; a strong stockade of thick poles, interlaced, almost entirely closed it. To enter by the one small opening, on



Platform before the caves.

the inside of which lay a pile of poles ready to barricade it at the first sign of danger, we had to stoop nearly double.

The disappearance of the two sentries whom we had first noticed, and the entire absence of men about the place, had rather excited my suspicions, so, leaving a couple of men on guard outside, I entered with Bedoui, who carried my magazine rifle. I noticed that the floor of earth, sheep and

goat droppings, was hard, smooth and dry. What had been a horizontal fault in the rock above formed the line of the smoke-begrimed roof. On our right stood a natural table-like mass of stone, roughly hollowed out to catch the clear water, which dripped from a little fissure above it.



Entrance to cave.

In an adjoining branch of the cave the overflow from this basin formed a pool, used as a drinking place for the goats and sheep. The path near it was very muddy, but the cave itself must have had some natural drainage, for all the rest of the floor was remarkably dry. Beyond the pool the branch widened out, but the roof dropped a good

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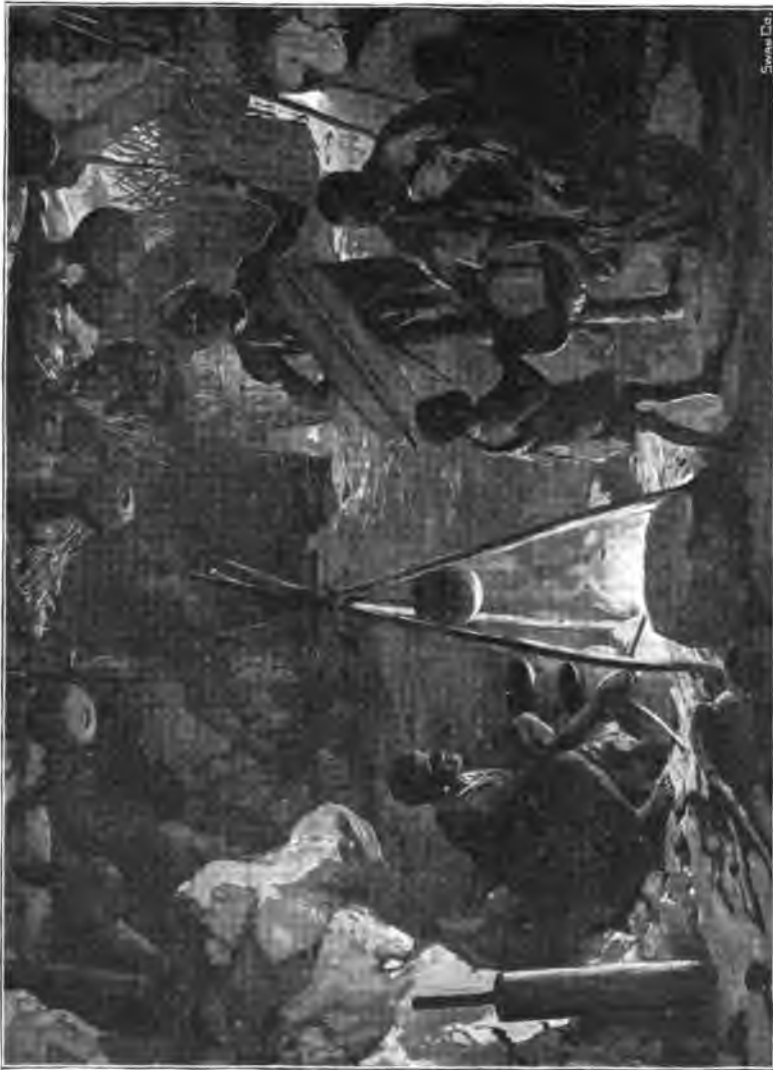
deal towards the end, where there was a bed, a smouldering fire, and various earthen crocks.

Continuing down the main cave, our way lit by a flickering candle, we passed a neat wattle-and-daub, semi-circular wall, shutting off a good-sized room, and just beyond this a slight stockade ran across from side to side,



Interior of cave.

fitfully lit up by the glowing embers of a fire, round which lay the family cooking-pots. There was plenty of room beyond this, and obviously, from the little loops or nooses attached to stakes driven into the floor, it was there that the goats and sheep were tethered for the night. Altogether we penetrated for some sixty yards from the mouth, dis-



Cave-dwellers at home.



turbing on the way a number of rats that rushed away into the darkness. Towards the end the roof became very low, but I judged that, by crawling, we might have gone considerably further in. On my return to the entrance I took a photo of the interior, during which a tiny girl crawled out of the room, and came towards us with wide-open eyes of astonishment, but no sign of fear.

The second cave was protected by a similar stockade to the first, was much shallower, and contained two huts. Outside it lay a pile of beehives, split in half, hollowed, and tied together again, while just over the entrance a dovecot was built into the cliff face.

I was much struck by the prevailing air of neatness and cleanliness round the whole place, which, except for a slight goaty smell, was quite sweet. During our stay of over an hour we none of us found that we had involuntarily added any domestic insects to our various collections, and certainly, if there had been any fleas, they would have extended a warm welcome to strangers. All this was in striking contrast to Sir Harry Johnston's experience, who found the caves he visited swarming with vermin, and very unsavoury. Unfortunately, the camera struck terror into the hearts of the inhabitants, for as soon as it was brought to the fore they vanished.

We next followed a little goat-like track to the waterfall, behind which was a much larger cave, the mouth being sixty-five yards across, and quite twelve yards high. This was the one that I had spotted with my glasses from the valley below. The stockade and inner partition, as well as a great part of the floor to a depth of two feet, had been burnt, probably when the punitive expedition against these people took place some four years ago. This cave ran

back for some eighty yards, a deep pool filling the further end, over which some swifts were continually darting to and from their nests in the roof, which were mirrored in the still surface of the water. One of the branches seemed to have been used as a midden, for the floor was covered by bones, filth, and refuse of all sorts.

It was in this cave that I first noticed innumerable chisel-marks on the walls. A careful examination showed that these extended on all sides to a height above one's head, but the thick deposit of soot prevented me from finding out whether the whole of the roof were similarly hewn, but I fancy it must have been.

Some masses of hard stone—apparently the outcrop of the floor, as there was no sign of their having fallen from the roof—were also chipped all over. It therefore seems probable that the caves, in their present form, are wholly artificial, the natives of bygone ages having worked away the softer parts of the rock of an originally small cave, or fault in the cliff, as their needs or caprice dictated.

It is true that Sir Harry Johnston and other travellers hardly agree with this. They believe the caves to be wholly natural, or only slightly worked by man. Joseph Thomson, their discoverer, however, is of my way of thinking. In his book, "*Through Masai Land*," first published in 1885, he says :

"On enquiry [of the natives] as to who made this curious excavation, I was told that it was God's work. 'How,' said they, 'could we with our puny implements' (exhibiting a toy-like axe, their only non-warlike instrument) 'cut a hole like this? And this is nothing in comparison with others which you may see all round the mountain. See



Waterfall concealing mouth of cave.



there, and there, and there ! These are of such great size that they penetrate far into utter darkness, and even we have not seen the end of them. In some there are large villages with entire herds of cattle. And yet you ask who made them ! They are truly God's work !' Such was the substance of the people's remarks, and doubtless they, in their limited knowledge, spoke very wisely. I could not, however, accept their theory. . . . "

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"The caves bore incontestable evidence on the face of them that they had neither a natural nor supernatural origin. They must have been excavated by the hand of man. That was a fact about which there could absolutely be no two opinions."

In a cave which I explored three days later, the inhabitants made me precisely the same assurances. They denied that either they or their fathers had ever worked the rough surface, and shook their heads when I pointed out the regular lines of chisel cuts on the wall beside us. Certainly, judging from the very few tools I saw, they themselves could not have done the work. It must have been executed either by another long-forgotten tribe, or possibly by the far remote ancestors of the present inhabitants. Thomson agrees with me here also : "For natives such as those of the present day (supposing such had always been there) to have cut out even one cave would have been a sheer impossibility with the tools they possess."

The last group which I explored was much nearer the road. A well-worn path led us to a large patch of cultivated ground, where a couple of men were hoeing some sweet potatoes. The older of the two, Aram Guiwaur,

proved to be the head of the settlement, and spoke a little Nandi. Remembering the distrust with which the last cave-dwellers had met us, and that this was my final chance of securing pictures of the people, I halted my party behind a thick patch of jungle, while my guide went forward to get on terms with them. A present of a few beads and some tobacco soon gained their friendship, and after I had



Cave-dwellers at work.

taken their photo, the old chief led us up to the caves, which were, I found, called Ubura. The track runs past a mass of rock on which three or four men stood on guard. Wonderfully picturesque figures they made, as, armed with spears and poisoned arrows, they leant on their large oval shields watching our approach.

The dwelling we entered was not nearly so comfortable nor so cleanly as the others we had seen, but still compared favourably with the average native village. There was no

platform in front of the cave ; the drip from the waterfall above had made a quagmire close to the entrance, and this was only to be gained by a rough ladder. The inside, too, was most tortuous and irregular, the harder parts of the rock projecting on all sides in jagged masses, while the softer portions had been cut away.

Apparently flocks had never been kept in it, for on the uneven and bad floor there were no droppings, and only a thin layer of earth in places. The cave contained five little huts and a number of granaries, which were built in different branches and on different levels, some being approached by rough staircases, or passages constructed of undressed timber and stones.

At first, with the exception of one nearly blind old body, sunning herself outside, there were no women to be seen, and the old man explained that they were all out at work in the fields. However, when I was exploring the interior, I looked into one of the huts at the end of a dark, narrow passage, and caught a glimpse of two women before they scrambled away into still more secluded recesses.

In the centre of the floor was the usual native hearth of three stones, with the fire in the middle ; but, instead of being placed on it, an earthen crock, in which food was simmering, hung suspended from a rude tripod over the flame. Strewn about the floor were numerous cooking utensils and water-vessels, of different shapes and sizes, while on the walls hung a shield, bow, and quiver. As the wan light of my candle fell on gourds of weird shapes, and packets of skins and roots dangling from the roof, it required but little imagination to fancy myself in a witch's cavern, witnessing the concoction of some direful potion.

I spent some time crawling about the floor with a candle,

and found that, except for a small part of it which had been worn smooth, the whole surface was covered with chisel marks.

After my inspection of the caves, the chief brought me some honey in a hollow section of bamboo, which I ate with



A group of troglodytes.

a few hard biscuits. I gave him one of them, and it was solemnly divided amongst all those present, who nibbled it with frequent grunts of approval, and then wrapped up the remainder to be carefully treasured.

.When this repast was finished, one of my men rolled a cigarette. The production of a match-box, and the striking of a light, brought a cry of surprise from the elder, at which

the rest clustered round. Matches were evidently something quite unknown, and excited a great deal of wonder. They immediately appreciated the advantages of their use, and asked if anyone could produce fire as my man had done. At this Aram Guiwaur was allowed to try for him-



A great joke.

self, and was much gratified by the present of a few matches to keep. Considering how close they are to the caravan route, this ignorance is very remarkable. It clearly shows how much they keep to themselves.

At last the women did return, carrying bundles of firewood and baskets of sweet potatoes, and I secured several photographs, although at first they were shy

of the camera. They were clad in rough goat and sheep skins, and wore innumerable rings of iron and brass wire, and strings of beads hung round their necks.

A wee child who was with them, clad in a little frock of skin, and with its head clean-shaven, was carrying a queer-shaped gourd of milk. It made a quaint little timid figure, as it scrambled up the rough steps away from the white man.



Wongabuney women and child.

The men for the most part had the usual Nandi pattern of cloak, but made of dassie (rock rabbit) skin, and wore skull caps of the same.

With some difficulty I bought two necklets of charms—tiny leather bags holding “medicine,” and odd little knobs of wood—hung on iron chains.

These Wongabuney pointed out to me the sites of several other groups of caves, whose inhabitants had just abandoned them, and emigrated to the plains below to build villages

amongst the Kavirondo, as nearly all the tribe living on the south side of the mountain had previously done.

Before the punitive expedition already mentioned, the cave-dwellers were continually making raids on passing safaris, until at last a party of askaris were sent down from Mumias. They besieged them in their fastnesses, shot down some of them, and, according to my Wongabuney



Discussing the white man.

informant, setting fire to the stockades, suffocated and roasted those who had not fled. The chief of these troglodytes lived in a huge cave on the southern flank of Mount Elgon, but, after this expedition, the officer in charge insisted on his deserting the homes of his forefathers and building his villages out on the plain.

Now that the fear of being raided by their neighbours is past, and as they are no longer allowed to prey on passing caravans, a few years will see the whole of the cave-dwellers

merged into the dwellers of the plain, and yet another interesting tribe will have entirely lost its identity. Even now, those who actually live in the caves cannot number more than a thousand.

A few days spent in breaking up the floors of these deserted caves should throw some interesting light on their history, and the trouble might be well repaid. I kept a sharp look-out for any signs of a pattern or rude outline picture chipped on the walls, but could detect none.

## CHAPTER XXII.

A futile elephant hunt—Lion at close quarters and a cowardly gun-bearer—Chase a herd of elephants—Track a lion and find a bull elephant—Swahili magic—Meet two Greek traders—Journey to their camp—Sabie and Kimama tribesmen—An elephant snare—Big-horned cows.

WHILE I had been examining the caves, the safari had made two short marches, over paths that the heavy rains had turned into almost continuous swamps.

The next day's route was nearly as bad, and there were three unbridged streams to cross. At the second I picked up a fresh lion track, which led me past the place where we had struck the path on our return to Mumias. By the stream beyond this we lost all trace of our quarry, and were just starting to make a sweep round to the east, when an elephant's trumpet sounded from the belt of wood fringing the bank. The wind was so shifty that I feared at every moment they would scent us and bolt. I therefore climbed as quickly as possible into a big tree, but could make out nothing, although the rumbling of at least one great beast's stomach was so distinct that we knew he must be close at hand. As the wind got steadier we prospected our side, but the herd seemed to have moved off. Then, recrossing the stream, we made a vain attempt to find the path by which they had left,

and explored the whole place, to find endless tracks of the night before, but not a trace of the beasts we had heard. They had vanished as if by magic.

An hour's march on the following day brought us to a large area where the grass had been burnt, and the young tender shoots had just begun to show again. As usual this had attracted the game, and hartebeest, reedbuck, oribi, duiker, and pig were all roaming about it. The duiker was the beast I wanted most, and I secured him with my first shot.

In another hour we reached a place where a herd of elephant had evidently just passed. I started along one of their paths, when the sound of some beasts breaking away in the long grass close to me, caught my ear. Bedoui whispered "Kongoni," and I stood still to allow them to clear off, when I heard a lion snarling within ten paces. Just as I turned to grasp the .400 from Bedoui, he bolted, with me after him, expecting every moment to feel myself struck down from behind. At last I overtook the runaway, snatched the rifle from him and ran back, but was only in time to get a snapshot at a lion bounding through the grass 150 yards away, which unfortunately missed. From the tracks there must have been five or six full-grown animals, but they had been thoroughly disturbed and were going fast.

On returning to the path, I soon overtook the donkeys, but my interpreter, instead of pitching camp on the spot I had chosen, had gone forward with the men to the next camping-ground. I immediately sent for them to return, which, of course, gave rise to much shouting of orders and noise. To my great mortification, the result was that some twenty or thirty elephants streamed up

hill from a mass of dense jungle, lying at the bottom of a valley to the east. Three of the bulls seemed inclined to loiter behind the others, so I set off as hard as possible with one or two men. We managed to cut their track all right, and followed them over the ridge, but they had all cleared off.

This was a day of misfortunes. No sooner had I returned



Chopping out the ivory.

to camp than I was met with the news that one of the donkeys had died, so I ordered its body to be dragged a little distance away, and tied to a tree, hoping that a lion might pass that way, and fancy cold donkey for supper. Then I instructed my cook in bread baking, as he had given me brick-bats three baking days in succession, and interviewed the interpreter for disobeying orders, and Bedoui for leaving me in the lurch. When I did at length retire to rest, I was not in the sweetest of tempers.

Early in the morning I inspected the donkey's body, to find that the whole of the hind quarters and half the shoulder had been eaten, while parts of the body lay scattered round in the grass. I followed up the trail, and almost immediately came on a lot of vomited meat. Carrying the .400, I cautiously pressed forward, with Bedoui as sole companion, eager to sight a lion. Presently the back of a red-brown beast moved towards us on a parallel line along the hill above, and, as there was not a sound to be heard, for the moment I thought it was a rhino passing through the long grass. Soon, however, I was undeceived, for the animal's head showed, and I saw it was an elephant. The two men following a good way behind had seen nothing, and we tried to attract their attention, Bedoui, like an idiot, waving his cap and gesticulating so wildly that I feared he would catch the elephant's eye. By this time the beast had passed us, and began to turn down hill, just over the spot occupied by the men, who at last got a glimpse of him, and hid behind a bush. He must have either got our wind, or spotted them, for he suddenly stopped, his ears went forward, and he threw up his trunk as though on the point of charging. There was then seventy or eighty yards between us, a long shot for elephant, but I was anxious to draw his attention from my men, so fired for his heart. At this he turned and almost retraced his steps, disappearing from sight. As soon as my men joined me, I seized the .600, and followed as quickly as possible. Once we heard him trumpet loudly, but when we drew near he was lying stone dead no less than 500 yards from where he stood when I fired, although the bullet had cut clean through the side of his heart.

All this country was teeming with game, and during the next march we disturbed giraffe, reedbuck, oribi, waterbuck, hartebeest and topi.

My interpreter was evidently sulky as a result of the rating I had given him the day before for going too far. This time he went to the other extreme, putting in barely an hour's march. The result was that after waiting for



Getting at the fat.

some time in the place where camp should have been pitched, I had to turn back on my tracks. After lunch was over, I explained to the men that they would enjoy half a dozen sheep at the interpreter's expense, and made them repack, and finish the march.

In a couple of days we reached the head waters of the Turkwel, passing a Swahili ivory trader's camp on the edge of a swamp. It was in this place that an incident occurred, showing how firmly the Coast man still believes

in magic and charms, in spite of his contact with white people.

Among the week's washing I had given my boy a vest, which, when the other things came back, was missing. He made some excuse about mending it, and I thought no more of the matter till, in the early morning, I happened to catch sight of two of my men bringing it back from the direction of the Swahili trader's camp. Some time afterwards I learnt that the trader was regarded as a great worker of charms. The vest had been taken to him and he had been asked to cast such a spell over it, that, when it next touched my skin, any desire I might harbour of going far afield would melt away. When, as my reader will learn later, the charm was of no effect, the explanation given by my men was that, before leaving England, I had acquired witchcraft potent enough to render their magic powerless.

In this district we again came on some zebra, the first since leaving Mount Sirgoit.

Just after I reached camp, a couple of men were seen approaching on donkeys from the opposite direction, and I at once concluded they must be Howitt and his companion. My supposition, however, fell wide of the mark, for they were two Greek traders, Messrs. Kanarakis and Coutlis, who had established a permanent settlement at Kilim, on the northern slopes of Elgon. They were then returning from a trading trip down the Turkwel, where they said there were large herds of elephants, but no big bulls. While talking together over our lunch, we were disturbed by a shot in camp, and rushed out to find that Nzau had touched the trigger of a hammerless rifle he was handling. Fortunately the muzzle was pointed

upwards, and the bullet had merely torn through the door and the outer fly of his tent.

The continuous rains and heavy state of the roads was placing me in a serious dilemma. Out of the twenty-seven donkeys with which I had started from Mumias,



Kilim.

twelve had already succumbed, while only eleven of the remainder were fit to carry even a small load. To make matters worse, owing to our slow progress, the food supply was fast diminishing. This I knew could be replenished from the Sabie, a hill tribe near Kilim, but the transport difficulty was by no means so easy to overcome, as the

journey I proposed taking was absolutely impracticable without plenty of donkeys. While I was considering ways and means of procuring some, a welcome invitation was proffered me by the Greeks to accompany them to their camp, and buy as many as they could spare from a large herd they had collected.

This invitation I naturally accepted, and together we retraced our steps to the Swahili camp, seeing on our way a small herd of cow elephants, which bolted as soon as they got our wind, and a party of giraffe led by a splendid black bull.

A three days' march over hilly, broken ground took us across the head waters of the Turkwel, below the huge circular mass of rock forming the north-east buttress of Elgon, from which a ridge of stone stretches right out into the plain. By the Swahili this rock is called Kilima Mawe.

Kilim was one of Col. Macdonald's old camps—a charming spot, backed by the cliffs of Mount Elgon, and sheltered on the one side by the ridge already mentioned, and on the other by a spur of the mountain and two little detached hills. Close by, a clear, never-failing stream flowed through a green stretch of ground, which was fertile and well-wooded.

Mr. Kanarakis and his companions had been established there for over a year, engaged in the ivory trade. Their comrade, who had remained in camp during their absence, had bad news to report, for an epidemic that had been raging throughout Bukora, a district of Karamojo immediately to the north of them, had attacked their donkeys, and carried off the greater number. This misfortune prevented them from being able to spare me even one.

On our way to Kilim we had passed an ivory safari,

who reported that plenty of transport animals were to be bought a little north of Manimani, and that the country round was quite quiet. This information determined me to push northwards as soon as possible, and procure my donkeys there. My decision was strengthened by the fact that, as the traders were just starting on a journey through Karamojo and Turkana, I should have the pleasure of their company as well as the benefit of their guides and interpreters. In this way my purchases would be made easy, as they knew the people of the country well.

While the Greeks were making the necessary arrangements for their departure, and I was waiting for some important letters from Mumias, I filled in the interim by sending to Sabie to obtain mtama for my mule, and, if possible, procure some curios.

These hill people raise a quantity of grain, which, in former times, they used to part with to safaris only after a great deal of chaffering and tedious negotiation. During his year at Kilim, Kanarakis had induced them to establish a market for their grain at a fixed rate of exchange, which was no small feather in his cap, for Government has never been able to bring about friendly relationships with the hill tribes on the northern and north-western flanks of Mount Elgon.

Several expeditions visited their country, but in spite of these, the highlanders continued their outrages on caravans passing round the western side of the mountain, making the route unsafe for safaris. While I was still in the country, their audacity even led them so far as to loot the cattle which a Government expedition had captured from a neighbouring recalcitrant tribe, and when pursued, they disappeared off the face of the earth into

the vast secret caves of their territory, and, for the time being, had the laugh on their side.

My few days spent at Kilim were most interesting. The Greeks entertained me with accounts of their efforts to open up trade with the different tribes, including the Kimama, a powerful people living to the north-west. As, up to the present, white men have only touched the edge of Kimama, it may be of interest to my readers, if I jot down the few authentic particulars which I was able to glean, respecting the people and their land.

The Kimama inhabit a well-watered and fertile country to the north-west of Mount Elgon, which is said to support a teeming agricultural population, also rich in cattle, sheep and goats, but possessing neither camels nor donkeys. Unlike their neighbours, the Karamojo, they devote themselves largely to cultivation, and produce varied crops, such as maize, mtama, mhindi, a seed used as a spice, sweet potatoes, and a kind of ground nut.

The men are said to be of weak physique, for nearly seventy-five per cent. of them are subject to swellings, probably induced by the many swamps to be found in their land.

Although possessed of vast stores of ivory, they absolutely refuse to trade, and make a practice of immediately attacking any caravan that offers to approach their territory. The braves go armed with some half-dozen throwing spears, and carry a number of spare heads in a leather sheaf like a quiver, in case of emergency. In comparison with the Karamojo they are a far more formidable enemy, for they are not only craftier in their methods, but more expert spearsmen. Their shield is fashioned on the same principle as among the Suk, Karamojo, and Turkana

tribes, but is the smallest of them all, measuring only two feet in length, so that, if there is any truth in the saying "the braver the people the smaller their shields," the Kimama should be very Tartars in the battle-field.

It was here that I learnt the Karamojo method of hunting elephants. First of all a shallow hole is dug in a much-used



A big-horned cow.

elephant path, such as one leading to water. Over this is placed a wooden trap, made in the shape of a hubless wheel, with innumerable splints of wood, bound to the rim, in place of spokes. Next comes a noose of thickly-plaited raw-hide rope, attached to a heavy log of wood, and then a layer of earth and grass is carefully laid over the whole snare to conceal it. Finally there is sprinkled over the place a magic powder, which, the hunters believe, prevents their quarry from detecting that anything is wrong.

Later on I was fortunate enough to procure some of this powder, but it is impossible to say whether it is merely a charm, or really contains some ingredient which destroys the taint of human hands.

If luck is good, the animal steps on the snare, and his foot slips through the wheel, the splints of which keep the noose from falling off till it has tightened round his leg. Irritated by the heavy log dragging after him, the beast wears himself out in vain efforts to shake it off, till the hunters, who have been dogging his footsteps, consider him exhausted enough to rush in to spear him. Occasionally, however, the tables are turned, and Kanarakis was once shown the battle-ground where an enraged elephant had suddenly rid himself of the log, and before the crowd of men who were surrounding him could escape, nine of them met an untimely death. Mad with revenge the brute had used trunk, tusks and feet on his enemies, till the ground round looked like a veritable shambles.

During my stay, one of the Karamojo men belonging to the Greeks got wind of the murder of his brother in Turkana, and, seizing his spears, he swore never to rest till he had avenged the death. The next minute he was dashing away into the distance, yelling and howling in a perfect frenzy. His two wives, their faces streaming with tears, set out in pursuit, and after some time led him back between them, reeling like a drunken man.

Among the herd of cattle at the Kilim encampment were a number of the huge-horned Bukeddi cows. It took a good deal of manœuvring to get their photos, and much more to measure their horns, for they did not take particularly kindly either to the strange white man or his camera. The largest horns I measured were nearly

forty inches in length, and just under five feet from tip to tip.

The rest of my time was filled in collecting the many-hued butterflies that flitted about the wooded slopes of Kilim, and in trying to get some specimens of the dik-dik which I found there for the first time since leaving Baringo.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Mount Debasien—New ground—A huge snake—A striking mountain—A mysterious tribe—Fish galore—A non-existent lake—The trysting-place—An ivory safari—A Swahili settlement—Karamojo trekking—A flour market—Karamojo fashions—Buying a head-dress.

ABOUT twenty miles to the north of camp rose Mount Debasien, in solitary grandeur, to nearly 6,000 feet above the plain. Between this mountain and the foot of Elgon the surface was broken by remarkably regular conical hills, on one of which stood a curiously-shaped monolith, doubtless a natural formation, but which, from a distance, had all the appearance of being the handiwork of man.

No European, as far as I could make out, had ever been known to pass round the west of Debasien, and I was anxious to see for myself what aspect the mountain presented from that side. Coutlis, a naturalised American, who had fought through the Cuban war, decided to accompany me, but as the paths were said to be impassable for baggage animals, we arranged that our safaris should follow the usual caravan route eastwards, and rejoin us at the north-eastern corner.

To avoid passing round the big bend of the Kilim River (known to the Swahili as Kiboko), we had twice forded its bed, and were following the track along its northern bank, when there was a sudden cry of "snake." Coutlis, who

was leading, dismounted without a moment's hesitation, seized his shot gun and killed it. It was a huge reptile, measuring 16 ft. 8½ in. in length, by nearly 2 ft. in girth, and during the skinning operation we found it contained 105 eggs.

My camp was pitched that night at the foot of a long low hill called Tonlelele, close to the river, in which one of the men managed to catch two excellent fish. Grant's gazelle, a species which I had not seen since leaving Baringo, were feeding on the plain hard by. From there we pressed onwards towards the flank of the mountain, through elephant grass and small belts of timber, till we reached the place where a little stream called Garnarpu issued from the slope. At that time the whole stretch of country was brown and parched, although, in the rainy seasons, it is said to be one huge marsh.

Continuing our northward journey, we at length came to the small hill known as Kuteman, which commanded a wonderful view of the landscape round. If the southern side of Mount Debasien is striking, the western slope is still more so. Here the mountain presents an amphitheatre of jagged red rocks and precipices, contrasting grandly with the dark green foliage of the well-wooded valleys below, and as I stood admiring the wild rugged beauty of the sight, I thought that, for a solitary mountain, the rock scenery surpassed anything I had ever seen. On one side of the upper slopes a great mass of sheer rock stands out like a gigantic castle, while the silvery shower of a fine waterfall glistens among the trees nearer the foot.

Away to the west the parched plain merged into a green expanse of marsh, reaching right down to the river. With the glasses I could distinguish little patches of cultivation

lying just below the mountain precipices, which my guide declared belonged to a race of people called the Tepeth, another division of which inhabited the slopes of Moroto, a mountain rising further northwards.

My companion went on to explain that the people of this tribe are very unlike the Karamojo, both in appearance and language, and have but little intercourse with them. They have their dwellings on the top of the precipices, and carry on a trade in flour with passing caravans, to whom the produce is lowered by means of ropes, in order that the secret of their fastnesses may not be betrayed. To my great disappointment time would not permit of a visit to these people, for, owing to the scarcity of water on the caravan route, I could not keep my men waiting.

In order to circle round the north-west spur, we crossed the clear stream, Garbata, in a half-dry tributary of which some of the men caught several sacks full of fish, which proved a welcome addition to dinner.

Next morning at breakfast, when I was discussing another of them, I was horrified to find its flesh full of little coils of minute worms, white in colour, and not thicker than a coarse piece of cotton. When I called Zedu's attention, he exclaimed, "Why, of course, they are always like that!" But I could not take it so philosophically, and it quite put me off eating them in future.

My search on the northern side for the Lake Kagate of the maps was absolutely fruitless. I spent one afternoon in search of it, climbing about the lower slopes, over broken rock and rugged ground, from which several small streams were flowing, only to lose themselves almost at once in deep sandy beds cut into the surface of the plain. No trace, however, of the present or past existence of Kagate could

be found, nor had the natives ever heard of it, for they declared that there was neither marsh nor lake in this direction.

A trying march across an arid plain, where the grass had been burnt and the pungent ashes, covering us from head to foot, acted as an irritant to eyes and nostrils, brought us to Birikani, where we were to meet the safari. They were nowhere to be seen, and a Karamojo loafer told us they had left that morning, as the only water near was in a small rock pool in the river-bed, and it both smelt and tasted badly. While wondering what to do, for the next water was said to be five hours off, we saw two of our men approaching, who reported that they had only moved on half-an-hour to where the grass was better and there was a plentiful water supply.

A tearing wind from the Suk hills swept over camp most of the time we were there, making things very disagreeable, and what was almost worse, the place swarmed with flies. Nevertheless, we were obliged to remain till some of the men, whom I had sent into Mumias before leaving Kilim, rejoined us. Meanwhile, Nzau and the greater part of the safari were sent off ahead, by easy marches, to form a camp in the heart of the Bukora country, and commence trading for flour and donkeys.

A pleasant break in the monotony of our wait was the arrival of a large ivory safari, homeward bound after a long absence in Turkana. Besides twenty-one large tusks, they had with them a number of donkeys laden with smaller ones. I entered into conversation with a Beluchi who was among them, and acquired some useful information concerning the natives they had met with on their expedition, and the way the ivory trade is conducted.

In two more marches we reached a group of Karamoja villages, each of which was surrounded by little patches of cultivation, and a little further afield we passed a large, permanent Swahili camp, built near the wide sandy bed of the Manimani River, and protected by a strong thorn zariba. On the opposite bank Coutlis and I pitched our respective camps, some distance apart, which from the outset we had mutually agreed was the best plan to prevent any possibility of friction between our men.

Later in the day all the head Swahili traders came over to see us, a picturesque crowd, draped in flowing garbs of white. Their visit was, to me at any rate, a revelation of the power such men exercise in the land. Their safaris, they told us, were constantly penetrating as far as the Rendile country to the east, the extremities of Lake Rudolf to the north, and Latuka to the north-west ; while, in exchange for the ivory they sent in to Mumias, a continuous and varied stream of supplies found its way to their settlement. They would bring pressure to bear on any tribe which caused them trouble, even going so far as to organise and carry out punitive expeditions to revenge their personal grievances. Should any complaint filter through to Government headquarters from natives suffering at their hands, and a particular trader be called upon to account for his actions, all he had to do was to avoid Mumias till the matter had blown over. Meanwhile, his business would flourish as before, and supplies in exchange for his ivory would be handed in to him at his tent door. The way in which Government has thus allowed native ivory traders to assume complete control of the remoter districts, and to make light of official enquiries, is another startling instance of Foreign Office inaptitude.

Among our visitors was one trader who had lost the whole of his safari in the year 1901, when the Abyssinians raided all through the Suk and Karamojo territory, relieving any native trader they could lay hands on of the whole of his ivory and other possessions. In some cases the men themselves were even impressed to carry the loads.

As we were continuing our march along the banks of the



Karamojo elders.

Manimani River, whole villages of Karamojo met us, driving before them herds and flocks towards the Kilim River, for the underground streams were beginning to fail, and the pits in the river beds had to be sunk deeper and deeper to reach the ever-decreasing water supply.

When we at length arrived at Anamuget, where camp was pitched in a grove of splendid trees, we found Nzau superintending a large market in full swing. With an interpreter, lent me by the Swahilis at Manimani, and one or

two assistants, he was seated under a tree, of which the bole was over 25 feet in circumference, and the shade it cast 37 yards across. Before him, laid out in tempting array on a waterproof sheet, lay piles of gay beads, hanks of iron chain, and coils of brass and iron wire, with files ready at hand to cut off the lengths as payment.



Karamojo warriors.

From early morn till dusk Karamojo braves stalked in to camp, a line of wives and children in their train, each laden with little leather sacks, or gourds, full of flour. They would all squat down some little distance away, while the head of the party approached with a calabash holding from 2 to 3 pounds of flour. At first it was the policy of each man to outbid the last by offering a smaller quantity of flour for a larger amount of our most expensive commodity. If any gentleman with an eye to business could

not be persuaded that he was getting a fair exchange, his whole party would resume their loads and start homewards, only to be pursued by my men with small presents and many honeyed words to tempt them to return.

At first, of course, these little differences of opinion hindered the progress of trade, but when once the scale of



Karamojo men.

exchange was established to mutual satisfaction, things ran on smoothly and fairly rapidly. The flour brought in by each man was measured, and the equivalent handed over to him in the special goods he favoured. Reckoning the cost of carriage, iron chain and beads brought us in the most flour, and brass wire the least.

Soon news of the prices we were giving, and of our fair

dealing, spread throughout the country-side, and a continual procession of fresh customers passed to and fro between the villages and our camp. During a week's market we found our purchasers on the whole a good-natured crowd, who offered some splendid chances of characteristic photos.

The Karamojo men go entirely naked, save that their feet are protected by elephant-hide sandals, and they decorate themselves with a good deal of native trinkets. They are undoubtedly a strong and well-developed race, but although several writers have put their average height at over 6 feet, I found none so tall. Nakedness always tends to accentuate height, and I was astonished, on measuring the tallest three out of fifteen, to find that only one of them was 5 ft. 10½ in., while the others were 2 inches shorter. Although, before leaving the country, I must have seen some hundreds, only a small number reached this stature, and but very few indeed exceeded it. Their spans, on the other hand, were unusually long in proportion, being from 6 ft. 7 in. to 6 ft. 2 in.

About one-third of the Karamojo men I saw had affected the Lig chignon like the Suk, but among the former its edge is either not turned up at all, or only very slightly, in which case a stick is usually inserted to stretch it. In order to keep this elaborate hair-dress off the ground while they are sleeping, they always carry a little two-legged pillow-stool, carved out of a solid block of wood, which they place under their necks when they lie down to rest. In the day-time it answers the purpose of a seat.

Most of those who had not yet attained to the full dignity of a chignon proper, made up what hair they had with clay into a sort of bun, surmounted by a large pompom of black



Karamojo method of attack.



ostrich feathers, while the forelock was ornamented with wild berries, or little pellets of clay. Some of the lads had fixed a little wicker cone on the back of their heads in which feathers could be stuck. One of them was wearing an extraordinary ornament formed of elephant hide cut like a fringe and dyed red. Each bit was then twisted, bent to assume a convex shape, and the whole fixed to the forehead points upwards. With a great deal of reluctance the proud wearer was induced to sell it.

Down the back of nearly every man, dependent from a string, hung a long, slender tassel of white hare's fur, probably as a charm. Three of the elders I met were wearing masher collars, built up of sixteen rings of iron wire, the ends of each being bent round to receive a leathern thong, which kept them in place. Others among the men were wearing a few necklets of beads. Their earrings consisted of one or two large brass rings with a single blue bead threaded on them, which hung either from the lobe or inner cartilage of the ear, or a number of small brass rings fixed along the outer rim. The nose pendants mostly took the form of an ovate leaf, made of thin tin or brass, which were cut from a sheet, or formed of wire, coiled and beaten out. Lower lip ornaments varied from a flattened piece of brass wire nearly six inches long, terminating in a bead, to a little length of copper wire. A few of the men wore ivory armlets and brass or iron wire bracelets, while round the waist many of them had fastened a length of fine iron chain. Like the Masai, some of the elder men wore round their legs little leather garters with a rattle attached.

The arms of the Karamojo warriors consist of spears and shields of the same pattern as the Suk. The spears are more often than not rested on the ground, head downwards,

that part, when the weapon is not in use, being always protected by a sheath of leather. A ring knife, or a piece of iron wire bent and sharpened to form a weapon like the huge talon of a bird, and fixed to the finger, and another sharp knife on the wrist, complete a brave's war kit.

Many carried a trumpet, formed from an oryx horn, with the skin of a cow's tail shrunk on it and a little leather handle fastened on one side. The blast that the expert can produce from these battle trumpets might be described in the words of the Scotchman after hearing the "Messiah" for the first time: "The din was awfu', terrible to hear."

Some of the men readily showed me their method of attacking an enemy. They explained that they make short rushes, and then sink on one knee, spear poised, with the shield covering as much of the body as possible. These alternate rushes and halts are continued until they get to close enough quarters to start a hand-to-hand fight, or till one party has been overawed. To be skilful in combat is the aim of every Karamojo youth, and to this end, he and his companions form themselves into rival bands, arm themselves with sticks to hurl at one another, in place of spears, and ward off the blows with wicker shields. These shields are used solely for this purpose, and not, as has sometimes been stated, in actual warfare.

The married women, although many of them are not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, are anything but a comely crowd. Their hair for the most part is short and very tousled. The upper part of the body is left bare, but behind, from the waist to the calf, hangs a leathern apron of soft skin, generally with the hair left on, the lower edge of which is slit up in two or three places. Another smaller skin, worn in front, and sometimes decorated with



**Karamojo women.**



beads, reaches to just above the knee. Round the outer rim of the ear are fixed eight to twelve large brass rings, while some of the ladies wear metal lower-lip pendants. Rings of iron and brass wire are worn round their neck, arms and legs, while, in addition, they affect innumerable necklets of iron chain, ostrich egg-shell and other beads.

The girls have their heads shaven, but their costume is very similar to that of the matrons. They have, of course, not such an extensive collection of necklets, their apron behind is smaller, while in place of the one in front hangs an elaborate tassel of ostrich egg-shell beads of some thirty-six strings, and on either side of this two little leather tabs much decorated. These are evidently very much prized, for the girls refused two sheep for a set of them. One child was sporting a rare necklet of teeth, strung together, which she was reluctantly persuaded to sell me.

The Karamojo children appear to be particularly well treated, and although the women usually carry the heavier burdens, while the men stalk along beside them with spear and shield, the husbands seem quite good to their wives. Only on one occasion did I see a man strike a woman. The cause of the disagreement reminded me strongly of married bliss at home. The lady in question, like her fairer sisters, longed to trade away the family wealth, in the shape of flour, to procure beads for her own adornment, whereas Monsieur, with the usual good sense of the sterner sex, wanted iron wire to weld a hoe for tilling the family plot. As the wife did not get her own way, she dashed the calabash of flour to the ground, and fled from the spot howling with rage. Her husband promptly pursued her, overtook her, and proceeded, in the usual native fashion, to point out the error of her ways. I am afraid my sympathies were with

the man. However, some of his comrades came running up, separated them, and made peace.

It was from one of these men that I managed to buy a big chignon. From the time of my arrival at Anamuget I had been constantly approaching one or other of the elders on the subject, and at last found an old fellow who seemed slightly less disinclined than the rest to part with his crowning glory. The promise of one of our finest sheep, and a long bit of iron chain won me the day, and I set a man to work shearing his head at once, before he had time to think it over, while all the Karamojo present urged him to stop proceedings and "keep his hair on."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Howitt's return—A sequel to Macdonald's expedition—Trip towards Kimama—  
 A choice of routes—Bartering donkeys—Moroto Mount—Karamojo villages  
 —Visit the Tepeth—Tribe of "magicians"—Two-storeyed huts—Their  
 origin—Our reception—A waterless tract—I find a pool.

WHILE still at this camp we heard news, ever-welcome in the jungle, that two white men and their safari were approaching, and a day later a runner came in with a note from Howitt, saying that he expected to reach us in another march or two. On his arrival, we learnt that he and his companion had prospected the whole of eastern Dodosi, where travelling had been trying on account of the lack of water, but the people perfectly friendly. He told us that war had been raging in the Dodosi country with the Turkana, who had killed a large number of the inhabitants and carried off nearly all their cattle. In Magosi, another Karamojo district, many of the villages were deserted.

It seemed that in the year 1898 Col. Macdonald had left several huts full of stores at Titi in Dodosi. According to native accounts, before he set out on his return southwards, Macdonald gathered the head men of the place together, and made them solemnly swear that they would protect his goods at all costs, promising them rich rewards if they kept faith, and threatening dire vengeance if they broke it. Ever since that time, a matter of five years, the Turkana

had been making a desperate struggle to take possession of the huts, under the belief that they must hold rich treasure from the native point of view. The Dodosi loyally kept their trust, although to do so they were sacrificing hundreds of lives, and saw village after village of their people wiped off the face of the earth. Meanwhile the stores, which were being guarded at such terrible cost, like so much priceless treasure, must for the most part have mouldered away, and become absolutely useless, for they consisted mainly of flour and other food supplies.

Nothing could have been simpler than for Government to check this aimless bloodshed on their account, by sending word with a trading safari that the goods were no longer needed and might be distributed. Yet this idea never seemed to have occurred to any responsible official. It is always easier to let things slide. The only hope is that when the next Government party does visit that country, a suitable acknowledgment may be made to the Dodosi for their extreme faithfulness to the white man.

A similar dépôt of stores had been left at Manimani, but the people there very soon looted the huts and divided the spoil.

It might be a good plan for leaders of expeditions in the future to place a limit on the number of moons during which the people should guard stores left in their charge.

Howitt soon started on a flying expedition to prospect towards Mount Kisima, and I followed in his track. After one long day's march to a little pool of water in a small stream-bed, I came on him as he was just setting out again, determined to reach the hills that night.

To the south-west of camp lay the striking group of hills Kisima, Kamalinga, and Nopak. The two former had been

rent asunder from top to bottom, leaving but a narrow rift between the sheer sides, while the northern flank of Nopak, and the western flank of Kisima, presented almost unbroken walls of rock. The hills lie on the edge of the Kimama country, and are apparently uninhabited, for my glasses failed to reveal any trace of either villages or cultivation, and the natives of the district assured me that no one dwelt there.

Later in the day I made a tour round in the direction of these hills, over a country where zebra, Grant's, hartebeest, reedbuck, oribi and topi seemed to be very plentiful. One of the last fell to my rifle, and proved to be the largest head of the kind I had yet procured.

As I was setting my face towards camp next day, after a vain attempt at a couple of ostriches, a thunderstorm broke over us, making the ground so slippery that I sent ahead for a donkey. To my disgust the men bringing it missed me, and I turned up at camp at five o'clock, tired out, and in a very disagreeable frame of mind.

For my northward journey a choice of three routes lay before me, all avoiding the country towards the Nile, which, owing to its disturbed state, I had been warned not to pass through. Two of these, leading through Jiwe and Magosi respectively, would have entailed at least two waterless nights, while a large Swahili safari had just traversed one of them, making it still less attractive. The third and most easterly route was said to be better watered, and offered the additional advantage of passing through a territory never before crossed by white man. It was, therefore, to this last route that I turned my attention.

By this time I had secured fourteen fine donkeys, receiving for one cow an average of four donkeys and ten sheep, or

one and five sheep for a bullock ; but my flour supply was still rather short, while Coutlis required several additional sacks. As we had evidently almost exhausted the district, I decided to move nearer Mount Moroto, where I heard more might be bought, and leave Coutlis behind to finish his purchase.

My way lay through a good deal of cultivated ground, where the Karamojo had constructed several large dams to collect and hold the small streams of water which flow only in the rains. These were now nearly dry, and many of the villages deserted, for their inhabitants had set out on their annual southward migration to the Kiboko River.

The result of a day's trade only amounted to the purchase of half-a-sack of flour, so I was obliged to push forward to the Lea Valley, where heavier crops were said to be grown.

We pitched camp on a large clearing, with numerous hamlets dotted about, many of which were uninhabited. Close above us frowned the steep slopes and bare rocks of Mount Moroto.

The Karamojo villages consist of from six to twelve circular huts, prettily thatched in layers like steps, and built in a rough circle. Round the outside runs a weak palisade of sticks and boughs woven together. Cultivation is not carried on extensively, for the tribe exist, for the most part, on the milk from their flocks and herds.

Most of the Karamojo men whom I saw in the district had their bodies and faces daubed in patterns with whitish clay. They had very little flour to sell, but we were told that the Tepeth, who lived on the mountain, might be able to supply us with some. In answer to my enquiries about these people, my informant explained that they numbered

not more than five hundred men. In times of drought, when the plains are parched and there is not a drop of water to be had, the Tepeth, owing to the greater rainfall on the hills, still have a considerable store of grain and good pasturage. Yet, although the highlanders are numerically very weak by comparison with the Karamojo of the plains, the latter never attempt to wrest their wealth from them, but, on the contrary, pay them for grazing the lowland flocks and herds on the fertile slopes of the mountain. When I asked the Karamojo how it was that, with thousands of braves at their command, they never molested their highland neighbours, they seemed loth to answer, but at last confessed that the Tepeth were possessed of magical powers. Years before, they told me, they had stolen some mountain flocks from the highlanders, whereupon the owners withheld all rain from the plains, and sent a murrain upon their cattle, killing them by scores. This decided them that the Tepeth were undoubtedly sorcerers, and must be left in peaceful possession of their land, lest dire spells should work havoc among the flocks, cattle, and crops on the plain—a striking example of the triumph of mind over mere brute force!

That night so many rats held revel round my tent, gnawing everything, from my boots to the stocks of the rifles, that it was useless to try and get to sleep. My curiosity had been so excited by the tales of the Tepeth that, as soon as morning dawned, I set off up hill, leaving behind the Karamojo plantations in the valley, where a few people were already hard at work, and climbed a steep, rock-strewn path on the western side.

As I and my men approached the little plateau on which a village stood, the natives came out to gaze at us, and then,

calling together their women and children, bolted up hill like so many scared rabbits. My interpreter left his rifle behind, went forward to reassure them, and soon came back accompanied by two or three men. They struck me at once as differing greatly in appearance from the Kara-



A Tepeth hut.

mojo, although their mode of hair-dress and ornaments were very similar. There were few lip pendants among them, but ivory armlets and bracelets, of the same shape as in Sabei, but stouter, seemed very popular. One man was sporting a triangular-shaped bit of skin sewn with beads, as an apron, while another had a hare-skin tassel hanging over either ear.

The women had the whole of the body draped in skins. A few presents of tobacco gained me a little favour, but they were distinctly suspicious of my intentions, and declared that they had no flour for sale. Their usual rate of exchange was a 30 to 40 lb. skin bag for a sheep, or 20 of



Tepeth men.

them for a cow, but one man seldom had enough for this.

From their homes it is clear that they are a race distinct from those in the country round. The huts, of a much flatter pitch than usual, are thatched from the apex right down to the ground, in steps after the Karamojo fashion ; but the doorway, instead of being merely a hole in the side, is sheltered by a kind of porch built out from the main roof,

and supported by poles. But the most remarkable feature of all is that, unlike any other native dwellings that I have seen in Africa, they are two-storeyed, the entrance to the upper one being by a sort of dormer window in the thatched roof. Access to this is gained by a rude ladder formed of a tree-trunk, with the branches lopped off to leave a foothold. A weak stockade runs round each hamlet, but in this case it had been allowed to fall into decay.

As soon as I thought a friendly spirit was established between us, out came the camera, with the too frequent result that everyone fled. The chance of a photo looked hopeless enough, so, leaving the dreaded apparatus ready for a stray opportunity, I produced a net and started catching the butterflies of every hue that were fluttering from blossom to blossom on the hillside. The curiosity of the natives was very soon aroused, and they came sidling back, one by one, to watch me at work, and question the men. "Was I getting them for food? If so, did I eat them raw or cooked, and with or without their wings? Why did I so carefully pack each one separately? Was I going to make medicine from them, and if so, what were its properties, and might they have a supply?"

A heavy rainstorm put an abrupt end to my hunt and their queries, but after it had cleared a little I was lucky enough to get a few photos. From one old man who spoke Karamojo, and was more loquacious than the rest, I learnt that the name of the hamlet, which my aneroid showed to be at an altitude of 5,300 feet, was Nargiritoir. He confirmed the statement that the Karamojo never molested them, and with the aid of a little bundle of sticks, which he counted and laid out before him with painful precision, showed me that there were twenty-two villages in all.



[A. FORESTIER.

Tepeth village with two-storeyed huts.

17aem by]



This, a typical one, contained ten huts, some of which were outside the stockade, and as I reckoned there must be from twenty to twenty-five males in each settlement, my Karamojo friend's estimate of five hundred, of which about half would be fighting men, was not far out.

In reply to my question as to where they hailed from, the old man pointed away to the east, and said that long years back they had come from there. My men were quite unable to understand or recognise the language which they spoke among themselves.

After taking a series of angles of the different hill-tops in sight, I returned to my camp, deeply regretting that I was not sufficiently acquainted with the native dialects to be able to learn more of these strange people.

It seems to me that a qualified linguist, who could spare the time to investigate the history of the Tepeth (who, as far as I know, have never before been visited by a white man), might be rewarded by interesting discoveries. Their general appearance, the form of their houses, and the evident influence they exercise over the Karamojo, all seem to indicate that they are either the survival of some tribe of higher intellect, which inhabited the country before the advent of the Karamojo, or are the remnant of a Galla wave of conquest from the north-east.

My next march was to the Moroto River, over a country dotted with clumps of thorn and aloes. The stream itself only runs in the rains, but in its bed there were a number of fair-sized pools. Following up its course, past many a deserted village, I at last found Coutlis camped at Zimoquai, and had a long shauri with his Karamojo and a couple of local men he had engaged, to discuss the probabilities of finding water ahead. As we could gain no definite informa-

tion, I decided to prospect the ground before moving camp, while Coutlis chose the bolder course of marching at once. It was nearly midnight before Gubei, the man whom I had engaged at Mumias as my guide and interpreter, returned from reconnoitring, to report that he had travelled hard for five hours without success. Coutlis, whom he had passed, had declared his intention of pushing on for two days in search of water before he turned back.

My camp lay just near the spot where the River Moroto issues from a gorge in the mountain-side, while to the north a rugged spur jutted out in a westerly direction, separated from a low line of hills by a rocky dome. From the lie of the country it struck me that if I crossed this range as close under the dome as possible, I must find pools in some gorge or cleft on the other side. My surmise proved correct, for, after a short search, I found water lying in a deep rift among the rocks, and immediately sent back for my safari to rejoin me there. *En route* I had come on the tracks of an antelope, which I felt almost certain must have been made by a lesser kudu, although I had never heard of them extending so far westwards.

In two days we rejoined Coutlis, finding him camped by some large water-holes in the bed of the Monyen River, pools in the upper stream bed of which had been our source of supply since leaving Zimoquai. On his first day he had had to make a very long march, and when at last he did strike water, it was inaccessible for his cattle and flocks, many of which could not be got in till late at night.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Writing on the rock—Lesser kudu—How elephants bury their enemies—A night in a tree—A rocky pool—No road—I hunt for water—Sun-baked rocks—Thirsty men—A night bivouac—An inquisitive rhino—A long day—Blasted hopes—Men give in—Abandoning the loads—A terrible march—Digging for water—Lost in the night—The relief party—Death from thirst.

SOON after my arrival in Coutlis' camp, the Karamojo brought in news of a big herd of elephant feeding in the valley to the south-west of us, and Coutlis told some of his men off to keep an eye on them till the morning.

With a view to examining the herd, and finding whether it contained any big bulls, we set our faces at sunrise towards the mighty, even-topped mass of rock which forms the northern spur of Moroto. Its sheer side presented an almost flat surface, over which two fine waterfalls poured a sparkling torrent into the valley below.

My attention was at once arrested by what appeared to be lines of writing in huge characters cut into the smoothest part of the cliff. Even the glasses did not dispel this impression, and it was not till I reached a little hill three hours nearer Moroto that I assured myself the indentations were not the work of man, but were produced by parallel lines of faults in the strata. While pressing up hill I espied a lesser kudu bull standing at the foot,

a sight which confirmed my belief that the tracks discovered the previous day had been made by one of them.

Fearing that a shot might disturb the elephants, I did not fire, but the precaution was unnecessary, for a careful view of the country failed to reveal any trace of the herd, and soon afterwards some of Coutlis' men came up to say that, during the night, they had banded together and moved off in an easterly direction towards the Turkwel River. No doubt the men themselves had scared the beasts and made them shift their ground. Judging from the tracks there must have been one or two very fine bulls amongst them.

As we wound our way through the thick undergrowth back to camp, fortune favoured me with a good chance at a lesser kudu, which I dropped with a single shot from the .256. It was a fine specimen with horns over 29 inches long. The skinning and cutting up took us so long that night had fallen before I reached camp.

As soon as Coutlis, after a whole day's patient haggling, had struck a bargain with some Karamojo for a number of buried tusks they said they had in their possession, we began our march down the Monyen. On the way the Karamojo guide aroused our curiosity by telling us camp was to be pitched by a pool further ahead whose water was "hot, and when you drank it you wanted more." On arrival, we were surprised to find it quite cool, but a strong brackish taste made the man's meaning clear.

That night we could hear lions grunting as they approached the pool, and as soon as there was light enough to see the tracks I started in pursuit. A small herd of elephant cows and their young had followed the lions, so that the pugs were difficult to distinguish, but eventually

I traced them clear, only to lose them altogether on a bit of hard ground.

I then pushed up a long valley running northwards into Murosoka. Soon my approach disturbed a small herd of Grant with a single oryx, and I started after them, but a couple of rhino lying in some thick thorn scrub drew my attention away, and I turned up a small hill to watch the latter. As one of them seemed to have a fair-sized horn I fired behind its shoulder, when both of them sprang to their feet and dashed off through the undergrowth.

On regaining the summit of the hill I detected one of them lying down in the far distance. As I made toward the place, the other charged down on us, but happily a shot from the .400 made it alter its course. With the first animal at which I had fired the bullet had done its work, for we found it lying stone dead. It was a big cow, and its companion must doubtless have been a two-parts grown calf. It was lucky indeed that the second rhino had been so easily turned, for Bedoui, in spite of his little experiences at Baringo, had brought the .256 as a second rifle, instead of the .600. Such is the absolute lack of reasoning power of an average Swahili.

That afternoon one of my men appeared in camp carrying a broken spear. He explained that, while he had been searching lower down the river bed for water, his eye had lighted on a large pile of thorn trees uprooted whole, and branches torn from the trees hard by. Close by he had picked up the spear, which the Karamojo, from its pattern, knew must have belonged to a Turkana. Its shaft was splintered, the iron bent nearly in a circle, one edge of the head was completely doubled back as though beaten

on a stone, while there was a blood stain on it eight inches long.

Our follower had pushed away some of the boughs to discover underneath the mouldering remains of a man, with the ribs and some of the other bones broken. The Karamojo, without any hesitation, pictured the whole scene. They said that the dead man must have come on an elephant as, in the heat of the day, it was drowsily flicking off the flies and seemed half asleep. Thinking it an easy prey, the Turkana had probably stolen up and plunged his spear into the animal's body, but had not been quick enough to beat a retreat. The elephant had probably swung round, caught and killed him, and then buried the body under the heap of branches. But this had not spent his fury, and he had turned to wreak his vengeance on the weapon that had wounded him.

John Kanarakis had previously told me how, at Kilim, he had once found a skeleton concealed in the same way. His trackers had assured him it was the work of an elephant, who always bury the bodies of any men or lions they may kill. This explanation had sounded so like a fairy tale that I was loth to accept it, but our follower's new discovery seemed a convincing proof of its accuracy. Natives in this part never bury their dead, but leave the body in the open to be devoured. If the Turkana had been murdered, he would certainly have been robbed of his weapon, which a native greatly prizes. Moreover, nothing but an elephant could have bent the spear and shattered the shaft in such a way, to say nothing of uprooting the thorn bushes whole. Perhaps the elephant has a dim idea that the body of his victim may come to life and molest him again if he does not imprison it, for



A rocky pool, Murosoka.



animals never seem to realise death, or perhaps the smell of blood is so repugnant that he tries to hide the carcass from his sight.

By this time Coutlis had made up his mind to follow the Monyen till he came to its junction with the Nakokoh, and then to march along the Turkwel into Turkana. My own plans, on the contrary, were to try and cross over into the upper waters of the Tarash, which were marked on the maps as rising on the eastern side of Murosoka. Nothing was known of this river except that Captain Welby had crossed it on his route from Rudolf to the Sobat.

After a fruitless watch overnight in a tree near the pool, in the hope that the lions might revisit it, I moved camp to some water pits at the junction of two little tributaries of the Monyen, which commanded a distant view of a prominent rocky cone jutting out from Murosoka. As the country was uninhabited we could procure no guide, so parties of my men were sent out to search for water ahead. Although the Karamojo claim that this land is really part of their territory, it forms a common hunting ground for themselves, the Suk, and the Turkana.

On the second day Nzau brought in news of a pool in a gorge of Murosoka, to which we made our way, and as Abdallah found a second, a short march further on, we again shifted camp. To my mortification the water that he was so proud of having discovered lay a good long way up the next gorge, so that, after an hour and a half's march, we had made about half a mile's real progress. The Swahili is a distinct thorn in the flesh sometimes.

While the safari were completing their march, I made a little trip down into the main valley in search of game, and spotted a pair of oryx lying in the shade of a bush. A

long crawl at length brought me within range, and I dropped one with a shot behind his shoulder, and the second with a bullet through the chest as it came towards me. To my satisfaction they proved to be very good specimens of a bull and cow respectively.

According to the aneroid, my new camp was at an elevation of but 2,856 feet, and the confined valley made it even more close and hot than it would otherwise have been. In my tent at 2.30 p.m. the thermometer read 97°, while at 8 in the evening it had only fallen to 83°.

One of my scouting parties returned about midnight to tell of a long fruitless search for water, and another was sent off at early dawn. Meanwhile I filled in the time exploring the other head of the gorge, which offered plenty of good grazing, with much larger and more accessible pools of water. A number of fresh zebra tracks drew me up hill till I came on a little party of four, whose leader fell to my rifle. He was a fine beast, and the markings of his coat seemed to me to differ from those I had previously seen at Baringo and on the Gwashengeshu.

That night men returned from the search party to say that Nzau had found water  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours off, but the last hour and a half was up a rocky gorge, impassable for either donkeys or laden men. The matter was getting serious. Food was fast diminishing, and we seemed as far off the discovery of a practicable road into the Tarash Valley as ever. There was nothing for it but to make a search myself, encouraged by the idea of my success at Moroto.

By lantern light next morning I left camp, accompanied by my two gunbearers, my boy, a syce, and six porters, laden with water for two days, food, and bedding. Our

course lay along the foot of the main line of hills and across a big valley that ran up to the north-west. Then, climbing a hill on the opposite side, I sent one gunbearer up to the head of the gorge, while the rest of us continued on, disturbing a rhino and calf en route. Still there was no trace



The Poote gorge.

of water. Two more gorges were carefully searched, and at last, worn out with a hard and fruitless day's work among the sun-baked rocks, I decided to bivouac that night on a little level plateau in the hillside. A large herd of giraffe feeding in the plain below made me feel certain that there must be water not very far away.

At dusk my men rejoined me, when, to my horror, I

discovered they had recklessly served out the water and almost exhausted the supply. Only fourteen tumblersful were left in the big drum; contrary to my orders, no other load had been brought, and eight out of the ten men had failed to fill their water-bottles. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! However, that night we could do nothing. As soon as I had served out half a glassful of water to each man, and had had a meal after a fifteen hours' fast, we turned in, the men lying down in a little clearing hard by.

Toward midnight, when the fire had well-nigh flickered out, the crunch of gravel and a rustling in the jungle disturbed my rest. At first I dreamily wondered whether it could be caused by some beast feeding on the hillside, but as the noise increased, it suddenly dawned upon me that the sandy surface of the ground on which my blankets were spread bore the impress of a rhino's hide. This, then, must be one of the beasts bent on taking his nightly sand bath on the very spot I had chosen for my bed. Rifle in hand, I retreated to the fire, and while my boy was feeding the dying embers and doing his best to create a blaze, I peered into the gloom, trying to make out the animal among the bushes.

The sound of its approach grew louder and louder, till, just as I made out the dim outline of a huge beast, it stopped short as though to reconnoitre. We shouted our hardest and brandished smouldering branches, but it advanced steadily, quite undaunted.

The men took to their heels, and I was on the point of firing, when, with a loud snort, it turned, and, to the accompaniment of rolling stones and crashing jungle, rushed headlong down the mountain side.

In the morning I filled my two bottles with water,

shared out the remainder, and sent two men back to arrange for a supply to meet me at the foot of the gorge up which camp lay. Meanwhile I meant to discover, if possible, where the giraffe obtained water.

The gunbearer I had sent off the preceding day had not yet rejoined us, so I came to the conclusion that he must have missed our track and returned to camp.

Gradually we descended the hillside and soon found ourselves in a large valley—which I afterwards learnt was called Jow—stretching northwards. Along it ran a well-worn game path, made by rhino, giraffe, gazelle and elephant, all trending in the same direction. We felt certain this must lead to water, and on and on we trudged under the merciless rays of a scorching noon-day sun that beat upon the rocks till they blistered the feet of my unfortunate followers and created a thirst which there was nothing to quench. As the afternoon wore on the men began to drop out, saying they could go no further. Time after time I sent down to the bed of the stream that drained the valley, but the men invariably came back to say that it was quite white and scorched, without any sign of moisture.

At length, when I reached the wooded head of the valley, Bedoui and the syce were my only companions, and they were trudging along behind me, weary and despairing, with dry mouths and cracked lips. After giving each of them a measure of water in the cap of my telescope, I left the syce behind with the mule, while Bedoui and I pushed forward.

Searching the arid slopes with my glasses, I was delighted to discover, as I thought, a fine waterfall rushing down the head of a rocky gorge. This sight imbued us with

fresh energy, and we doggedly stumbled on for another hour, over rough ground and through dense scrub. As I drew nearer and got a better view of the cliff, my heart sank to find merely the dry white-worn channel of the waterfall's former course. On my breaking the bad news to Bedoui, he flung himself in utter despair on the ground, gasping that he could walk no further. Taking a sip from my water bottle, I handed it to him, and then scrambled on again in search of a pool among the rocks in the bottom of the gorge. A weary hour's work was unrewarded and I was forced to return.

Bedoui I found more hopeless than ever, and it was a hard task trying to cheer him up and help him along till we regained the place where I had left the mule. On the way we disturbed a hyæna, which, instead of slinking off at once, stood and looked at us. My companion evidently regarded its boldness as an evil omen, for it is a common belief among natives that these animals know by instinct when to follow man or beast in anticipation of a speedy meal.

Night was rapidly advancing, we were two long marches from camp, and I felt that, unless we got water before the setting of another sun, we must all inevitably perish. Bedoui was too exhausted to follow, so I left him with injunctions not to lose the path, while the syce and I started off, carrying one rifle and some cartridges.

On the way I picked up three more of my men. I had husbanded the scant supply of water that my two bottles held with such care that there was still a full one left. But now our thirst was raging, and when the men pleaded that one fair drink would give them strength to go all night, it was hard, indeed, to resist them. One, even

after a double allowance measured out in the telescope cap, was too done up to walk, but the others plucked up courage and struggled on with me, leaving their loads behind.

Soon afterwards we found the cook's box, and breaking it open, searched it eagerly for something to drink, but only found one small tin of "Ideal Milk." This I poured into the water bottle, aerated the contents with a sparklet, which made the cork leak a little, and by sucking it I kept myself going.

My determination was to strike across the valley, for I doubted whether either the men or myself would have strength enough to traverse the hilly path by which we had come. We would push forward for about an hour, stumbling over innumerable stones in the deceptive moonlight, then throwing ourselves on the ground for a few minutes' respite, we moistened our swollen tongues and parched throats with a drop or two of water, before struggling to our feet again.

Once we struck a mud-hole, and the desperate men fell to digging feverishly with their hands, only to be disappointed once more. On and on we staggered, I every now and then urging my followers forward, in a hoarse croak, for my voice was well-nigh gone, or, when they lagged behind, halting to call them by name to make sure they had not sunk down by the way. This continued till about half-past two, when they threw themselves down absolutely spent, saying that they might as well die where they were.

I had had only my compass to guide me, and now, when Zedu murmured "Bwana, we are lost: how can we tell where the safari is?" a hideous doubt rose up in my mind

that I might have mistaken the valley where our camp lay, and be marching past it far to the east.

In the hope that the sound might reach the water-bearers who were to meet us, I fired my rifle, but the only answer I received was the echo of the report rolling along the mountain gorges. The few remaining drops of water were doled out, and after half an hour's rest, I begged my men to make a final effort before the pitiless sun rose and once more beat down upon us.

For another hour we plodded on through the darkness, groaning feebly, while every now and then we could hear some animal dash away at our approach. A faint light twinkling on a hill top presently caught my eye, but I feared it was only a star low down on the horizon. Earlier in the night we had hailed one as a signal fire, and hastened our steps to reach it, only to be disillusioned. Soon, however, I assured myself that it was a beacon, for a tongue of flame and myriad sparks shot up into the night air.

My men were toiling along behind, so I could not tell them the good news, but putting the whistle to my cracked lips, I blew a shrill blast. Soon the sound of shouts reached us, and flickering specks of light wound their way down the hillside. It was the relief party. How delicious it was to quench my raging thirst by sips of cold water, and to have a stream of it poured over my burning head from the great gourds they carried. Twenty-one hours had passed since our start on the previous morning, seventeen and a half of which I had been actually on the move.

Before dawn a large rescue party from camp were on their way with water, food, and donkeys to succour the remainder of my little band, and bring in the abandoned loads. All got back safely with the exception of one poor



*Drawn by*

Water at last.

[A. FORESTIER.]



fellow whose body was not discovered for two or three days. He had either sought shelter from the sun, or wandered in his delirium, for he was lying under the shade of a tree some way from the path, where no bird or beast of prey had found him.

For a day or two we felt worn out and were obliged to rest, but apart from the one unfortunate man who was not discovered in time, neither I nor my followers were much the worse for our adventures.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Across the Murosoka—Bad going—The Athenune Basin—Karamojo hunters—  
 The right road at last—The Tarash Valley—Signs of man—Previous white  
 men in Turkana—My meeting with the natives—An anxious half hour—  
 Peace — Turkana braves — Gramophone entertainment—A war dance —  
 Turkana modes and customs.

It was a couple of days after this trying experience before Nzau brought me the welcome tidings that he had discovered what seemed to be a practicable route into the Tarash, which River he had seen in the distance.

The following day I moved camp to the other head of the gorge, where a fine baboon fell to my rifle. At the side of the stream lay several water pits measuring about 5 feet across, but increasing lower down so that they held a good supply of water. Not only had they all the appearance of being artificial, but, more curious still, the water they contained was on a much higher level than that in the stream bed.

Next day we climbed the mountain side, passed the place where I had shot the zebra, and negotiated a saw-like ridge of rock. Our way then lay in a northerly direction over rising ground, till camp was at last pitched by a rocky pool in the head of one of the very gorges we had visited on our fruitless search for water, a precipice having barred all approach from that side. The day's tramp

had been hard, for we had ascended nearly 3,000 feet from our last camping place, leaving the main safari with the donkeys and cattle far behind.

My next march led me, after an hour's climbing, to the edge of the Athenune basin, a depression, some ten miles wide, lying in the heart of the Murosoka Hills. It was drained by the Poote, in the lower waters of which we had discovered the curious reservoirs. On the outer northern edge of the basin lay the upper part of the gorge, where we had been so cruelly deceived by the dry course of the waterfall.

There were still no signs of a watercourse leading in the direction I imagined the Tarash to be, and I could only conclude that it rose from the other side of the hills to the north-west of the basin. Having discovered a better road to the bottom of the valley than the one I had followed, I returned to my previous night's camp.

For a day and a half, after the safari had joined me in the Athenune, we searched in vain for a passable road over the hills, when, fortunately for us, a couple of Karamojo hunters turned up, and offered to guide us into the Tarash. They led us by a fairly good elephant track up the western side of the basin, but in a rather more southerly direction than I had expected. This, they said, was in order to bring us near the only available water supply. On the march a little black patch in a bush arrested my attention, and just as I recognised it to be the head of a native who was watching us intently, he vanished. After this we kept a smart look-out for fear our guides had arranged an ambushade, but saw nothing further, though that night, for some inexplicable reason, they both disappeared.

I then took the lead, and steering by the compass, made across country for three days, gradually descending some 2,000 feet into the bed of a stream, on the banks of which were numbers of deserted villages. Our path was cut up by many old buffalo and rhino tracks, and I noticed a fresh one of a big bull elephant.

The stream soon joined a larger one, which flowed through a narrow rock gorge, and, in its turn, lost itself in the large sandy bed of a river trending about north-east, and varying in width from 50 to 150 yards. This I thought must be the Tarash at last. At the junction were several large pools from which herds of elephants seemed to have drunk during the night. For an hour I followed up stream, passing more abandoned hamlets, and the remains of a trader's camp, seeing on the way three klipspringer, a striped hyæna, a black-backed jackal, and a herd of Grant, out of the last of which I took a good head.

A search-party I had sent out came back with news of more pools further down the stream. The elephants, they said, had moved westwards, and some of them had seen fresh tracks of natives and their flocks. These I felt certain must have been made by the Turkana, of whose territory the Tarash Valley forms the western limit, although the maps would lead one to suppose that the Karamojo hold sway over this country. The Turkana, I knew, were said to be one of the most hostile tribes in that region, and the few European travellers who had passed through their land had been somewhat unfortunate in their dealings with them. Count Teleki, the Austrian explorer, who discovered Lake Rudolph, was the first white man to get into touch with them on the south-

eastern side of Rudolf in the year 1888. Although he found the natives difficult to trade with, he met with little opposition.

In the year 1896, Bottego, an Italian, marched down from the northern end of the lake, but failed to get into friendly relationship with the natives; they attempted to prevent his men from obtaining water, but when fired at, disappeared.



Turkana men.

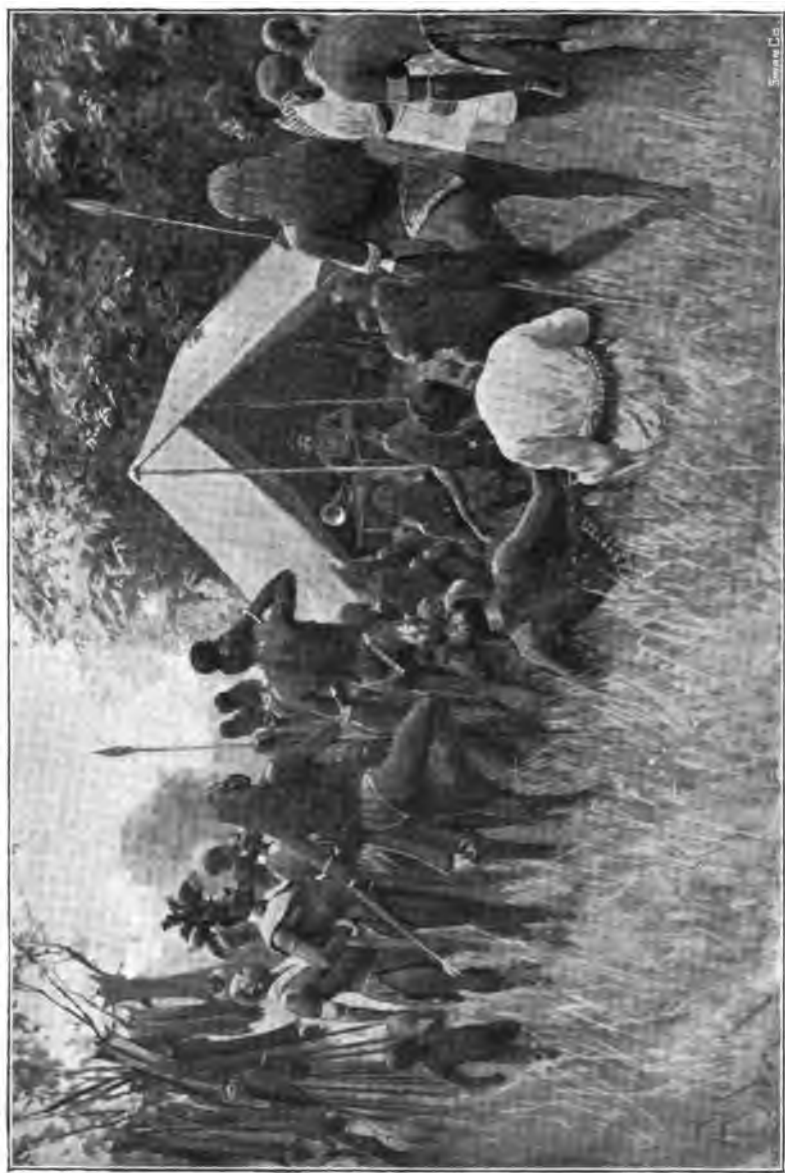
During Major MacDonald's expedition to the Nile in 1898, Major Austin took a surveying party through this country. From the latter's publications it would appear that his party was at first allowed to pass without being in any way molested, and it was not until he had seized a number of their donkeys, being in transport difficulties, and had later on exacted toll from their flocks, that they became hostile, and this in spite of his attempt to pay

for what he had taken. In his subsequent journey from Khartoum to Lake Baringo, in the year 1901, he and his followers were harassed throughout their whole march in the Turkana country, losing from sickness and spear wounds 45 out of 59 men.



Camp on the Tarash.

In 1900, Captain Wellby passed though the country from the south of Lake Rudolf in a north-westerly direction. Although on different occasions, through the stupidity of his men, two of the Turkana were shot, and he found it necessary to take a number of camels and sheep in exchange for other animals and goods, he succeeded



*Drawn by]*

Gramophone entertainment in the Turkana country.

[A. FORESTER.



in maintaining friendly relationships with them, and had no trouble whatever.

My determination was to start well in advance of my caravan, with only a few followers, to meet the Turkana, for I have always considered this to be the best method of creating a friendly feeling with a new tribe, or one little accustomed to white visitors. By sunrise, therefore, I was on my way, accompanied only by three of my men.

Soon the sound of voices and the lowing of cattle in the distance reached me, and on emerging from a grove of fine trees, from which we had snatched boughs as a sign of friendship, I found myself face to face with a great crowd of Turkana. The women were busy watering their herds and flocks from pits sunk in the river bed, a gang of four, one above another, handing up the water in wooden troughs. There was no visible surprise among them at our appearance. They merely drew each other's attention to us, discussing us in low tones, while one tall old man with a huge chignon, evidently the chief, came forward to greet me. Shaking me by the hand, he led me to the stump of a fallen tree in the shade, motioned me to sit down, and then returned to his warriors.

Unconcerned as I hoped I was looking, my mind was not altogether easy. The Turkana's reputation for hostility had been in no wise lessened by the fact that they had recently been responsible for the death of a number of the Austin and Bright expedition.

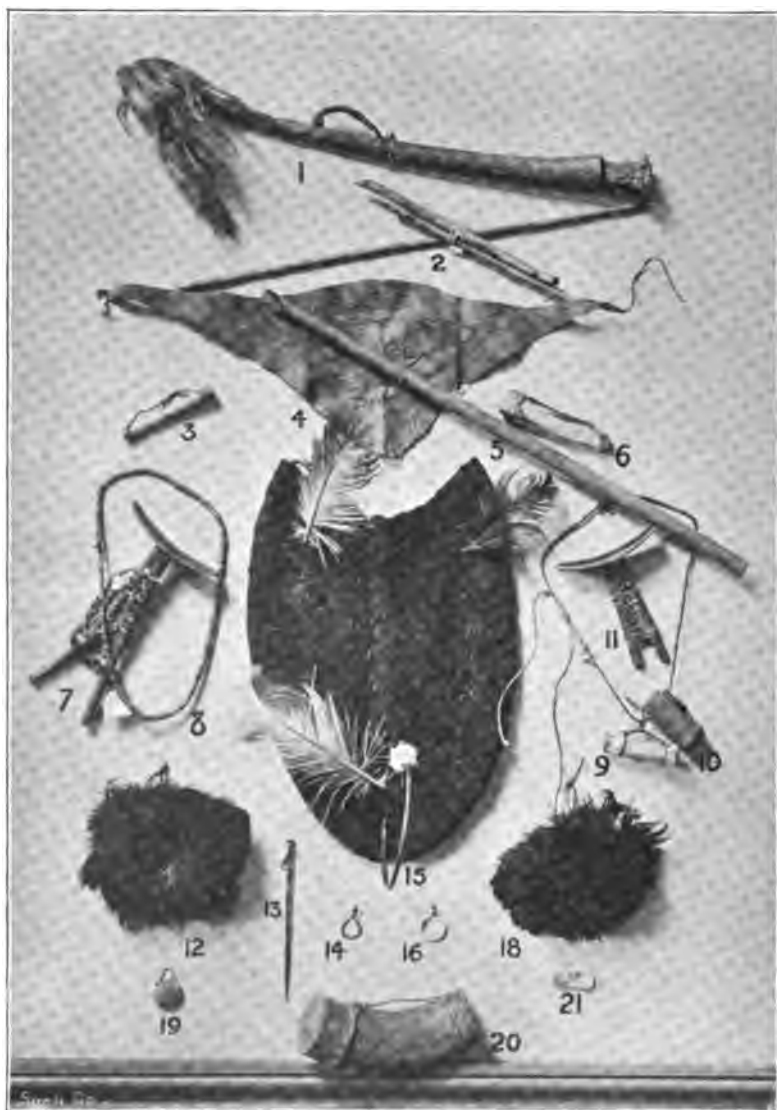
None of my three companions knew more than a few words of greeting in Turkana; Gubei, my interpreter, in direct contradiction to my orders, had not overtaken us, so beyond smiling amiably, I could do nothing to show my peaceful

intent. Gubei was still far behind, and I could see the women and children rapidly collecting and driving away the flocks and herds. This hardly reassured me, and when in addition the fighting men began to gather in little groups under the trees near by, so as to bar our progress if we tried to advance, I feared there was mischief afoot.

I was explaining to my men what I proposed doing should they bare their spear-heads—a sure sign of intended attack—when, to my relief, first one party and then another sauntered away after the herds, led by the old chief. Just as the last band was disappearing, Gubei turned up, and was despatched post-haste to overtake them. He ran after them shouting words of friendship, and as soon as their attention was attracted, threw away his rifle as a proof of his peaceful designs.

His explanation was evidently satisfactory, for the whole of the men soon returned, and a few presents won their confidence to such an extent in this curious stranger with the white face and his body clothed all over, that they sent for the herds to be brought back. It appeared that they were a picked party of fighting men posted there in anticipation of a return raid from the Dodosi Karamojo, from whom, as I had learnt at Manimani, they had recently looted most of their cattle. They eagerly questioned my men as to whether we had seen anything of a Dodosi war party, and they seemed surprised when Gubei described the route by which we had come. It was evidently never used by them on account of its difficult nature.

It was not long before camp was thronged by a crowd of men, women and children, all full of curiosity. I, as the first white man they had seen, was the chief object of



Turkana men's ornaments, etc.

- |                               |   |                                   |
|-------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. War trumpet.               | 8. Waistlet of iron beads.                    | 15. Elder's head-dress.           |
| 2. Fire sticks.               | 9. Ivory snuff box.                           | 16. Ivory lower lip hook pendant. |
| 3, 6. Shank bone snuff boxes. | 10. Snuff wood.                               |                                   |
| 4. Leather apron.             | 12, 18. Head decorations of ostrich feathers. | 19. Brass nose pendant.           |
| 5. Bark flute.                | 13, 14. Brass lower lip pendants.             | 20. Horn feather box.             |
| 7, 11. Pillow-stools.         |   | 21. Razor.                        |



interest, the amount of my clothes creating almost as great an impression as the colour of my face and hands.

When I began to unpack, and set up a "Monarch" gramophone, there was a momentary stampede, but on my interpreter explaining that it was not a machine-gun, nor was it an instrument for the wholesale distribution of curses and spells, they reassembled, and I was soon the centre of a large and admiring crowd of listeners. Whistling pieces, dialogues, and banjo duets appealed to them most; Maurice Farkoa's laughing song from the "Artist's Model" proved the greatest favourite of all, and as it went on, their faces would grow broader and broader till all were in roars of merriment.

After the entertainment the warriors fell in five abreast, danced round camp, and then made a series of sham charges, each man acting for himself. It was a picturesque sight as these tall, perfectly naked savages stamped their feet and waved their spears and little shields in concert. The ostrich feathers stuck in their hair, the curious circular knives on their right wrists, and the flowing tassels of giraffe hair fastened to their left elbows, all helped to make up as weird a picture as I have ever seen.

While this dance was in progress, we tried our hardest to induce one of the elder men to accompany us as guide, but as he demanded a cow (equal there to £30 worth of ivory) for a week's work, the bargain fell through.

Later on, while the women and children drove off the flocks and herds to some secure retreat amid the hills, the warriors bivouacked under the trees on the opposite bank, where, far into the night, we could hear them chanting and carrying on an animated conversation, of which, no doubt, we were the chief topic.

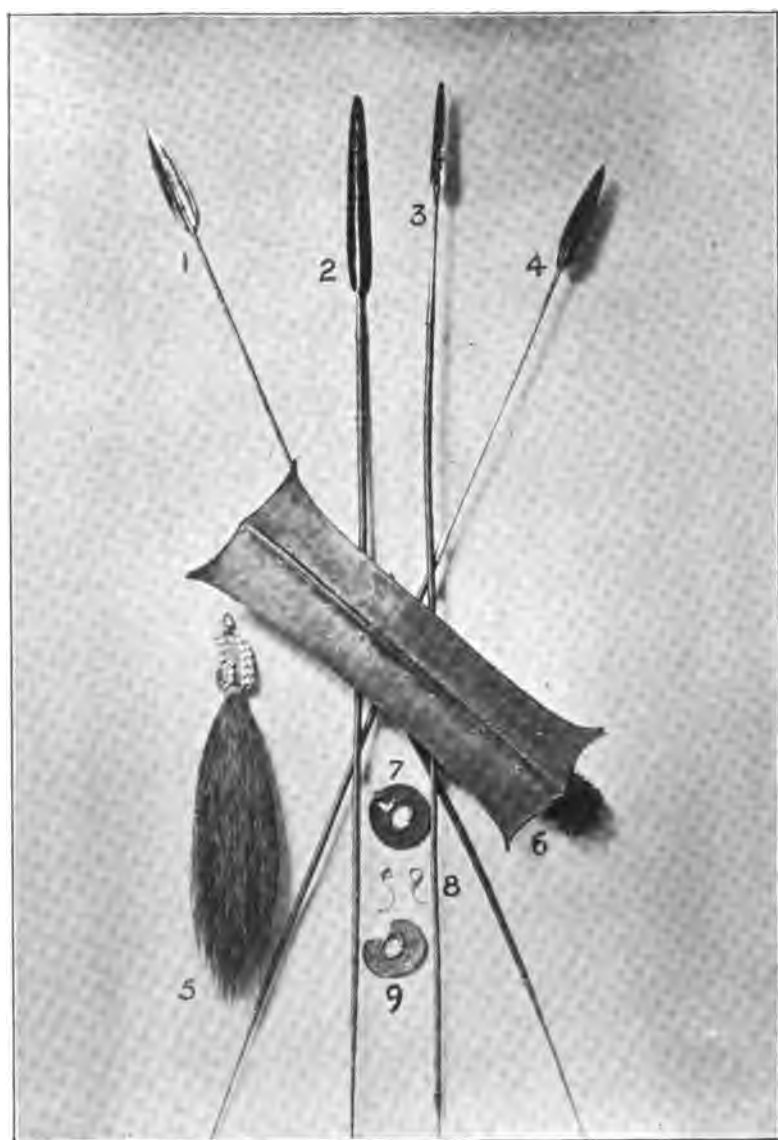
A heavy shower of rain, a most unusual occurrence for that time of year, confirmed their belief that I was a great medicine man. I could not only make a box talk, and imitate animals, but, what was of far more practical use, could call down rain from heaven, whenever I wanted it.

My reception by these people had surpassed even my most sanguine hopes. I was able to secure a number of photographs, to make a collection of their ornaments, arms, etc., and to gain much information on their customs and country.

They are a nomadic people, and by far the greater number of the clans are purely pastoral, wandering from place to place, wherever, according to the season, water and pasturage for their vast herds of camels, donkeys, cattle, sheep and goats are to be found. The tribe also engage in elephant hunting, and formerly had accumulated great stores of ivory, but in the last few years these have been almost exhausted by the Swahili and Arab caravans that have so persistently exploited the country.

The Turkana owe allegiance to no great chief, but are split up into numberless small family divisions, each ruled over by an elder. From prowess in war and successes in trading these elders have amassed the largest number of live stock, can therefore afford more wives, and rear families which outnumber those of their neighbours. The fighting men of these family divisions band together for mutual defence, or for raiding under a chosen leader. Comparing them with men in my caravan whose height I knew, they averaged about 5 feet 9 inches, but the fact of their being well built and entirely naked made them look much taller. Their features are regular, and remind one somewhat of the Somali.

Like the Suk and Karamojo warriors, the fighting men



Turkana weapons.

- |                                 |                    |                        |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1. and 4. Usual pattern spears. | 2. Stabbing spear. | 3. Lad's spear.        |
| 5. Giraffe tail tassel.         | 6. Shield.         | 7 and 9. Wrist knives. |
|                                 |                    | 8. Finger hooks.       |



of the tribe keep a tally of the slain on their own bodies, and continue it on those of their favourite wives. The elders also affect the oval mat-like chignon to be found among the two above tribes, and which has already been described in connection with them. The younger warriors wear a lump of clay and hair moulded closely to the scalp, in which they stick single ostrich feathers dyed different colours, or a big pompom of black ones.

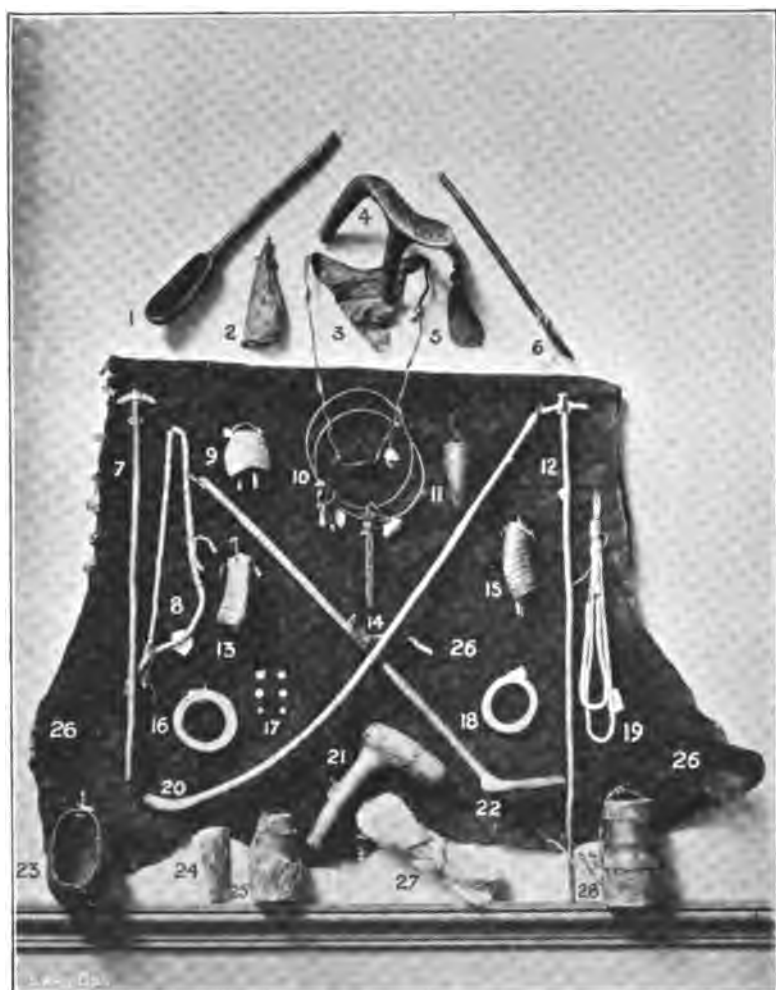
Nearly all the members of the tribe fasten a length of iron chain or a string of beads round the waist, and, in addition to this, many have a little dressed apron some six inches deep behind, and narrowing down to a mere strap in front. These are either left plain or edged with beads. Many of the men wear at least one single necklet of iron wire, while in some cases the bands of wire are fastened one above another to form a high collar. From this is suspended a little lump of elephant fat, which, as it melts, trickles down the chest, probably to keep the skin from getting rough and cracked under the burning sun. Hanging from a leathern thong round the neck snuff boxes, made of small tusks or polished shank bones, may often be seen.

The leading fighting men are distinguished by a tassel made from six or more giraffe tails fastened just above the left elbow. The majority possess ivory armllets, while the right wrist is almost encircled by a knife-circlet, measuring from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 inches in width, the edge of which is guarded in times of peace by a leathern sheaf. On the left hand is worn an iron hook finger-ring for use in a fight at close quarters, in place of the knife-ring common among the Suk. Their weapons on the war-path are shields of giraffe or buffalo hide of the same pattern as those of the

Suk and Karamojo, but smaller, and three or four spears which, to the uninitiated, look like the arms of the two above tribes, although natives are quick at detecting the difference.

The women of the tribe are a good deal smaller than the men, and have not such well-proportioned figures, nor such regular features. Nothing among their numerous ornaments and dress of skins struck me as differing from the Karamojo. Their most popular style of hair-dress seems to be a little tuft on the top of the head, which is well oiled, and twisted into innumerable tiny rat-tail plaits. Besides the household work, the care of the flocks and herds is left entirely to the women and children.

All the members of the tribe protect their feet by leather sandals. They live principally on the milk from their cattle and flocks, with occasional feasts of elephant meat, or other wild animals they may have succeeded in spearing or snaring. Only on great functions are their domestic animals slaughtered for food.



Turkana women's dress, ornaments, &c.

- |                                    |   |  |
|------------------------------------|---|--|
| 1, 6. Wooden spoons.               | 10. Necklet with amulets.                                       | 20, 22. Sticks for herding flocks.         |
| 2, 6. Leather trinket bags.        | 11. Horn lamp.  | 21. Mallet for beating aloes to make rope. |
| 3. Girl's dress.                   | 13, 15. Horn sheep bells.                                       | 23. Wooden bowl.                           |
| 4. Pillow-stool.                   | 14. Magic stick.  | 24. Axe head.                              |
| 7, 12. Spirtle sticks.             | 16, 18. Ivory armlets.  | 25, 26. Butterpots.                        |
| 8. Ostrich egg-shell bead necklet. | 17. Ostrich egg-shell beads in different stages of manufacture. | 26. Skin dress.                            |
| 9. Doum palm-nut sheep bell.       | 19. Ostrich egg-shell girdle.                                   | 27. Aloe fibre.                            |



## CHAPTER XXVII.

A warrior's bivouac—A scorpion camp—An elephant high road—A party of Turkana—The feast of friendship—How they kept it—A Swahili camp—Abyssinian raiders—Deserted loads—An elephant "cemetery"—A pleasant valley—A long and exciting march.

IN the early morning, ere sunrise, we crossed the river-bed, which was normally about 50 yards wide, though in times of flood it increases to 200 and even 300 yards, and judging from the stranded tree-trunks which had evidently been brought down by the torrent, must then be quite impassable.

We soon passed through the fighters' camp, under a fine grove of trees, and a striking picture the men made as they sat or lay around the smouldering watch-fires, supported by their curious little two-legged pillows.

As every now and then a tongue of flame shot up into the air, their long bright spears and sleek dusky skins reflected the light, and we caught momentary glimpses of elaborate head-dresses, tassels of giraffe tails, and shields ornamented with black ostrich feathers, before the fire died down again. Many a stern dark face was raised to gaze at us intently, or to murmur "Marta"—their word of greeting—as we threaded our way round their beds of leaves and grass. Again we endeavoured to procure a guide to lead us to the next party of Turkana, who were

said to be grazing their flocks two days' journey down the valley, but they merely shook their heads.

It was not long before the grove gave place to a sandy plain, dotted with thorn-trees and bush, which towards the river grew thicker to form a fringe along its banks. The waterless line of hills to the east gradually receded to a distance of some five to ten miles, behind which Mount Marapolun stood out clearly against the sky.

We had not gone far before one of the warriors overtook us, saying that he was going our way and would guide us to the next water-pits.

On arrival we found that the natives had all left the previous day, no doubt as soon as news reached them that we had appeared in the district. Our guide then declared his intention to leave us, but we induced him to remain, and to make sure that he did not steal away in the night took charge of his spears.

The new camping-ground was at an elevation of about 2,300 feet, and during the latter part of the night we all found the heat very oppressive. Another drawback was that a large number of scorpions scuttled about in the sand and disturbed our rest.

While marching on the following day through thick bush along the river bank, I hit one of two lesser kudu, which led me a long chase before I finally gave it up.

Two women passing our camp that evening told us that a little further on there was a Swahili encampment trading for goats and sheep.

Our route now left the Tarash Valley and led almost due west, in the direction of Mount Mosuk. From inhabitants of a Turkana hamlet on the way we learnt that large numbers of elephants were in the habit of coming at night

from a big valley lying to the west to drink at a pool near by. A little further ahead we reached this pool, which they called Natapa, and which is fed by a never-failing spring. A broad elephant path leading to it had evidently served the herds for months, and fresh tracks showed that it had been used within the last few days. From a small rocky hill near by I scanned the district on all sides to see



Turkana villagers.

Grant, zebra, and several hares, besides some fresh tracks of giraffe, but no signs of the elephants.

That afternoon my interpreter and the guide had set off to interview some villagers near by, but the Turkana had seized the opportunity to desert, leaving Gubei to have rather a rough time of it among the natives. He had all along proved himself unfitted for his post. His knowledge of the different languages and of the lie of the country was very feeble, and he was absolutely wanting in tact,

two great points in which a good interpreter must excel. He never showed the least sign of fear, but at times his lordly contempt for what the Swahili calls "wild natives" amounted to sheer foolhardiness.

On our next march we followed the elephant road for four miles, and then climbed a low hill in the centre of a valley to have a look round. A careful survey of the country again showed neither the herd nor their fresh tracks. They had apparently all migrated to the north, and we came to the conclusion that the one we had just missed on the Tarash must have formed the rear-guard.

The banks of the river Lomoanoputh, a tributary of the Tarash, which drained this valley, were shaded by fine trees and a good deal of thick bush, in which I spotted first a bull giraffe and then a cow, followed later by two female kudu. As we ascended the opposite bank a bull kudu dashed across the bed and disappeared into the bush that skirted the side we had just left. I hastily followed. A second later I saw one standing at gaze, and it fell to my bullet just 200 yards from where I stood. I think it must have been the pal of the one that had bolted across the river. He had probably come out from his retreat behind a thick clump of trees to see what was in the wind. On the way back to camp dik-dik, hares, ostrich, black-backed jackals and a striped hyæna darted away as we drew near.

When I had explored the valley, we set out to rejoin the Tarash at a point further north than the spot where we had left it.

On the second day, led by a couple of herds-boys we had picked up as guides, we reached the river-bed, here only 40 yards wide, at a place called Arcolonoroc, filled with natives and their herds and flocks. The men at the water

pits shouted to us to move on, but as the next water supply was said to be far away I gave orders to halt there. At this the natives began hurriedly to pack up their possessions and move off, leaving only about twelve men behind. The leader of these had a huge chignon as wide as his shoulders and reaching to the small of his back, and a pair of very narrow eyes drawn up at the outer corners gave him rather



Turkana sheep.

a sinister expression. But we soon became friends. A sheep was carefully selected by them from their flocks, killed with a great deal of solemnity, and as a sign of good fellowship I was invited with Gubei and some of my men to join them in eating the liver, then being toasted over a fire.

As soon as the loads arrived I gave them in return some tobacco and iron wire, when they retired to their encampment with promises to return later. As the afternoon

wore on and they did not turn up, I sent Nzau over to find out what was in the wind, but they promptly warned him to keep off, and stubbornly refused to come near us again. Happily I had managed to secure a good many photos.

In the morning we left the Tarash, which flowed north-north-west, and struck out in a north-easterly direction towards Mount Zunut. A four hours' march brought us to the Swahili camp of which the two women had told us, and which I found belonged to one of the merchants whom we had met at Manimani. They had just arrived from the neighbourhood of Lake Rudolf, where, in December, a large force of Abyssinians had been raiding, and among others had relieved de Silva, a Goanese merchant I had seen at Baringo, of the whole of his ivory. These traders told me that it was a good ten days' march to Rudolf, and from one of their number, who was well up in the Turkana language and had been having a conversation with my two guides, we learnt that four days' journey down the Tarash from the spot where I left it the river empties itself into a lake, which also receives three other streams. In the rains a big river carries these waters into Lake Rudolf.

At this camp they were drawing their water from a clay creek, which held quite a good supply. For the last couple of months they had been without flour, so, as a return present for a fine sheep, I gave them some from my store.

The following day my men held holiday, while I spent my time trying to buy curios from the Turkana in a neighbouring village.

News had come in to the Swahili that the dreaded Abyssinians had reached Toposa, so they set out at daybreak to make forced marches into the Karamojo country, while I started to skirt the southern end of Toposa, thence to march

to Dodinga, where I heard I could purchase flour before continuing my journey to the Nile.

As we drew near the river by which we were to camp, we came across a little Turkana family party, consisting of father, mother, and child, resting under a tree, their possessions scattered round them, the man's spear leaning against the branches ready to his hand. He was full of



*Turkana family party.*

indignation as I strolled over to take a photo, and just as I was snapping it, seized his weapon. Bedoui at the same moment covered him with a rifle, but the picture was by that time taken, and I lowered the binocular to burst out laughing at the mystified expression of the group. They scrambled quickly to their feet and hurried off, the man, who doubtless thought I was working a spell, muttering savagely to himself, and there was nothing for me to do but stay by his property till my safari had passed, for fear

it might mysteriously melt during their progress. When I eventually moved away, they reappeared and took possession of their effects.

While camp was being pitched I found five donkey panniers abandoned under some bushes near by. They were made of a bent wood, laced over with raw leather thongs till they resembled hamper lids fastened together in the form of the letter "W," and contained an extraordinary medley of Turkana luggage, all of which was brought carefully into the verandah of my tent.

With the assistance of a Turkana guide, whom I had secured from the Swahili traders, I examined everything, and had their names and uses explained. Among them were flint flakes for cutting the tally of the slain on the skin ; different coloured clays for smearing the face and body ; the powder, previously mentioned, as used to prevent an elephant from detecting a snare ; little hoof-charms for Turkana girls, and the numerous ingredients of another wonderful magic powder, which was supposed to preserve the flocks and herds from an attack by wild beasts.

In another pannier were native needles of wood and iron, a flute made from the bark of a tree, a razor like a badly-made chisel-head, and a complete series of ostrich egg-shell beads in their different stages of manufacture.

On striking camp in the morning I left the things in the charge of a man whom I could trust, together with a present of wire and beads, on which he saw the owners swoop down as the safari disappeared in the distance.

Our final march to Mount Zunut was dull and cloudy, and at length a steady drizzle set in. Near the foot of the range of hills vivid green patches of grass broke the dried-up surface of the plain, and we found that they encircled a



*Drawn by*

The place where the elephants come to die."

[A. FORESTIER.



number of brackish pools alive with wild-duck, which were skimming in and out among the tufts of reeds in the water. By one of them lay a mass of rock, one side rising sheer out of the pool, while at the back it was broken away, forming a natural staircase. A curious basin-like depression at the top made it a splendid place from which to watch for any animals that might come to drink, and from the signs of fires and charred remains which covered the surface of the rock, the natives had evidently often been successful there.

From the top of this mass, which my guide called Ousereroc, I scanned the country with my glasses. Now in all my journeyings through elephant country I do not think I had ever come across a skeleton of one of these beasts for whose death the guides could not account, and on no occasion did I see two skeletons together. Here I was surprised to find the whole countryside scattered with remains, the fitful sun, as it straggled through the clouds, lighting up glistening bones in every direction.

My guide called this "The place where the elephants come to die," and assured me that it was no fell disease which had decimated a vast herd, as I at first imagined, but that when the elephants felt sick, they would deliberately come long distances to lay their bones in this spot.

I had heard of these "cemeteries" from Swahili traders, who told me they had occasionally found more ivory than they could carry, but I had regarded the story as a myth till here, before my very eyes, lay the proof of its truth.

This place was well known to the Turkana, who regularly visited it to carry off the tusks. However, before we left the district my men found several small ones.

Threading our way between the pools over the bone-

strewn ground, we rounded a shoulder of Mount Zunut, and proceeded up a pretty little pastoral valley to some pools of water in the river-bed. These, unfortunately, proved to be slightly brackish. On the hillside I put up a couple of klipspringer, one of which I secured after a long chase, and later on noticed old droppings of greater kudu.

After this I kept a sharp look-out for these animals, but although old traces of them were to be seen all round, they seemed to have left the neighbourhood. The upper part of the valley was formed by a wild rocky gorge, flanked with a series of big cliffs, at the foot of which lay a number of little pools. I have no doubt that, during the rains, several fine waterfalls and rapids dash over these crags into the vale below.

From the top of Zunut I searched the plain, but saw no e'phants. In two days we reached the low pass which divides Zunut from a ridge running north-eastwards, and is known as Antonia. On the way we disturbed Grant, oryx, zebra, and giraffe, while every now and then the remains of some elephant cropped up along our path.

At six o'clock in the morning we wound our way through the narrow pass to find ourselves in a thick bush-covered valley. Away in the far distance to the north rose Mount Locorina, whose slopes the guide told us we had to reach before we could find water.

We had not gone far before I noticed some elephant tracks of about a week old, and presently the sound of one of these beasts feeding close at hand caught my ear. As the wind was unfavourable I worked stealthily round the other side, and came, first of all, on two cows and a calf. Just as I was creeping towards another a little further off, the noise of my safari reached them and they bore right down

in my direction. As I moved out of the way they crashed from the bush into a little clearing within fifty yards of where I stood, quieted down into a walk, stopped, and faced round on me. There were four cows and two calves, one very small. It was an anxious moment, for I fully expected them to charge, but after standing for a few seconds, to our great relief they moved away.

As we were crossing the dry bed of the stream, we heard an elephant screaming amid the thick bush on the opposite bank, and I sent Bedoui up a tree to see if he could descry anything. His face was a study as, to his horror, he discovered a large herd slowly filing past us within forty yards. We circled round to view two lots as they bolted, but there did not seem to be any big bulls among them.

Soon afterwards I spotted a little group of three standing under a tree amid some long grass. These, too, turned out to be cows.

While I was examining the elephants the safari had been halting some way behind, so I now despatched a gun-bearer to bring them on. Meanwhile I gained the foot of Locorina and climbed to a vantage-ground from which to survey the land. From here I saw a cow elephant and her admirer, which, disturbed by my messenger, made off through the bush till they came on the safari as it was threading its way in a westerly direction across the valley.

The men turned them and back they came, only to encounter my syce and mule. Off they dashed once more, and this time, imagining they were being surrounded, charged straight through the rearmost part of the caravan. The men had heard them coming, and the loads were flung down, while the porters fled in all directions from the terror-stricken animals.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Pick up a fine pair of tusks—A six-horned giraffe—A foul pool—Elephants bathing—A Toposa guide—Shoot Giraffa camelopardalis cottoni—Enter Dodinga hills—Deserted villages—A hostile meeting—Touch and go—A fine race—Strange hair ornaments.

It was nearly half-past four before I rejoined the safari, who had pitched camp in a barren gorge of the mountain after a hot march of seven-and-a-half hours. It appeared that we had reached the southern boundary of the country belonging to the Toposa, who, together with the people of Marangole, were wont to hunt in this valley. The Turkana only penetrated so far when on a raiding expedition.

Our guide's knowledge of the land ahead was distinctly vague, for he said that beyond one pool of water far out in the plain he could remember no other in the district, nor did he know the way to Dodinga. The valley seemed to be full of game, for besides elephant I had seen lesser kudu, Grant, dik-dik and hare, and fresh tracks of rhino, giraffe and oryx.

On an expedition along the foot of Locorina, in an easterly direction, I saw three parties of elephants, but with no big bulls among them, and in addition to the game list of the day before, also spotted zebra and baboon. In a rocky cleft we found a little water, and my men were delighted at picking up a pair of specially fine cow elephant's tusks,

quite undamaged by the weather. These I refused to have anything to do with, for I knew that, in all probability, as soon as I reached a Government Station, there would be any amount of trouble explaining how they had come into my possession. However, the men brought them along.

To our east a great plain stretched away towards Rudolf, intersected by the river-bed we had crossed the day before, winding its way to join the Tarash.

During our next march over the plain in a southerly direction I climbed a little hill, just over the other side of which a giraffe bull was standing only some 100 yards away, and I carefully examined him with the glasses. The blotches appeared to me to differ considerably from those of the Gwashengeshu giraffe, while a very prominent horn over the right eye caught my attention at once. As I was debating whether to shoot it or not, on the chance of it being a new specimen, the animal moved off and settled the question for me.

That night we had to make shift with the filthiest water I have ever tried to drink. It was drawn from what had been a small brackish pool, called Allotte, then so fouled by all the animals, from elephant to antelope, for miles round, that it looked more like a basin of thick, evil-smelling pea-soup than clear drinking water. My tent was pitched barely 200 yards from this spot, among some scanty thorn-trees, at an elevation of 2,350 feet.

Soon after dark a herd of elephants came to drink, and far too close their gambols sounded in the stillness of the night, as I sat at my tent door, nursing my trusty .600, for fear they should take it into their heads to stroll my way.

At sunrise I set out to follow their tracks, but these eventually lost themselves in a net-work of older ones, and

I had to give it up. Just as I climbed a spur on the north-western flank of Zunut, and spotted a big herd away in the distance, a steady drizzle turned to rain, and obscured my view. When at last it ceased I started in pursuit, and nearly ran into a sleeping rhino. On drawing near the elephants I saw there were about forty of them, among them several bulls, but the sun was setting, and as there was no time left for a closer inspection, I started at once for camp. Even then I did not reach it till nearly two hours after dark.

Meanwhile my men had encountered a party of Toposa elephant hunters, who had immediately run away. One youth, however, had been overtaken and brought into camp. His face grew pale with fright at the arrival of the white man, who he imagined meant to carry him off into slavery, but we all did our best to allay his fears, and convince him that if he would only show us the road to Dodinga he would be well rewarded, and would then be free to return to his people.

The number of presents received by our Turkana guide, and his tales of how well we had treated him, did wonders towards pacifying the frightened lad. Although he had never seen a white man before, he soon proved one of the smartest native servants it has ever been my good fortune to come across. With remarkable quickness he grasped my enquiries about the names of the natural features we passed on the way; soon understood, and was able to render valuable assistance in skinning, and showed himself generally handy at camp work. When we had made friends, he told me his name was Loarding, and I received a pressing invitation to visit Toposa, where, he said, a white man had never been seen. Through his father,



Loarding, a Toposa youth.











Giraffa Camelopardalis Cottoni.





Locudur of Nartur Karu, who appeared to be rather an important elder, he assured me a hearty welcome, and promised to himself show me where the best sport was to be found.

According to his account, the chief men of the tribe wear the bag-shaped chignon of the Turkana, but, like the Dodinga, use beads sewn on discs of leather as a decoration. "The younger men," he added, "wear their hair like mine," pointing to a saucer-shaped mass of clay and hair on the top of his head. "Some of us had bead discs, and others a pompom of black ostrich feathers." The rest of his own costume consisted of a brass bangle, two or three small earrings of the same metal, a necklet of beads, and sandals, while his weapons were a battered shield and a small spear. Hook rings and knife wristlets, I learnt, were not common among the tribe.

Authority over the people rests, as among the Turkana, not in the hands of any great chief, but of a number of elders who preside over the various family divisions. Although their chief wealth consists of flocks and herds, they grow a certain amount of cereals. Between the Toposa and the Marangole (whom Loarding called Lotholier) a feeling of good fellowship is said to exist.

Our course now skirted the northern slopes of Marangole towards the Dodinga hills. *En route* we came on fresh tracks of a large herd of elephant, and soon afterwards caught sight of two bull giraffe. Now I had determined to take the next chance of a shot at one of these giraffe, for on looking up my notes, I felt sure that they differed in this district from any I had previously seen. Besides this, my men were getting short of food, and we had to eke out the flour as much as possible. Accordingly I let drive

with the .400. The first shot brought the finer of the two to the ground, and I then hurried on after the elephants.

A smart chase ensued before I caught them up huddled together in rather a restless state in a belt of dense bush. Loading led me close up to them, but they were all cows, so we left them in peace, and returned to help with the skinning of the giraffe. The sixth horn, which I had noticed before, was strongly developed, while the blotches



A Dodinga village.

on the neck, chestnut-brown in colour, were of a far more regular outline than the uneven, darker patches of the Baringo specimen. Another difference was that the spots on the rest of the body were much smaller.

Owing to the difficulties of transport, I was only able to bring back the skull and some pieces of skin, including that of the head, neck, and one foreleg. These were examined by Mr. R. Lydekker and declared to belong to a new subspecies, which he has named *Giraffa camelopardalis cottoni*.

The head and neck I had mounted and presented to the Natural History Museum.

After my caravan had wound its way over one of the spurs of Marangole, Loarding led us to an extensive stretch of tobacco planted by his people on the river bank. Here



The magic tree.

he and my men gathered large bunches of the young tender leaves for their own consumption.

On the 18th March we entered the Dodinga country, the home of a small hill tribe, numbering not more than 300 fighting men, but whose name has been made so familiar by the native ivory trader, that it has been given, on the

map, to a large extent of country over which they have no sort of claim.

Next day we ascended 800 feet along a rough track, from which we commanded a view over a series of open, well-pastured hills. In this district we again saw oribi, and I dropped a good buck. As we made our way up the eastern slope of the Dodinga hills, Lotuke, the lofty uninhabited mountain which forms the southern limit of the range, rose to the south of us.

Along our route lay several small deserted villages, some of them burnt down, others merely abandoned. One of the latter, which I wandered round, contained six large huts and as many granaries, the whole encircled by a strong, rough stockade of branches with the usual small doorway. The huts were circular, the thatch reaching almost to the ground, but not laid on in such pronounced steps as among the Karamojo, while the walls were of stone, wattle-and-daub. From the arrangements of the interior it was possible to form an idea of the lives of the inhabitants. One half of the floor was covered by a raised platform of clay, upon which at night the owner spread his bed of skins.

Inside some of the huts were lying a number of household utensils—earthenware pots, gourds, and calabashes of all shapes and sizes, while others were to be seen piled up in the rifled granaries. Over the entrance of one dwelling hung a sheep-bell made of the nut of the doum palm, a fragment of pottery, and a little piece of root, as charms to protect the inmates from the evil spirits that haunted the village. Each man had lived in his own little compound, fenced round within the main stockade.

In the centre of the hamlet stood four long poles laced together with withes, upon which the hunter, coming back



*Drawn by]*

My welcome by the Dodinga.

[A. FORESTIER.



successful from the chase, would, "for luck," hang the frontlets and jaw-bones of the animals he had killed. This village medicine tree reminded me of Thibet, where every dwelling has the horns and skulls of animals placed near by to ward off evil spirits. The cultivated ground belonging to the villages lay nearly always some distance away, sometimes being a little plateau perched high up on a ridge,



Dodinga head-dresses.

sometimes a clearing in the dense vegetation of the valleys. Good paths connected the different hamlets, but none of them appeared to have been recently used, and without a guide it was by no means easy to find the most direct way.

It was a fertile country which lay before us, and one in which the white man could live and prosper, for much of it was at an elevation of 5,800 feet, and the climate, in consequence, healthy. Large stretches of good soil cover the hillsides, which might easily be terraced and irrigated from

the streams which water nearly every valley. Here flocks and herds could be raised, cereals cultivated, and fruit trees made to flourish. In a word, it is a land where the white man could successfully farm, provided he had a market for his produce.

According to Loarding, the prevailing desolation was due to the ravages of a big Toposa raid, which had taken place the year before, and he made no demur when I picked up the skull of one of his kinsmen which was lying near. This skull I brought home with me, and it has since proved of great interest to anthropologists in this country.

Just as I had descended through thick bush to a stream watering a steep valley, and was giving my mule a drink, the flash of a spear in the sunlight suddenly caught my eye, and I looked up to find the hillside alive with armed men. Loarding at once called out that we were friendly, while Gubei ran forward shouting the Dodinga word of greeting, but their only reply was to yell one to another, and blow their horns as they hurried down the hillside, to gather on a mass of rock almost within spear throw.

They were in full fighting trim and evidently spoiling for a foe, but I followed my usual custom of sitting down unarmed and trying to wear a look of careless unconcern. Gubei had not yet returned to me, while Loarding, as he caught snatches of their conversation, went an ashy grey colour, and implored me under his breath to open fire before they speared the lot of us. Cheering him up as well as I could, I told him to listen to what they were saying, while I shouted some words of Dodinga greeting he had taught me.

They were evidently greatly astonished at the sight of a white man, for I was the first to enter their country, and



A shauri with the Dodinga.  
(My interpreter, the man in the white shirt, was afterwards killed by them.)



they marvelled still more that he was accompanied only by five followers, instead of a band of native soldiers. Gubei's explanation at last seemed satisfactory, or else the weakness of our party disarmed their suspicions.

They came trooping down to us, and I was delighted to see them replace the leather guards on their spear heads, a sure sign that they intended us no immediate harm. They



Dodinga preparing to roast the sheep.

were a splendid band of naked warriors, by far the tallest people I had yet come across, most of them being well over six feet. Like the Soudanese, the majority had two cuts on each cheek and on the forehead.

The most extraordinary feature about their appearance was their head-dress, which was entirely different from anything I had ever seen. The hair was daubed with clay into a matted mass, brought down all round the head like a pudding bowl, and only attached by the hair of the

crown. As this grew the mass became loose, till it looked more like a big bonnet than human hair.

The chief men had the whole surface covered with discs of leather, 1 to 2½ inches in diameter, on which they had sewn, with twisted sinew, white and red beads in a spiral pattern. As the sunlight flashed on these, they had, at a little distance, all the appearance of glistening metal helmets.

Others again wore one or two discs, a single black or white ostrich feather, or a bunch of each, but no made-up pompoms as among the Turkana. I afterwards learnt that they all carried under the hair a fine piece of curved stick or rhino horn, the base often carved and ornamented, with which to stir up the parasites when they became too restive. Without rising, I shook hands vigorously with each warrior as he came up, murmuring the word of welcome of his tribe.

Then followed a long parley as to what I wanted in their country, which ended in their finally accompanying us back by the road we had traversed, till we met the caravan straggling in under the escort of others of the tribe. Here another long-winded "shauri" took place, as a result of which they consented to show us a camping-place. No sooner was this done than they demanded a sheep to roast on the spot and cement our friendship.

For a visitor on arrival to provide a feast for his hosts seemed to me a perverse reading of the laws of hospitality, but as Loarding and Gubei assured me it was the usual Swahili custom there, I had perforce to hand over a small sheep. But this did not suit the natives, who turned up their noses and set their affections on the fattest of my fast diminishing flock. However, when I ignored their request and began to show them the trade goods I wished to barter for flour, they changed their minds and accepted the prof-

fered sheep, which was roasted and eaten on the spot. "To-morrow," they said, "we bring you flour." I was a little doubtful as to the intentions of these gentry, in spite of their promises, and made haste to secure as many photos as the dull misty atmosphere would permit.

Later on Abdalla reported that one unfortunate donkey, while ascending the hill, had been driven off the path by its companions, and had rolled down the slope, breaking its legs and smashing its load.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Killed a good specimen of guereza—Camp in the clouds—Truculent traders—  
 Dodinga dress and arms—A forced march for flour—Donkeys break down—  
 Stores raided by Dodinga—Trouble brewing—An awkward position—  
 Fortified camp—Decide to seize enemy's cattle as pledges.

WHILE my head man next morning was busy laying out his goods for a market, I set off to explore one of the deeply-wooded valleys below us. Along the foot of the steep hillside the watercourse had formed a deep channel, in places so overgrown with creepers and hanging plants that it looked more like a tunnel than an open stream. Swinging about among the branches were numerous troops of guereza, whose curious call I had not heard since leaving the Nandi escarpment. With a couple of shots I managed to bring down a good specimen of them. Every here and there the ground was imprinted with fresh bushbuck tracks.

Before nine o'clock the mist shut down, and we had to grope our way back to camp guided only by the voices of the men.

On arrival, I found that a number of Dodinga men and women had come in with a fair amount of mtama, for which they wanted fat sheep, but they brought no flour. When they were told that we had no flocks to barter, they had packed up their goods and moved off. Later

on they had been persuaded to return, this time to demand ostrich feather and meat, of which we also had no supply, and, as none of our beads met with their approval, for they asked for much smaller red and white ones than any we had, trade did not look very promising. However, they reluctantly consented at last to take iron chain, and a few accepted some iron and brass wire.



Dodinga warriors.

Markets always offer splendid opportunities of studying the ornaments and fashions of the different tribes, and I was very interested in our Dodinga customers. Along the outer edge of the ear they wore a number of little brass rings, and in addition, from the lobe, hung one or two pieces of bent brass shaped like an open pair of sugar tongs. Nose pendants were evidently not popular, for I did not see one among them, but some had a crystal, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, dependent from their lower lip. Round

the neck, in addition to the usual iron and brass wire, each man carried one or two small horns some 3 inches long, made from oribi or bushbuck, and covered with leather. To raise a blast they blew down the larger end, and regulated the note by placing a finger on the hole made by cutting off the tip. Brass armlets and wristlets were very common, while a few had also affected thin round bracelets of ivory. Besides a ring of metal, some were wearing a curious piece of flat horn, which projected from a half to three-quarters of an inch round the thumb. Here and there a man might be seen sporting a narrow belt-like apron of leather, or a grey monkey-skin cloak thrown over his shoulders. These were the nearest approach to clothing I saw among the men of the tribe, and they were unusual.

In common with the Turkana, Suk and Karamojo, the Dodinga brave cuts a tally of his slain enemies on his own skin, and if the record be a long one, continues it on the body of his favourite wife.

As among the Turkana, a select few of the leading fighters were distinguishable by a handsome, much-prized giraffe tail tassel, fastened above the elbow by a loop of leather, neatly ornamented with kauri shells.

On the war path the warriors carry one large stabbing spear, and two lighter ones for hurling at a more distant foe, all ornamented with tufts of hair or feathers near the head and hilt. Besides these many have knobkerries with a short haft, and an iron head in the form of a cotton reel. Their shields of giraffe-skin are made on the Suk and Turkana pattern and measure 41 inches over all, the lower end of the mid-rib like stick being ornamented with a fine pompom of black ostrich feathers. None of

the men with whom I came in contact carried bows and arrows, nor were there any knives or hooks for wrist or finger to be seen among them.

The women had a regular pattern scored on their bodies, often in the form of a star, and not wishing to conceal this adornment, had contented themselves with a miniature skin apron and a strip of leather down the back as a costume. Their heads were shaven, with the exception



Dodinga fashions.

of a little round patch on the crown, this, covered as it was with a mass of short, curly locks, looked like a small black cap. Brass ear-rings, and round ivory bracelets, such as those worn by the men, were popular among them, besides necklets and bracelets of wire. Their prominent teeth and inverted lips (in the lower of which hung a thick crystal pendant) reminded me strongly of the Masai; but even among the very young women the lithe, graceful figures and regular features to be found in Masailand were

nowhere to be seen. They are all inveterate smokers, and while waiting for their husbands to complete a deal would pass a pipe from hand to hand.

The smaller girls dressed their hair differently from the women, leaving either one solitary tuft over the forehead, or else shaving the whole head. Some of them had miniature aprons of ostrich egg-shell beads, strung sideways to form more of a fringe than the ropes of beads affected by the Karamojo. Others had substituted iron beads, and wore in addition two or three strings to match, hanging down behind like a Karamojo woman's tail.

The language which most of them spoke was similar to Turkana, but among themselves they broke out into a dialect which my men were at a loss to understand.

Round my camp possessions there was always an eager, inquisitive crowd, and my metal whistle, the field glasses—the use of which, to my astonishment, they soon grasped—the ticking of my watch and the spring measuring tape, interested them keenly, while the few who strolled up to my tent were taken with my folding chair, and stood spell-bound when I showed them how “the magic” of my lantern and matches worked.

The results of the market proved very unsatisfactory, for the natives had brought scant supplies, and demanded prohibitive prices. However, they told us of a larger settlement across the hills, further to the south, where a more extensive area was cultivated and we should be likely to obtain flour.

Next morning we set off across the hills. The guides promised us of course failed to put in an appearance, and we had to find our own way. Presently we reached a very steep dip, and lost a good deal of time in fruitless

search for a road fit for the transport animals, but finally we had to unload them and carry the goods across ourselves. Meanwhile a pair of bushbuck were seen working their way up the opposite hill, and I followed in their trail, only to lose them at length in long grass.

Again we pressed onward, till some large grey monkeys,



Dodinga women.

of the species from whose fur the Dodinga make their cloaks, caught my eye. I was particularly anxious to secure one of these, and was watching them intently, when a bushbuck emerged from a clump hard by, and I fired, dropping it with my first shot. At the report there was a commotion in the coarse grass close at hand, and a second later a big grey monkey dashed away.

I followed it for some time, but the dense undergrowth and long grass spoilt my chance of a shot. My luck was better with a big troop of guereza we came across, for I secured a good specimen. The syce who recovered the body found that the animal was a female, with a tiny monkey clinging to its fur.

The cries of the little mite brought back the troop, who peered through the branches with a woe-begone expression that was almost comically piteous. It was evident they were anxious to come to the help of their little comrade, but fear of us kept them at bay. The plucky little chap bit and fought savagely for a time, but gradually quieted down to a plaintive whine. It was not long till he became quite a pet in camp.

By a lucky chance we struck the safari path, and found the tents perched on the spur of a hill, with the only water available lying far below us at the bottom of an almost precipitous cliff.

The journey thus far had been up-hill work for my laden men, so, before going further, I sent Gubei ahead to find out how far off the reported villages lay. It was not long before he reappeared to tell me that in about an hour's march over a good level road we could reach the first of a group of inhabited villages, surrounded by large stretches of cultivation. We stood much in need of flour, so, in spite of tired donkeys and jaded men, I decided to shift camp next morning, in the hopes of soon replenishing our supply.

When, quite early, I set out to make a short detour in search of game, some of the donkeys which had been driven down to water the night before had not yet scrambled back to camp. The batch of men whom I saw start

made light of their loads as they strode off along the well-timbered path, for the hope of plenty of flour, milk, and other luxuries to be bartered from the natives, made them forget their weariness, and lent wings to their feet.

My morning's work was fruitless, for, although I saw several troops of monkeys, I did not get a shot. When I struck the path again, it led over a low pass, where I was



An inquisitive crowd of Dodinga.

surprised to see little cairns of quartz, such as one finds on every mountain pass in Tibet, formed by each passer-by adding his quota to the pile for luck's sake. Every now and then a burnt or deserted village cropped up along my path.

Instead of coming on camp almost at once as I had expected, I had to make a march more difficult and longer than that of the day before, the path in places being as steep as the roof of a house. Most of the donkeys had

broken down, and the caravan I found scattered over miles of country.

At last, after seeing the loads of the unfortunate beasts under Abdallah's charge collected and stacked together, I reached the foot of the hills, where large stretches of ground were cleared and under cultivation, while villages were dotted about the lower spurs. Here were three more of my men, in charge of seven of the best donkeys that had successfully made the descent.

My next misfortune was to lose all trace of the direction in which the safari had gone. After searching for some distance to the south without result, I imagined I saw tents rising from the scrub under the hills, which proved to be the case. It was late in the afternoon when I reached camp, pitched in a confined valley, commanded on three sides by high hills, which were crowned by stockaded villages, while, worst of all, the only possible water supply lay some distance further on. A good many natives were stalking round with cattle and goats.

Two men and four donkeys soon straggled safely in, and close on their heels came another follower to report that a party of Dodinga had suddenly fallen upon him, seized the three donkeys he was driving, cut the ropes, and carried off their loads. The animals had then been turned adrift, and the man had recovered them. He was full of excuses, saying that there were hordes of natives round him, and he was afraid to offer any resistance, but was at a loss for an answer when I asked why he had not fired his rifle in the air as a signal that he needed assistance.

It was plain that we were in for trouble. Among all these native tribes theft is punished by death, while a



A Dodinga couple.



raid is requited by a counter raid, unless the injured party feels too weak to retaliate. There was no doubt, therefore, that the Dodinga fancied they had me in their power, and it was imperative for me to undeceive them, lest they should grow bolder and attack with a view to annexing all my property.

More bad news was soon brought in. Nzau, it seemed, had not yet left the previous camp, where he and three men were detained with five loads, as the four transport donkeys were too done up to travel.

The ten donkey loads were still lying on the path where I had had them piled up, and one donkey, while pushing his way past the heap, had knocked a box of beads over, which, bumping down the hillside, had burst open and scattered half its contents to the four winds. Gubei then added his tale of distress to the rest, to the effect that the natives had no flour to sell.

Here was a hopeless state of affairs—my men and goods in three places miles apart ; the natives spoiling to plunder us, and likely at any moment to commence hostilities, and camp in as awkward a position as it was possible for it to be. All this was entirely due to Gubei's lies and laziness. He had apparently merely strolled a few hundred yards from camp on the previous afternoon, smoked a pipe, and taken his ease for a time, to return to me and draw on his fertile imagination.

To think of retaliation was folly, till the men and goods were collected. I therefore despatched as many porters and armed men as I could spare to Nzau and Abdallah, telling them to keep a sharp look out throughout the night, and to march in as early as possible in the morning. Meanwhile, I took every precaution to guard against surprise and

prevent theft, and made such preparations for defence as would not excite the natives' attention.

Early in the morning I started building a zariba of the stoutest thorn bushes procurable, and also tried to do a little trading for flour. A good many Dodinga came into camp, but none of our trade goods seemed to commend themselves. Finally they said they would accept meat. When I had one of the few remaining bullocks killed, they demanded the whole carcase for about 50 lbs. weight of grain—the usual exchange for a sheep. Doubtless they were reckoning that they would shortly get all we had for nothing, so that trade was unnecessary. I therefore ordered the meat to be cut up into strips and dried for the use of my men.

Nzau presently turned up, having shot the four donkeys that were unable to travel, and he was shortly afterwards followed by Abdallah who had collected a good many of the spilt beads. Part of the goods that had been stolen from us the day before had been discovered among some bush, but much had been carried off, including two sacks of our fast ebbing supply of flour.

As evening drew on, I had all the tents carried into the zariba, while the donkeys and cattle were driven into an inner enclosure, which we had also edged round with thorns. By this time the men were all in, and after dusk I called a meeting of the guide, interpreter, and head men. From the attitude of the Dodinga it seemed very probable that, should we march away without forcing the return of the goods they had stolen, they would follow us up and loot our possessions whenever opportunity offered, even if they did not become openly hostile.

In addition to this danger, if the word went forth that

I could be robbed with impunity, it was more than likely that we would have trouble with the hill tribes ahead of us. As a result of a long and careful discussion of the case in all its bearings, I decided to seize some of the Dodinga cattle to hold as a pledge, till the stolen property, or its equivalent, was forthcoming. To this end it was arranged that before dawn four parties should sally out and drive in all the animals they could lay hands on.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Successful sally results in capture of 300 cattle—Water difficulties—We take a prisoner—A blood-curdling prophecy—Strengthen our defences—Night attack—Negotiations re-opened—Karamojo boy wounded—Attack renewed—Water party ambuscaded and nearly cut up—A demoralised crowd—A cheerless day—Long-range sniping—We march out—A fearless Masai girl—Welcome water.

THIS sally, when carried out, was such an unexpected move on our part that 300 head of cattle were captured and brought into camp without casualties on either side, save for one native who had dashed in and suddenly attacked my men when they were well on their way back to camp.

In the course of the morning a water party successfully carried out its work, and returned bringing one prisoner with them. On the journey back a band of natives had made a feeble attack at close quarters from the shelter of a mass of rock, but they had been easily driven back.

By this time crowds of Dodinga had assembled on the hill-tops overlooking our camp, not without much tootling of horns and general commotion. When the hubbub slightly subsided, my interpreter opened negotiations by appealing to their feelings in a fine burst of rhetoric. He described how his master, the white man, had come to their country in a spirit of friendship, to see them, and

to bring many goods they prized, to trade for flour ; how all his good intentions had been met by base and dastardly conduct on their part ; how he, in his mercy, instead of at once killing many of them, as he easily could, had merely seized their cattle to hold in pledge for the stolen goods,



Our Dodinga prisoner.

and how, even yet, by returning those goods and paying a small fine of grain, they could regain possession of their cattle, and the incident would be closed.

It was a most eloquent effort, but the sole answer we received was a babel of derisive and insulting messages, with much abuse of Loarding, who had once lived in their

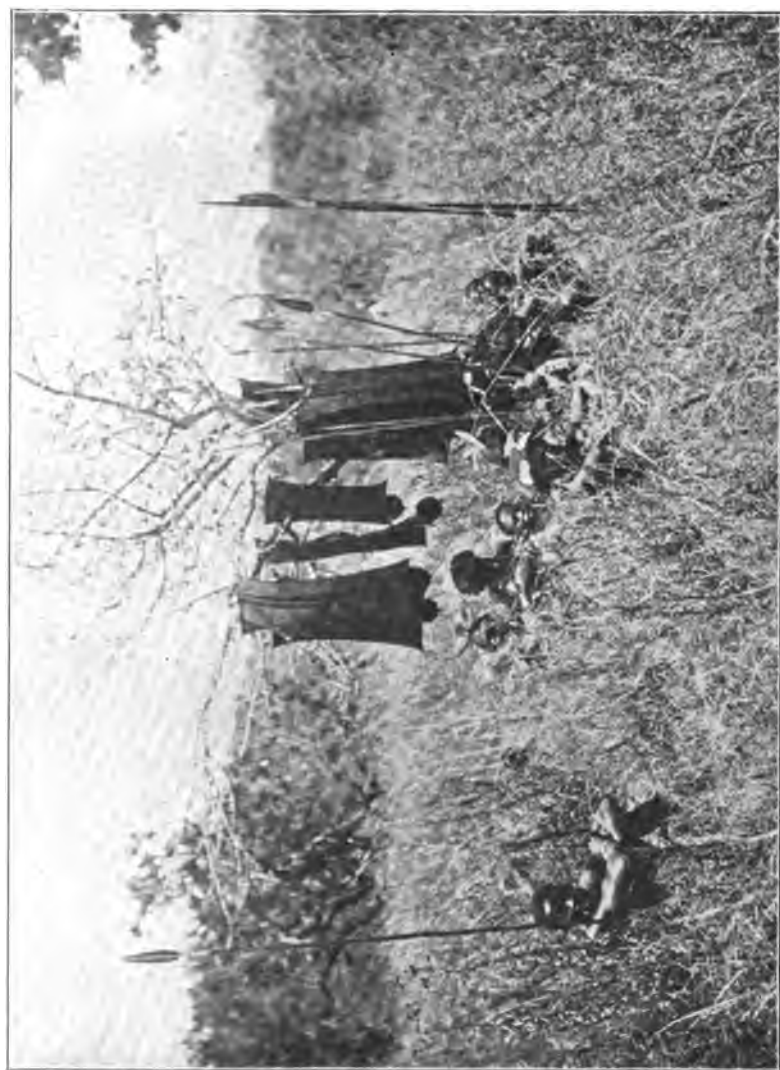
country, and Orquarbo, the prisoner, for their disloyalty. "Only wait till nightfall," one sportsman shouted, "when we will come down and wipe you out. On the morrow the vultures will be picking your bones while we divide your property, you thieves of the night."

On the strength of this cheerful intelligence I thickened the zariba, extended the clearing outside, made the inner enclosure more secure to prevent stampede among the cattle, and had the bells removed from their necks.

By sunset all the tents were struck, fires were out, and the men were posted round the outside of the inner zariba, one-half under the charge of Nzau, the other under Abdallah. They were arranged in pairs, so that they could alternately keep watch and sleep, and each man had a couple of boxes in front of him to act as a breastwork. The remaining loads had been piled up in a small circle, inside which the sick, boys, and women were to sleep.

The little guereza monkey proved rather a trouble, for it was not content unless nestling up beside me, or riding on my shoulder, and cried piteously every time I had to leave it. My bed was placed close to the inner zariba, and I sat behind it, Männlicher in hand and revolver in belt. When I went round to see that all was in order I impressed upon the men that, in case of the enemy successfully forcing a hole in the zariba, they must maintain their positions, and not all rush to the spot, leaving the remainder unguarded. Meanwhile I, with a bodyguard of two gun-bearers, meant to keep general supervision and to go to the aid of any place hard-pressed.

While I was talking in low tones to my head man, a spear came hurling through the air, and buried itself in the ground just behind me. We instantly ducked, and



The enemy watching us.



took cover in different directions. There was no moon, and we had to trust entirely to sound to tell us the whereabouts of our enemy. Then the fun began.

From the three hills we could hear the Dodinga approaching, blowing their little horns, which are the national instrument of music. With defiant shouts, telling us that we had all seen our last sunrise, they began the



The cattle we seized.

attack by hurling stones over the outer barrier, but they fell short of the mark, and perfect silence was maintained in camp.

Emboldened by this, they then tried to force a gap in the zariba, but as soon as the rustling of the bushes was heard my men opened a rapid fire on the spot, and they withdrew. This went on at intervals throughout the night. A period of absolute silence, much more trying to the nerves than actual attack, would be succeeded by a

stealthy attempt to drag away the thorn trees, then a sudden volley and scrambling rush of feet, then dead silence once more. Later on they drew off to light a fire, within cover of the steep banks of the river, just out of range, and from the din they made they were apparently holding a long, animated shauri. In the midst of this, evidently with the idea of finding us off our guard, they made a sudden swoop on to the zariba, but I had taken care that the men were not asleep, and the enemy met with a warm reception as soon as they attempted to disturb the outer bushes.

At daybreak we repitched the tents, while a party fetched a supply of water, and later on all our beasts and twenty of the best Dodinga cows were driven down to water, without the slightest opposition.

Although a search outside the enclosure did not reveal any blood traces, our rifle-fire had evidently created some impression, for when we again opened negotiations, pointing out to our enemy that they were powerless to do us any injury, and were very likely to get hurt themselves, we were so far successful that they agreed to return our property, and to collect for us the grain I demanded as a fine. On the receipt of it I promised, in my turn, to hand over their cattle, and as they seemed to doubt my good faith, I proposed that they should bring the goods down the hill-side, one by one, when I would let out a cow or two for each.

However, later in the day a strong reinforcement of men from the first settlement we had come to arrived to assist them, and we could see a great shauri in progress on the hill-top. Towards evening, when we were making a final effort to bring them to reason, there was a sudden



*Drawn by*

**Fight with the Dodinga.**

**[A. FORESTIER.**



yell, and I saw an unarmed Karamojo boy stagger towards us with blood pouring down his side. With two or three men I quickly ran to him, rifle ready, but was only just in time to see some half dozen Dodinga vanish into the jungle without giving us time for a shot. We assisted the wounded lad into camp, and found he had a cut on his forearm, a deep gash above the hip, and the sinews of his right palm had been severed in his attempt to grapple with a spear.

He said he had wandered off, some little distance away, to collect fire-wood. Just as he was stooping to pick up the bundle, a Dodinga ran up behind him and struck at him with his spear. As I had repeatedly impressed upon everyone that they were not to go out of sight of the zariba, nor even to move out of the enclosure except in parties and well armed, the poor fellow had only himself to blame for so foolishly courting disaster. The immediate effect of the attack was apparent. The Dodinga from the hill tops shouted the good news across to the two other villages, the inhabitants of which set up a chorus of triumphant yells, in which the shrill voices of the women could be distinctly heard.

After leaving us in peace for the first part of the night, in the hope of lulling us into a feeling of false security, they tried to force the zariba, but rifle shots once more did their work, and kept them at bay. Later on, a Dodinga from the spur of a hill made us an impassioned address, warning us that death was about to claim us for his own, and calling on his fighting men to spear us to a man. Then followed two more desperate attempts to break the hedge, but each was driven off.

About seven in the morning, the water party started

out under the charge of Gubei, with ten other rifles as escort, but as they did not return at their usual time, I began to get anxious, and sent some men to look after them.

Soon afterwards we were alarmed by the sound of shots in the distance, so the donkeys and cattle were driven in, and camp was put in a state of defence. After a few minutes of suspense my men appeared. They were all huddled in one party, and even some distance off I could see, from the wild way they were letting off their rifles, and the absence of all gourds and water-vessels, that some disaster had befallen them. Our first care, when they came in, was to unload their rifles, for they were in such a demoralised state that they were still blazing off right and left.

It was some time before I could get an intelligible account of what had happened. Apparently, contrary to my orders, they had all moved up the stream-bed, chattering, and taking no precaution. Suddenly a number of Dodinga, who had been lurking behind some big rocks close to the water-holes, sprang out and poured in a shower of spears. Gubei and an askari were struck down at once, and were left to their fate by the remainder, who, throwing away their water-pots, gourds and blankets, turned and fled, helter-skelter, retaining only their rifles and cartridge belts.

Though closely pursued, two or three luckily recovered presence of mind enough to seek cover and open fire on the enemy, keeping them at bay till their comrades withdrew. For a moment the Dodinga were checked, but they soon came on again, and my men had been closely pressed. Several of them had received spear cuts, and but for the

timely arrival of Abdallah and his party, matters would have gone hardly with them.

I proposed returning at once, with those of my men who had not been in the first party, to endeavour to recover the bodies of the fallen with their rifles, and secure a supply of water, as we had but a mere drop left in camp. With the exception of three men, I was met all round with a stubborn refusal to move. They said that they were prepared to go without water that day, and that we must march out of the country next morning. Considering that, even if the four of us were able to reach the water in safety, we could not carry enough back to do any good, while, during my absence, the Dodinga, elated with their success, would have been almost certain to make a bolder attack on my men, who were not in a state to present a brave front, I reluctantly agreed to adopt the course suggested.

The rest of the day was spent in arranging the loads. We had lost four donkeys, two men were killed, one was so sick with fever that he could hardly stand, while several others were either seriously wounded or too disabled to carry more than a very light load.

The distribution of the baggage, therefore, was no easy matter. A few of the quietest Dodinga bullocks were pressed into service, and finally the stuff we could not carry, including the two tusks we had found at Locorina, was destroyed.

Except for the impounding of the cattle, we had hitherto acted strictly on the defensive, but matters were now so critical that all scruples had to give way to whatever measures would enable me to withdraw my sixty-five heavily-laden and demoralised men from the narrow bush-covered valley in safety.

With this end in view, I determined to give the natives a lesson. Numbers of them were, as usual, watching us from the hill tops at a distance of between 600 to 800 yards. Taking my Jeffery Männlicher, and allowing a very full-sight—for it was only sighted up to 500 yards—I fired from under the verandah of my tent at one of the groups.

They scattered at once, and I felt sure my bullet had not been very wide of the mark. When with my glasses I detected a native creeping back among the rocks, to raise an inert mass and stagger away with it over his shoulder, I knew, with a feeling of grim satisfaction, that I had shot straight.

The effect this shot produced entirely surpassed my expectations. My men who had given themselves up to despair, and did nothing but picture their speedy death, began to regain courage, while the natives were now extremely careful of exposing themselves to my fire. At dusk I arranged all the loads ready for our start as soon as day should break.

After dark, to the accompaniment of much horn-blowing, masses of the enemy again came down the hills and surrounded camp. First of all they proposed that in the morning I should drive out all their cattle, take half myself, and leave them the other half. When I declined to fall into this obvious trap, they invited Loarding and our prisoner to come out and join them, as they meant to exterminate us all as soon as we started. Loarding did not see his way to accept this invitation, while Orquarbo, to his sorrow, was not in a position to do so.

Things seemed to me to look very uncertain. In spite of all my careful arranging, there were very few unladen men left

to act as escort, and I felt sure that, if the Dodinga had the pluck to make a determined attack in the thick bush, my men would at once break and run, leaving me, and perhaps one or two others, to the rude mercy of the savages. I therefore spent the greater part of the night writing my diary and various notes home, in the dark. These I dis-



My safari leaving Dodinga.

tributed among the men, in the hope that, if we got cut up, at least one of them might reach its destination.

Having apparently settled to their satisfaction that we should prove an easy prey directly we broke the zariba, the enemy drew off, and left us in peace for the rest of the night. The little monkey had been sadly neglected for a day and night ; there was no milk and water to give it, and it had been whining most of the time : in the small hours of the morning I found it lying dead on my bed.

As soon as dawn showed, we started to load the donkeys. I tried to put as much heart into my men as possible, by going about everything in a business-like way, talking about our next camp and so forth, although very doubtful myself whether we should ever see another. Most of them had been thirty-six hours without water, and were utterly unnerved; their teeth were chattering and they could hardly grasp their loads.

To ensure our prisoner's faithfulness, I explained to him that we meant to march out of his country; if we were attacked I should shoot him off-hand, and if he led us to a waterless camp, my first business would be to hang him—a death peculiarly abhorrent to a native. I then posted him in charge of an askari at the head of the column, together with Nzau and two other armed men. Behind them came the laden donkeys in charge of two followers, then the cattle, followed by the women and the sick and wounded. The laden porters were to march in a long string on either side, every man being armed with some sort of weapon, while, expecting the toughest fight in the rear, I, with Bedoui and Zedu, took charge of it. I myself was fairly heavily laden, for besides my .256, revolver and the usual supply of ammunition, I carried a large reserve store, for I had every intention, should the enemy rush us, to account for as many as possible, before devoting a bullet to myself.

Having no spare men to drive the Dodinga cattle, they, with the exception of twenty we had selected, were to be left behind, in the hopes that their owners would hasten to take possession of them, and so give us time to get clear of the bush. Just as we were about to start, I found the wounded Karamojo lad, whom I feared would hardly

survive the march, trying to single out a good Dodinga cow to drive along for himself.

At last the caravan was ready, and, breaking the zariba, we moved out. Crowds of Dodinga at once swooped down from the three hills, brandishing their spears, shouting and blowing their horns. Happily our surmise proved correct, for the majority first made for the abandoned cattle to quarrel and bicker over them.

As we pushed on, dark forms ran along in the bush on either flank, evidently meaning to head us off, while others dodged about from tree to tree behind us. Whenever I could make one out, I let drive and must have done some damage, for they drew further off. We had not covered more than a few hundred yards when a donkey threw its load, and we found our way barred by a strong thorn hedge built right across the valley.

It was anxious work. Every moment I expected we should be attacked, as I ran from side to side, shouting orders to my men and taking aim at any Dodinga I saw. In the commotion some of the cattle broke out, to be followed and driven back by a fearless Masai girl, who, all along, had shown more courage than the men.

The barrier broken, we got safely through, and found we were approaching the deep bed of a river, where any number of the enemy might be lurking in wait. Nzau showed no signs of scouting, but stuck close to the head of the caravan, so that any minute we might have walked straight into an ambush.

The only thing to be done was to reconnoitre myself, so I arranged the men in a circle behind a breastwork formed of their loads, and went forward, but saw nothing suspicious. After this I took the lead, and soon we were

fortunate enough to cross a marshy bit of land holding some pools of water, at which the men were able to slake their raging thirst.

As last, on getting clear of the bush, I saw a couple of sentries perched on a hill in front of us, at the further end of which our guide said there was water, and a good camping ground. Fearing that he might be in league with the enemy, and that some of them were lurking round it, I climbed the slope to survey the land, taking four men with me.

There was nothing to be seen. Leaving one man on the watch, the rest of us descended a little, and I carefully searched all round with my glasses. Suddenly there was a low whistle from my sentry, and I ran back to him, just in time to see a couple of Dodinga, who had been creeping up under shelter of the rocks, hoping to catch us unawares. On my arrival they disappeared.

It was hard work getting a zariba completed before night-fall. The men were worn out with their march and three nights' vigil, and every now and then I had to go round to stir up sleepy sentries.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Reach the Kedef River—A tropical camp—Good sport—The doum palm—The Mielli people—A sensible Sultan—The marketers—"Who is the man in the gramophone?"—Buying a head-dress—Visit the Sultan's village—A queer agricultural implement.

CAMP was astir at daybreak, after a night of unbroken stillness. The first thing I did on coming out of my tent was to take a long shot to warn a couple of Dodinga sentries, posted on a hill overlooking us, that we were still on the alert. The sun had just risen when we took up our former positions for marching, and started out across the Kedef valley, as the Dodinga call the upper waters of the river Tu. Bearing away to the east we pitched our tents near the bed of the same stream which we had left in the morning.

At this camp Loarding asked leave to return to his own country. After a farewell talk, I offered him his choice of a cow and calf out of the herd, but he declined, saying that the enemy would be sure to dog him by their tracks, even if their lowing did not betray him before he was safe in Toposa. However, he was made very happy by a present of some iron and brass wire, tobacco, dried meat, a little of our precious store of flour, a knife and a cow bell, together with a fine spear and shield, making in all a load almost too heavy for him to carry. In addition,

I wrote out a letter recommending him to any European whom he might meet in after years. This he carefully treasured in a tin.

Next day, at an elevation of 3,250 feet, we reached the wide sandy bed of the Kedef, in clay pockets along the sides of which lay large shallow pools of water. The course of the stream wound its way through a belt of doum palms and tropical vegetation, behind which, on either bank, stretched a broad fringe of rich grass.

My sick men and half-starved donkeys and cattle were sorely in need of a rest, so I decided to halt here for a few days. In the meantime I set to work laying in a store of as much dried meat as possible, for we could be by no means certain of a friendly reception among the various hill tribes we had to pass through, before reaching the domain of Limoroo, the Latuka chief, who was well known as the white man's friend. Until we arrived at his territory, we would still be traversing unknown ground.

Five days' work up and down the valley afforded me good sport with hartebeest, waterbuck, bushbuck, Grant's, duiker, dik-dik, warthog, oribi and lion; besides which giraffe, rhino, ostrich, topi and reedbuck were numerous, while guinea-fowl and hare proved useful for the pot.

One night a troop of lions made across the bed of the stream, here 90 yards wide, evidently bent on attacking our cattle; but the watch-fires kept them at bay.

Early next morning I took up the tracks, and eventually sighted a lion skulking off from under a tree, over 200 yards away. Then, with the glasses, I made out two or three sitting watching us, and, opening fire with the .256, felt sure that one bullet had told. Away they dashed, I after them as fast as I could go, till one beast lagged a

little. I let drive at it, but missed, and my quarry broke into a trot. The next moment another lion showed. My first shot only raised a cloud of dust behind it, but the second was better aimed, and the bullet must have struck the leg, for on reaching the track, we saw that one was broken. As the beast was dragging itself along very slowly, I left it, to race along after the others.



The banks of the Kedef.

It was by this time nearly mid-day and terribly hot, the sun-baked ground being almost blistering to the touch. At last I came on the troop resting under the shade of a big tree and tried to crawl up to them. Before I was within 200 yards, they rose to their feet and slunk off one by one, passing round the back of the tree and giving me but a momentary chance before they vanished into some thick scrub.

There seemed to be five of them, all about the same size and without manes. As each crossed the little clearing, I managed to put in a snap shot at it, and fancied that two of them had felt the bullet. One track was stained by a few drops of blood, and, not far along it, the animal lay crouching ready to spring. Another shot, a few convulsive struggles, and it rolled over dead. Covering it up with grass and branches, we set off in pursuit of the others, but could find no trace of the remaining wounded beast. Then we turned our attention to the one with the broken leg, but finally lost the track and, after a fruitless search, came on a little rocky pool which, parched and weary as we were, we hailed with great delight. At this spot, after a time, my second gun-bearer joined me to say that he and the syce had stumbled across the wounded lion, lying very sick under a tree, and that he had finished it with a shot from the Paradox he carried. The country was so featureless that, while leading us back, he became completely bewildered, and it was some time before we discovered the body. Both the slain beasts proved to be young males, fat, and in the pink of condition.

The fruit of the doum palm was now ripe, and day and night one could hear it falling with a thud as the trees swayed in the breeze. It is of a bright yellow colour, measuring about 6 inches by  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . The leathery skin contains a thin layer of fibre, embedded in sweet, somewhat sickly tasting, yellow pulp, while in the centre three large nuts lie concealed. The natives use these for making sheep-bells for their flocks. Large troops of baboons had been attracted to the spot, and it was comical to watch them, when disturbed, each carrying a big yellow fruit in his

mouth, which he would put down every now and then to turn and bark at us.

By this time Orquarbo, our Dodinga prisoner, had grown quite reconciled to his lot, thanks to a course of good food and kindly treatment from the men. Through Loarding he had informed me that his family possessions consisted of "three cows, two wives, two sons, a little plot and two daughters." Happily for him his cows had not been



A live Grant.

amongst those we had seized. On the sixth day he led us south-west towards a low mountain range where he said a hill race named the Mielli grew grain crops and traded with safaris. On the way we passed a herd of some thirty giraffe. As we neared the range, I could see that the upper slopes, here steeper, and clothed with larger trees and less scrub than in Dodinga, were dotted with villages. Presently dark figures armed with

glittering spears collected on the hillside to watch our approach.

In spite of our shouts of greeting and signs of friendship, no one offered to come near us. I then called my men together and solemnly warned them that everything depended upon our reception by this tribe, and that the slightest act on their part might turn the scales against us, or win us the favour of the natives. Should the latter prove hostile, it was extremely doubtful, I said, whether any of us would ever see the Nile.

Search parties were sent out but failed to find any water. At last, late in the evening, Nzau returned with three Mielli, who had, after a great deal of persuasion, reluctantly consented to approach me. They knew neither Karamojo, Turkana, nor the Arabic dialect common to the Upper Nile, so that at first we had considerable difficulty in understanding and making ourselves understood. At last one of the men brought his wife, a Karamojo woman, to act as interpreter, which she did during our whole stay. A few presents soon helped the party to forget their fears, and they promised to lead us to good water in the morning.

That night, after building a thorn zariba for the cattle, and piling up the boxes in a ring, we lay down, our rifles ready at hand, as I was not over confident of the good fellowship of the Mielli.

Next morning no natives came near us, and it was not till about midday that my second gun-bearer returned with a couple, who led us an hour's march to a little cultivated bay close under the hills, with water lying in a gorge above it.

In the evening the "Sultan," Amyun Gomoj, clad in a gaudy printed red cotton shirt, and carrying a muzzle

loading carbine, paid me a call. At first he was a bit wary of his dealings with us, but during the days spent by his village, we became great friends. He told me that his people had never before seen a white man, but he had often heard, from native caravans, of the European and his marvellous power. Friendly relationship existed between him and the Dodinga, six of whom had come across to warn him what a vile character I had proved myself to be. I had seized their cattle, they said, killed their tribesmen, and wounded many at a miraculous distance—a distance, in fact, as great as that between my present camp and his village. They had therefore urged him to fall upon us and cut us up without mercy.

The Sultan, however, replied that he had heard tales of the white man's goodness, and he meant to see for himself what treatment I deserved. He had evidently questioned them closely, and when they admitted the theft of some of my donkey loads, had told them they had only got their deserts. The excuse they made for robbing me was a curious one. I was the very first European they had seen, and, reasoning from the known to the unknown, their line of argument apparently was that, as the Swahili wore clothes, was a poor fighter, and quickly intimidated, therefore I, who wore still more clothes, must be even easier to bully.

As a preliminary measure his people had driven all their cattle away into remote fastnesses among the hills, while the Sultan admitted having assembled all his fighting men, ready to fall on us at the least sign of hostility on our part. For a native who had had no contact with the outer world he had shewn remarkable reasoning power, and I was not a little thankful that my various search parties,

after a long and arduous day without water, had behaved so well.

This was the first native tribe I had met with who were in possession of fire-arms, of which they had a good number, both muzzle loaders and sniders. According to their accounts they were in the habit of acquiring these from native traders, in exchange for cattle.



· Mielli men.

From sunrise to dusk our market was thronged with curious villagers, while trade went on briskly. The trade goods we found popular were fezes, americani, iron and brass wire, iron chain and very small white and red beads. Looking glasses would, in all probability, go extremely well. The Sultan spent most of his time squatting in my verandah examining the marvels of my rifles, telescopes, alarum clock, shutter of the lamp, etc. Photos of the Suk

taken at Baringo puzzled and interested the marketers a good deal, but the gramophone was the chief object of wonder and strange conjecture, the whistling and laughing songs being, as usual, by far the most popular. One of the audience wanted to know who the man in the box was,



Mielli head-dress.

and what he had done to me that I should imprison him like that. Another wondered if I fed him, whether he were ever let out, and how long he was to be kept there.

As a race the Mielli are not nearly so tall nor so dark as the Dodinga: the height of six men varied from 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet 2½ inches. Most of the men had

the tally of the slain tattooed on the arms, chest and back, in addition to various fantastic designs on the stomach. A good many wore iron necklets, while the most popular ear-rings were of the "tongs" pattern, first seen among the Dodinga, who, it seemed, traded theirs from this tribe. A little bit of mother of pearl hung by a ring from the upper part of the ear struck me as a novel, and rather neat, ear pendant. There was nothing distinctive in the way of bracelets and armlets; a wrist knife was here and there to be seen, while the thumb rings, with a projecting piece of metal, were affected by a great many of the warriors. Men and women alike wore long crystal lower lip pendants. Their hair was dressed in the same fashion as among the Dodinga, but very few of the warriors decorated it with the bead-covered discs. From the pattern in which these beads were arranged it was possible to recognise to which tribe the wearer belonged. In Dodinga I had only been able to secure some of the discs, as there had been neither time nor opportunity to shear off the complete head-dress from one of the men we had slain. I was therefore very anxious to procure one here, and eventually, after three days steady bargaining, with the assistance of the Sultan, I obtained a very good one from the smith of the place, Quarnarmi, in exchange for a calf and a cow bell. In addition to this I secured some small personal ornaments, including a number of scalp scratchers with neatly carved handles, which they were anxious to part with for a few brass screws out of my packing cases. It was not long before I saw some of these screws being worn as lip pendants. Some of the youths had girdles consisting of ring after ring of fine twisted grass fastened so tightly round the waist that the lad from whom I purchased one had to

be well greased before it could be got off without being broken.

The women struck me as being decidedly better looking than the Dodinga. Very few of them were clad in skins, most of the matrons sporting only leather thong aprons, while the girls made theirs of ostrich egg-shell beads.

In this district again a rain shower followed close on my



By Amyun Gamoi's village.

heels and did me good service. It caused an increase, not only in my popularity, but, what was far more practical, in the supplies of grain brought in, as the sellers began to build their hopes on a prospective good crop. Since the drought of 1901 they had taken care to have a store by them, for in that year a failure of the harvest had caused the death of nearly one-half of the population. In their extremity they had sent to the Sultan of the Maranole,

a tribe lying further to the west, to obtain a charm for rain, and as soon as it arrived a shower fell !

Another trifle that rather impressed the tribesmen in my favour was my success on a little shooting expedition in their country. On this occasion it was my good fortune to spot and bag a capital specimen of kongoni, whose meat I handed over to the natives as a small present.

Soon after this the Sultan invited me to pay a visit to his village, and came himself to escort me to it. As we wound our way up the steep hillside, by means of a narrow path, fringed on either hand by fine thorn trees, rich in masses of blossom, the air was laden with the sweet, though heavy, perfume of the flowers. The village, surrounded by a rough palisade of boughs, was perched on a little saddle-shaped projection on the slope. A partition ran across the enclosure, one side of which was devoted to the use of the cattle, while on the other stood the three big huts and some granaries. Amyun Gmoi told me that his first wife was dead, but called number two, a little thing with a smiling face, out of her hut. She came out leading a tiny daughter by the hand to see the great white man, but the child not appreciating the honour, howled loudly.

Just outside the palisade lay the common forge of the hamlet, built on the Kavirondo pattern. Quarnarmi, who evidently bore me no malice for having over persuaded him to part with his hair, informed me that he made all the spears for the tribe out of iron brought from Lodokari, a place lying to the south. He himself possessed the best pair I saw. They were smaller than those of the Dodinga, especially about the haft, but of the same shape. The shields were mostly very old, and in poor condition, and

several of the men were anxious to secure one of those I had taken from the Dodinga, in exchange for a spear. Quarnarmi also showed me the curiously shaped hoe used by the Mielli, consisting of a 12-foot pole, and an iron head like a cheese-cutter. This both breaks up the ground and cuts the roots of the grass and weeds. Later in the day I tried to wield one of these implements, to the accompaniment of chuckles of merriment from its owner.

When I set out again for camp the sun was just setting, and the rugged outline of the mass of rock behind the village was clearly defined against a golden sky. The villagers were returning from their work in the fields, and nearly every one of them, as they passed us, exchanged a word or two with their Sultan.

Once he stopped to chaff a pleasant-faced woman and to tickle a chubby urchin strapped to her back, who, sucking his thumb, turned up his little round black face to smile, and even allowed the terrible white man to pat his cheek without protest.

The men were carrying shields and spears, while the women were heavily laden with bundles of firewood and the heads of the hoes, the staves being left behind in the fields. One happy couple were loitering behind, in nowise anxious to shorten their evening stroll. They were chattering and laughing merrily, but the girl looked just a bit sheepish as she passed us, carrying her lover's shield.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Leave the Mielli—A rhino mounts guard over a dead antelope—Poor shooting—Lori, a fertile valley—A friendly people—Visit from a neighbouring chief—The origin of the tribes—A suspicious ruler—The Maranole tribe—My dealing with a dilatory Sultan.

ON April 11th, under the guidance of the Sultan, we left Mielli, and after a four hours' march in a north-north-westerly direction, reached a mass of rock in the plain with a good pool of water beside it. On the way I killed a snake that lay curled up close to our path, and bagged several dik-dik, of which there were a good number roaming about the bush. I also saw a large herd of hartebeest in the distance, but did not get near them.

That evening a man turned up to relieve the Sultan of his duties as guide, but he seemed to have a very indifferent knowledge of the land, for the safari was led far out of their way to reach the next water. Judging from the tracks, giraffe, rhino, Grant's, hartebeest, duiker, dik-dik and zebra were plentiful in the country, and from a fresh lion kill I picked up a good lesser kudu head.

Our next camp was pitched on a creek in sight of some low hills, with a high rocky range appearing behind them. The whole country teemed with game, and I decided to spend a couple of days there, sending Nzau on over the hills to interview the Tulono, as the people are called who in-

habit the Lori Valley, on the western side of Mount Egadang.

When I was returning from a short round in the afternoon, I saw through the bush the hindquarters of an animal which was grazing close to camp, and took it for one of my cows. In a moment, however, I was undeceived, for the animal suddenly threw up its head and made off, just giving me time to recognise it as a fine waterbuck.

During dinner I could hear lions roaring not far away, and at intervals they broke the silence of the night. Unfortunately it was impossible to get near them. There was not a good tracker to be had ; game was so abundant that the beasts never seemed to return to a kill, and the country was well-wooded enough to provide them with a secure retreat.

A couple of giraffe, which were feeding quietly in the open one morning, gave me an excellent opportunity of examining them. As far as I could judge, they were of the same species as those I had shot on the Koton plain.

That same day I had another little encounter with my old friend, the rhino. On my return from finishing a wounded antelope I found one of these old rascals holding the field, with my men sitting at a respectful distance watching him anxiously.

As I approached the animal walked slowly off, stopping every now and then to take a look at me, and finally halted at about 200 yards from where the dead beast lay. He had a poorish horn, and my men did not particularly relish rhino meat, but at the same time I did not feel inclined to await his convenience before cutting up the beast I had slain. In addition to this, there was the old difficulty of the bad moral effect it would have on the Tulono if they

should hear that the white man had been driven off his hunting ground by a rhino.

The land was absolutely open, and the moment I began to draw near the rhino, he turned and faced me. Anxious to place my first shot before it charged, I fired with the .400 at about 200 yards. He spun round and made straight for me. Three other shots failed to stop him, and it was only when I let him have two solid bullets from the .256 at close quarters that his four legs gave under him.

As he was stumbling about trying to regain his feet, I jumped up and gave him his quietus. His hide was covered with half-healed spear-wounds, and these, no doubt, accounted for his surly temper.

Four or five Tulono came to escort us to their village, and led us across the bed of the Kedef, which was there 80 yards wide, through a pass in the low line of hills, straight towards a double rock-peak which they called Lowruer.

On one side the range bounded a large basin of fertile soil, most of it watered by the little perennial stream Lori, from which the valley derives its name. The greater part of the land was under cultivation. The villages were dotted about the lower slopes of the Egadang hills, of which the twin peaks formed the chief feature.

Our march then continued northwards towards the head of the valley, through numbers of little gardens where the natives were hard at work, the men with their spears and shields resting against a neighbouring tree. Most of the women only wore a small leather fringe apron, and little naked children were often playing beside them.

Lopolo, the youthful Sultan, and his uncle, Keato, the Regent, were sitting under a tree awaiting our approach,

and rose to greet us. They were both of them well clothed and armed with rifles. In the course of our conversation, I gathered that the Dodinga had thrice raided the place, killing the people in the fields, and carrying off what flocks and herds they could lay their hands on. I afterwards learnt that the Tulono did not possess as many rifles as the Mielli.



Tulono men.

The people were friendly, and before long I was on intimate terms with them. Some of the men wore the pudding-bowl head-dress, but of rather a different pattern to that of either the Dodinga or the Mielli. A very large majority, on the other hand, had the head closely shaved, with an effective band, formed of numerous strings of white beads relieved with red, tied round the forehead. Others, again, had adopted a style which I had never come across before.

The hair was shorn, except for a patch on the crown, which was edged with a circle of small bones. In front of this rose a cone-shaped lump of matted hair, with a warthog's tusk fixed upright behind it.

The women either shaved their heads entirely, or allowed the hair to grow to a length of about half an inch, and clipped this round the edges to leave a point over the forehead. Many of them were elaborately tattooed about the body. The married women seemed to be very well treated by their husbands, and were, relatively speaking, rather costly in this district, for, as in all the neighbouring tribes, a wife could not be purchased for less than ten cows. One cow, by the way, is the trade equivalent for two bulls, or fifteen sheep or goats.

Among the ornaments new to me were a pair of plaited leather bracelets, hung with little iron bells, which I saw on the arms of a woman, and another of twisted iron, with the ends bent round like a pair of pincers, belonging to one of the men.

Men and women alike came to market smoking their pipes, made in the district, with baked clay bowls and reed stems. Much of the grain for barter was brought in neatly-woven string bags of all sizes. The articles of exchange most in demand were powder, bullets, percussion caps, fezes, and brass and iron wire. Beads were quite at a discount. Needless to say, our customers procured none of the three first-named articles from my safari, although they offered a large gourd of flour for a single percussion cap.

On the day after my arrival, when trade was making rapid progress, there was a commotion among the villagers, who hurriedly began packing up their flour and making off,

while messengers were darting about the hillside above us. Presently the booming of a drum and the sharp tongue of a bell were heard, and my glasses revealed a large band of men winding their way towards us across the eastern hills. These, we gathered, were a deputation from Lorika, Sultan of the Maranole, a more powerful tribe, living in the next



Tulono marketers.

valley, who owned allegiance to Limoroo. They were evidently coming to visit me.

It was plain that my hosts were growing more and more uneasy as the long line of men drew near, many of them clothed and carrying rifles; at the head of the column floated two large flags. I withdrew to my tent, had boxes

arranged as seats in the verandah, fell in a guard, and sent Nzau to meet them.

They presented a queer spectacle, for the various "uniforms" were, to say the least of it, unusual, including, as they did, a coachman's livery with some of the crested buttons still on it, a frock coat with the collar turned up, a cut-away black morning coat, and flowing garments of fancy muslin, with weird designs. This last struck me as being a most unsuitable costume for warriors in a thorn-studded country.

The two leaders, Lodomomo and Loringamoi, were clad in khaki jackets, baggy cotton trousers and fezes. On arrival they fired a shot or two as a salute, and then formed up in two lines to present arms in a method peculiar only to themselves.

After we had exchanged greetings, I offered them potions of lemon sparklet in the verandah, and listened to the news. Lodomomo, it appeared, had once accompanied a trader's caravan to Mumias, spoke Swahili well, and was full of talk. He said his tribe had heard from the Mielli of the way the Dodinga had treated me, and that the Sultan, Lorika, had at once ordered him to come and offer assistance. The proposal was that I should join hands with him, march back to Dodinga and deal out full punishment. To this I demurred, on the grounds that my cartridges were running short, while the Dodinga would certainly be expecting attack, and would have removed their cattle into the hills, out of harm's way.

A couple of years back, Lodomomo went on to tell me, the Tulono had killed two Swahili porters, whose death Lorika had avenged by a raid on the offender's cattle, and the wiping out of some seven of his men.

It appeared that Lori and Lobu had at one time been under the same Sultan, but there had been an eruption in the little state, and after one or two encounters, Lopolo's father had succeeded in declaring his independence. The Dodinga and Oboya were two sections of the same tribe, Lodommo assured me, and they had inhabited the Dodinga hills as long as could be remembered.



Lorika's askaris.

It seemed that, with the exception of the Mielli and one other tribe, with whom they were in the habit of trading iron-work which they could not manufacture themselves, the Dodinga maintained a perpetual feud with all the surrounding peoples, even although most of their enemies possessed fire-arms. Small wonder that, at first, they showed such contempt for my weapons.

To my enquiry whether the Kedef Valley, which had

appeared to me so fertile, had ever been inhabited, my informant told me the following myth :

Long ages back the peoples of the world all dwelt in peace in the Kedef Valley, until on one dark day trouble arose among them. Hatred grew apace ; they began to smite each other with sticks, and then these were sharpened and hardened in fire. At last one division discovered iron, made little spears, smeared them with poison, and fell on their brethren, who were driven out to found other tribes.

The contents of my tent were objects of far greater curiosity to Loringamoi than to his more travelled companion, who had seen something of the world, the white man, and civilization, and only deigned to take an interest in my rifles and gramophone. Their visit became rather a tax upon my resources, for I had to provide a feast, not only for the two leaders, but also for their followers.

In the morning I hastened their departure, for the Tulono were evidently very suspicious ; there was hardly a single one of them to be seen, either in camp or in the fields. The band made rather a picturesque sight as they marched off in a long line, flags flying, the drummers beating with all their strength and skill, while two cow bells were clashed together to complete the symphony.

Then the "colours and the band" halted, while Lodomol led the askaris round me in a circle, and Loringamoi darted about armed with a very small spear and a rhino whip, to aid the men in keeping their proper distances. Now one man and then another would break from the ranks, raise his gun in the air, and squib it off with a little pinch of powder ; that is to say, if the cap did not miss fire, of which the chances proved to be about even.

As soon as they had gone, I sent for Keato and Lopolo,

to find out why their people had vanished. With a little reluctance they admitted they had feared Lodom and I were concerting measures for a raid on their cattle ; and, therefore, for safety's sake, the herds and flocks had been driven off to the hills. In a short time their confidence returned and the villagers reappeared.

Lodom had assured me, in the course of con-



Lobu Valley.

versation, that there were more facilities for purchasing flour at Lobu, so that, although the supply at Lori was by no means exhausted, I made up my mind to move on in the morning.

Traversing the north-eastern jungle-clad corner of the valley, we made for the same hills we had previously crossed further to the south. Soon the Lobu Valley, some 3 or 4 miles long, stretched away at our feet, almost shut

in by the main ridge and its spurs, while nestling at the foot of Egadang lay Lorika's village.

It was not long before he and his two men came into camp to pay me a visit. He was an elderly man with a slight grey beard, clad in a striped cotton shirt and a blanket draped round him as a skirt. A crystal pendant hung from his lower lip, while his closely-shaven head was covered with



Maranole head-dress.

a fez. When he was younger the Swahili had given him the nickname of Tumbo (stomach), which still clung to him, although his waist measurement was now nothing out of the ordinary.

The head-dress of many of the men, other than the askaris, who wore fezes, was of the pudding-bowl pattern, but scalloped out in front and brought down much lower at the back of the neck. It was usually adorned by a couple of brass discs clipped into the hair over the temples.

Very few of the men affected the bead discs. One was sporting a dainty little straw hat fastened by a string under his nose. The neatest things I noticed about their possessions were pillows made of bent wood, drawn together by chains and twisted thongs.



A Maranole mother and daughter.

Although numbers of the tribe spent the day in camp, no flour was brought in, and my enquiries were always answered with the excuse that the women were busy grinding it ready for the morrow. Their water supply was drawn from a curious natural reservoir, a great cavity in a mass of rock,

which they said was kept full, even in the dryest season, by subterranean springs.

The Maranole spears were very varied ; some of the men carried a pair of the same pattern as the Turkana but with smaller hafts and hilts, while the majority went armed with the large stabbing weapons common to the Dodinga, in addition to two or three small ones without hilts for throwing.

The best part of a day was spent in searching the bush of the main valley for game, of which I saw duiker, oribi, black-backed jackal, lesser kudu, and Heuglin's, besides the two-day-old track of a lion and some rhino bones.

On my return I found only one and a half bags of flour had come in, and, as the natives had been asking prices considerably higher than those current in Lori, the Sultan received a piece of my mind. I pointed out that I had quitted the Tulono where supplies were rapidly coming in on the strength of Lodomos's assertion that I should be able to procure them far more quickly in his country, while Nzau added that although, when his men had come to visit me, they had brought me nothing, I had feasted them royally, besides giving them handsome presents. " This is a curious way to treat such a big white man," he continued sarcastically.

Lorika remained unmoved, until I casually remarked that I did not think much of a Sultan who was unable, in three days, to produce as much flour as a petty chief like Lopolo could in three hours. This was too much for his dignity, and he began an impassioned harangue to Lodomos, who gave us the gist of it in Swahili. It was to the effect that surely such a great man as myself need not be in such a hurry, and although his poor country had but little

to offer, he hoped I would favour it with a longer sojourn. If I really wished to depart, on the morrow he would see that unlimited supplies were brought to my camp. However, I curtly intimated that in my country the greater the man the quicker his behests were obeyed. I had waited long enough I said, and I meant to leave early next morning ; but, in order that his name might not



A Maranole coiffeur.

appear little before Limoroo, I would leave Nzau behind to purchase what supplies might arrive.

Meanwhile I filled up the rest of the afternoon snapping some photos, including one of a hair-dressing incident. In this a man, with painful care, is picking over another's head-dress with a needle, to raise the surface of the hair from the clay in which it has become embedded.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Lorika on his mettle—Limoroo meets me—Photos tabooed—Logguren rock and its hamlets—Human spittoons—I secure some portraits—Brass helmets “growing”—Search for greater kudu—Tarangole—A queer way of returning gifts—A suspicious tribe.

LORIKA came over early in the morning with some flour for me, for which he received a return present. Then I started across the valley, past the north-west spur of the encircling hills, from which I took a panorama of the Dodinga and Oboya range. Almost directly afterwards three oribi dashed past me, and the one at which I fired stood quivering for a second or two, before throwing itself into the air and falling back stone dead.

That night we camped near Magguren, a large rocky pool in the plain, between which, and a prominent dome-shaped mass of rock in the main ridge, lay much cultivated ground, with villages dotted about the lower slopes of the hills. On our arrival many of the natives came to touch hands with us, one of them carrying a bow and four arrows, all with different shaped iron heads, but no feathers. Another had a well-made wooden war horn, covered with leather. Many of them wore a single large disc of beads on the hair near the front. In the evening they clustered together under the shade of some trees on a flat-topped

rock rising on one side of the pool, in order to watch our doings.

The night was very sultry, and a number of hawks, that had gone to roost in the trees, kept up a continual screeching till dawn, when a heavy rain-storm flooded camp, badly damaging the contents of some store boxes and a bundle of skins. Later in the day Nzau arrived with the news that Lorika had produced so much flour that his store of brass wire became exhausted, and that, finally, he had been pressed to carry away the remaining sacks for nothing.

In another march we arrived at the foot of Mount Obira, where nearly all the men had their faces slashed in the Sudanese fashion. One of them I noticed was wearing a thick, cast brass bracelet studded with bosses. In the morning the head man turned up with a quantity of tembo (fermented liquor), flour, and grain for sale. He insisted on my buying some of the provisions before he would show us the way to Logguren, Limoroo's village ; but this done, he managed to lead us fairly straight, in spite of being still rather exalted as a result of his night's potations.

About eleven o'clock a couple of askaris met us, and a few minutes afterwards Limoroo himself appeared. He was a tall, powerfully built man, dressed in dark, thin trousers, a good bit too short, a striped flannelette shirt, a great coat and a fez, with a tall-crowned, narrow-brimmed grey felt hat thrust on top of it. One attendant carried a pair of red leather shoes and socks, while another, the only armed man among them, had a rifle and bandolier.

Limoroo's village, inhabited by some thirty of his fifty wives, consisted of tall haycock-like huts, lying at the foot of Logguren, a huge isolated mass of rock. Just beyond

this my camp was pitched. The Sultan was very much taken with a little Martini rook rifle, but it was plain, from the couple of shots he fired, that his markmanship was distinctly indifferent. Photos fell rather flat on the natives, but Ward's "Horn Measurements," with pictures of the animals' heads, aroused great interest.



Logguren Rock.

To a lot of Limoroo's wives and little ones who came trooping down to camp I gave bits of chocolate, which they handled with extreme caution, even after I, nothing loth, had eaten some of it myself to prove its harmlessness.

I found that Limoroo had just returned from Gondokoro, his first visit to a Government Station, where it seemed he

had met with scant courtesy. Moreover, according to his account, in return for a gift of two fine elephant tusks, he had only received an old coat and a few other insignificant trifles. He told me that never again would he set foot in Gondokoro, where apparently the official did not know the difference between Latuka's Sultan, who could put 10,000 spears in the field, and a trader's porter. From Macdonald



Latuka children.

he had evidently always met with his due, and it seems a pity that this man, who has invariably treated Europeans with every respect, and whose influence extends over so wide an area of country, should have felt himself slighted, when a little tactful attention would have encouraged his loyalty to the white man.

To my suggestion that I should take photos of Limoroo and some of his ladies, I was met with flat refusals, on the

grounds that once before when he had been "done" no rain had fallen, while his wives feared it might ruin their prospects of a family. Happily these objections did not hold good with the boys and girls, of whom I secured one or two groups, as well as of the village madman, who was



The village madman.

dancing about with a unique and scanty costume of strings of beads dangling over his face.

In the evening I climbed the Logguren rock, the steep well-worn sides of which had grown so slippery with use that I had great difficulty in keeping my feet. But Limoroo took the greatest care of me, holding my hand all the way up.

As we wound our way along the narrow lanes, through straggling villages and detached groups of huts, each with its granaries surrounded by neat fences, the inhabitants flocked out to greet their Sultan. One old fellow came up, seized him by the hand and spat vigorously on it, evidently



A village on Logguren.

as a sign of homage and good will. As in Masailand, spitting seemed to be a sign of great respect among the Latuka, for I often noticed that when Limoroo wished to spit, many eager hands would be thrust out competing for the favour of being used as a spittoon, and the lucky one would rub it into his leg with every sign of satisfaction.

In one hut at the top, where unceasing watch was kept,

lay the war drums, ready at any moment to roll out the call to arms for the people of the villages we could see scattered about the plain. From this we had a splendid view of the surrounding mountains, including that great



Eloi, Limoroo's mother.

mass to the south, Mount Agoro, with Egadang lying a little to the east of it.

The villages far beneath presented a curious sight, for the huts, although built on ingeniously devised platforms, looked as if very little would dislodge them and send them tumbling down the slope.

In order to complete a panorama of the encircling hills which I had tried to take, I had to ascend the rock again next morning. When this was done, I secured a portrait of Eloi, Limoroo's mother, and during a gramophone entertainment in camp later in the day, while the natives were listening breathlessly, I managed to slip round the back of my tent and snap them unawares.



Latuka listening to the gramophone.

It was my ambition to secure a photo of the women who passed camp with the largest jars of water I have ever seen poised on their heads. Several times I failed, till at last I lay in wait in one of my men's tents, only showing myself when two of them were close by. As they caught me in the act, one quickened her pace, while the other, seeing it was useless to fly, turned towards me, covering her mouth and nostrils with her hand, a common

practice, to keep the evil spirit of the camera from entering. Their ruffled feelings were somewhat soothed by a small gift of beads.

Many of the men had horny excrescences on their knees and hips, while, in the case of one native, a lump at the end of the vertebræ gave him all the appearance of possessing a short stumpy tail. These were apparently produced by



Latuka water carriers.

kneeling to hoe, or by sleeping without any covering on the bare ground.

The distinctive mark of the Latuka warrior, which Sir Samuel Baker was one of the first to describe, is their helmet of brass, grown on the heads of their ancestors. Although many of them were brought out to show me during my stay in Latuka, I never saw one "growing." The hair, which forms the groundwork of the whole, was matted to the scalp until it was of a sufficient thickness to allow plates

beaten out from brass wire to be attached to it, leaving the upper part free to be decorated with little bosses of brass, crowned by a ridge of the same metal. In former times it was surmounted by a plume of feathers, now replaced by a long cartridge case. These cases are constantly demanded as trade goods in Latuka, in addition to fezes, *americani* and brass wire.

A warrior is not allowed to part from his head-dress, for the Sultan provided the brass from which it was made. At the owner's death the helmet was clipped from his scalp and handed on, at the Sultan's discretion, to a younger fighting man of the same family. Eventually, when I left the country, Limoroo did me the great compliment of presenting me with a couple. In times of peace the men wear no head-dress, but are either closely shaved, or have a circular patch of hair left on the top of the head, with a little pat of clay in the centre. Most of them go naked, a thick brass bracelet and a string of beads round the waist being about the extent of their ornaments.

The weapons of the tribe consist largely of throwing spears, carried in pairs, which vary greatly in length and in the shape of the head, some of the hafts being elaborately twisted.

The women wear dressed skins in the shape of one fair-sized apron behind, and a smaller one in front. In the lower lip they insert a wooden stud about three-eighths of an inch across, while the men's lips are not pierced. A string of beads and one or two iron bracelets complete their ornaments.

The news that greater kudu existed at Mount Odio, which lay to the north of us, and the sight of a 50½ inch head that had been bagged there by one of the natives only a few

months before, made me anxious to go in search of them myself, and, accordingly, one morning I set off. On the way I came on a herd of topi and secured a male, but a whole day's quest for greater kudu remained unrewarded. When I reached the upper part of the hill I discovered that it was being driven by men and dogs belonging to a tribe from the other side, who were more or less independent of Limoroo, so I retired from the field and returned to Logguren that evening.

Before finally leaving I had a discussion with Limoroo about the two routes to the Nile which he said I could take. One of these led through Obbo to Dufile, and the other, a much shorter one, direct to Gondokoro, but passed through a section of the Latuka tribe, who were hostile to him and might give trouble. As my idea was to enter the Congo Free State by Wadelai, I decided to take the longer route, which would bring me nearer to that place.

On the morning before my departure I gave Limoroo the presents I had prepared for him, consisting of a new khaki suit, bundles of wire and beads, and various odds and ends, with which he seemed fairly satisfied, but politely intimated that I might give him a few other things in addition, including a cow. Before this I had exchanged one of my best, to which he had taken a fancy on account of its "lucky" colour, for one of his, which later proved to be a cross-grained beast that quarrelled with all the others. He had previously expressed a wish to accompany me himself to the next village, but at the last moment a rain-making ceremony prevented his absence from home, so he lent me an askari as guide.

First of all, the Kos river had to be forded, a clear stream running over a sandy bottom, the banks overhung by clusters

of palms and luxuriant vegetation. Across the shambas (gardens), on the other side, I made a wide detour into the bush, in the hopes of striking a lion track, for the roaring of these beasts had disturbed us night after night at Logguren. Oribi were plentiful, while I saw one duiker, besides fresh giraffe and old rhino tracks, but there was no sign of lions.

At one o'clock I reached Tarangole, Limoroo's old capital, a large village enclosed in a ring fence. This was the most northerly point to which Col. Macdonald penetrated in his attempt to reach the Nile from Mumias.

Limoroo had given me to understand that the two helmets and some spears which were to be mine were awaiting me at this village, but on arrival I learnt that the askari was to "collect them." This was a none too cheerful task, for the owners often did not see their way to deliver up, and it was only by means of a substantial present that I secured them at all. Even then one man made a dash on the following morning and carried off his spears. Two of my cows had become sick from hard marching, and I managed to exchange them for sheep and goats, of which the natives owned very large flocks, but their stock of cattle, however, appeared very scanty.

From here we struck off in a south-westerly direction towards the foot-hills of Mount Agoro, two days' march through a good game country, bringing us to Kilio. Giraffe and various antelope were abundant, while we saw many old elephant tracks. Camp was pitched in a little clearing by a stream with thick clumps of timber scattered here and there along its banks.

The two villagers Limoroo had sent with me from Tarangole, instead of the askaris he had promised, were disgusted

that I would not march straight on to the Kilio hamlets, which I could make out with the glasses, one at the foot of the hills, and the other crowning a big rock. Later on, two of the natives came over in a great state of alarm, as they feared it was Limoroo, who had recently punished them, again advancing on their village. In the afternoon they left me with one of my guides, who returned by nightfall to say that the people were too much afraid to come near me, but that he could show the way to the next tribe.

In the early morning I heard guereza calling, and after some search, spotted a troop on a tree across the river, out of which, with a good deal of trouble, I managed to drop a couple. The body of one of them lodged in a bush overhanging the river, and was hard to recover as there was deep water directly under it. The bushes were alive with vicious yellow-bodied ants, possessing the most active nippers I think I have ever come across, and they did not lighten our difficulties.

From here we had a very pretty glimpse of the river, the clear water forming little rapids and deep pools, overhung by rich vegetation, while fine trees fringed the banks. Soon I picked up the safari track, which led me through the bush skirting the foot of the hills, and then brought me to a rough pass, where I found the donkeys had had to be unladen. Abdallah, who was in charge, told me that both guides had disappeared in the night, and that, as they drew near the first village, the fighting men had trooped out, fully armed, to shout that if the safari approached any further they would immediately be attacked.

After a short parley carried on by shouts, my men had been directed to skirt along the base of the hills to the pass, where Nzau took the precaution of posting armed men

before the loads were carried over. Although relieved to find that there had been no serious trouble, I was annoyed at the incident, for Limoroo had assured me that all the way to Obbo the people acknowledged his authority, and that his askaris would guide me there.

Towards evening the Kilio Sultan turned up in camp, accompanied by one follower, but as neither could understand a word of any language we could speak, communication was a bit difficult. By means of signs I extracted from him a few of the local names, and in the same way gratified his wishes for a needle.

As Nzau was unable to find a path ahead, I sent him off in the early morning with half a dozen armed men to the villages, with the message that I would pay well for a guide, but if refused one, should send straight back to Limoroo, who might be able to find a more effective method of persuasion than I could.

Soon after eight he returned with the head-man and four others, to say that he had found a path between the two villages, which the laden donkeys could have easily traversed the day before, instead of the rough one the natives had made them take.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Friendly natives—"The Wanderer's camp"—A tribe of ill-repute—Lost in the jungle—Obbo—A Swahili trader—Buffalo and elephant—A big herd and a good bull—An exciting twenty-four hours—A couple of bulls—A single tusker—A night of suspense—Encircled by elephants—Our escape.

IN a couple of hours of steady marching we reached the banks of a running stream on which we camped. Near by were a number of elephant tracks, which I followed, but the herd when found contained not a single male. The Kilio guides of course disappeared, and we had to pursue our way without them, cutting through dense reeds to another stream which presented great difficulties to the donkeys.

While we were hard at work removing the loads, a number of friendly natives appeared, who helped us to carry them across, and, as they spoke Arabic, we were soon on good terms. They led me to a level camping-ground near their village of Makkoru, which they told me had been used by "Langer Langer."

All that I could gather from my Swahili was that Langer Langer was a Major who had been in command on the Nile, where he was dreaded by evil-doers, and respected by the natives greatly on account of his activity and masterly knowledge of their dialects. Afterwards I discovered that Langer Langer meant wanderer, and the officer to whom

it was given was Major Delmé Radcliffe, who had probably earned the name by his constant travel.

In this place I was able to buy eggs and flour for the first time since leaving Kilim, but the natives proved persistent beggars, demanding eight times the usual price for anything they had. They seemed to prize empty cartridge cases almost as much as Limoroo's people, and I was sorry so many had been thrown away.

This was the first elephant-hunting tribe I had met with since leaving the Toposa. One of the men was wearing a Latuka helmet and rather a well-finished brass bracelet cast by a member of the tribe, while another had a curious double saw-edged one. Their wooden pillows carved from a solid block had four feet instead of the usual two.

The women, almost without exception, had pierced the lower lip and inserted a thin piece of crystal or wood.

Here the accounts of the Nile stations were more conflicting than ever. The natives assured me that three days off, at a place called Lobo, there was a Government boma, in charge of one white man, and this, I supposed, must be the Obbo of the maps. Nimule, which I imagined to be near Dufile, was a name quite unknown to them, nor was it marked on any of the charts I had.

Next day our route lay up the side of a steep valley, where the laden donkeys had to make continual detours to avoid the rocks which projected over the path. Crossing a small stream, the bed of which was covered with a slimy white deposit, and smelt of sulphur, we camped on the other side at the foot of a hill. Above us we could see villages dotted about, which our guides told us belonged to the Eray, a warlike tribe, of whom the natives appeared to stand in considerable awe. Some of the men came down to look

at our camp, but although a good deal of shouting took place they would have no further dealing with us, which hardly looked as if a Government Station could be only two days distant.

Next morning, just as we were ready to continue our journey, the two Makkoru guides came to me and asked for the present I had promised them to guide me to Obbo. One of them, they explained, would carry it home while the other would continue to accompany me, for if they returned from Obbo full-handed, the Eray would certainly rob them as they passed. Now as the man that it was proposed should go with me had already shown himself quite ignorant of the route, and I felt sure, moreover, that he would vanish at the earliest opportunity, this ingenious proposition was firmly declined. Disappointed at the failure of their scheme to handle the reward before it was due, the two of them soon afterwards dived into the bush and disappeared from view.

As the only well-worn path we could find appeared to lead away to the south towards the hills, where a hostile tribe were in possession, we struck out into the jungle, following a by-path, which led past numbers of ant-hills, each carefully cased in a network of boughs thatched with grass, so that, at a little distance, they resembled huts. These buildings were to prevent the winged ants from taking flight, and the natives would come every day to collect their fat, grub-like bodies to cook and eat.

A five hours' steady tramp through long grass and swampy valleys only resulted in some six miles' real progress. For two more days we pushed on across uninhabited jungle to a place where, by the map and compass, I imagined the Obbo villages to be, but the only sign of life to be seen

on an unlimited expanse of silent jungle were some buffalo and elephant tracks. My men, Swahili-like, grew disheartened at the sight, and although I felt that another day or so must bring us to some hamlet, I thought it best to halt and discover our whereabouts. While I set out in



Our Obbo guide.

one direction, Nzau and Saburi were sent in others, with orders to get into touch with any natives to be found, and induce some of them to come and guide us to the nearest villages.

After a long march the telescope showed, some distance

away, a group of huts nestling at the foot of a low hill. On the way back the sound of voices caught my ear, and soon I came on a string of natives bearing baskets of jungle fruit. The women immediately stopped to pick little bundles of grass and thrust them into their girdles before drawing near. One lad, who spoke a little Arabic, agreed to guide the safari to the village I had seen in the distance,



An Obbo village.

which was evidently the capital of Obbo, and where, he said, a Swahili trader dwelt.

On returning to camp I found Nzau had also been successful in his search; he had visited a large village and brought back another three men to act as guides. Happily Saburi did not return to contribute a third instalment, for he had found nothing but ruined villages almost lost in rank vegetation.

The herds of elephants whose tracks we had seen were,

the natives told us, only two days' journey off, and there was also plenty of buffalo to be found.

For three and a half hours the guides led us along narrow paths, which we certainly should not have been able to follow ourselves. At the first villages the few



An Obbo mother and baby.

Kavirondo men in my caravan were greeted by the inhabitants as long-lost brothers, and entertained right royally, for they were of the same people, the Bantu Kavirondo having originally migrated from this country.

As for myself, I was warmly greeted by Hamis, the

Swahili trader, who brought me a present of sugar, rice, etc. He had been trading in this part of the country for so many years that he had become quite a power in the land, and as soon as he heard rumours that a white man was approaching from the Latuka country, he had sent parties of natives to search for and guide me here. It was to him that I owed all facilities for procuring supplies for my men and guides to the buffalo and elephant haunts, as well as some interesting information respecting his trade.

The Sultan Ibrim, on the other hand, sent excuses for his absence, and during my whole stay I never set eyes on him. I afterwards learnt that he made a point of never seeing a white man, as he had some superstitious notion that if he did his speedy death would follow.

Dispatching letters and telegrams to Lemli, as the natives call Nimule, I took a flying camp into the jungle to search for buffalo and elephant. My ambition ever since my first African trip, 1895-96, had been to bag a 100 lb. tusker, and, according to Hamis, this was the place in which to realise it.

The next three weeks were full of hard work and exciting incidents. The first elephant I saw was a single one, which we had tracked into a thick bit of jungle, where we could hear it switching off the flies with a branch held in its trunk.

Leaving the men behind, I crept forward with the .600. Meanwhile the animal grew suspicious, and moved uneasily from side to side, but the foliage was so thick that only enough of its ivory was visible for me to tell that it was a bull. I was now so near that at any moment I expected it to get a whiff of me, and either break away or come straight in my direction, as elephants will often do in a country

where the natives are in the habit of creeping up and spearing them.

At last I saw that the brute's tusks were smaller than I wanted, and my next task was to retreat without disturbing it, a far more difficult business than the approach, for the animal was keenly on the alert. To step backwards noiselessly was by no means easy, and as it could have been on me in a dozen strides, to turn my back on it would have been foolhardy. As I rejoined my men it began to move slowly off. The natives, in a whisper, begged for permission to follow and attempt to spear it, and I gave them liberty to do as they liked. Some time later they returned to say that the animal had broken into a trot and escaped.

My next encounter took place after a whole morning's quest for a herd. I had just returned disappointed to camp when some natives came in to report that they had sighted the herd not far off, but by the time I reached the place they had shifted their ground.

As we were hurriedly following along the line they had taken through the jungle, which, with its trampled grass, uprooted and broken bushes, and torn branches of the bigger trees, might have been the broad track of a whirlwind, suddenly one of the natives, who was going at a jog trot, stooped and raised a comb of ground honey, kicked up by one of the beasts. The natives quickly collected it, and gave a little to each of us to break up and throw away. The idea apparently was that greediness is always punished, and if we voluntarily relinquished one good thing, luck in the chase would be more likely to fall to our lot.

At last we sighted the herd, which seemed to contain some fifty or sixty animals in all, with two or three fair-sized bulls, the largest of which was lagging in the rear.

He had a good pair of tusks, but as I did not think either of them could pull down 100 lbs., I kept moving from side to side in the hopes of detecting a bigger one. This animal, meanwhile, offered me splendid chances of a shot, and the men entreated me by signs to fire.

At last he moved out into a little marsh to drink, and the position was too tempting—I let drive with a .400 solid bullet at his heart; the great beast rocked a minute or two from side to side, and taking a step forward, fell. He struggled to his feet to stagger on a little, and finally pitching on his head, rolled over dead.

Until nightfall I followed the herd, but did not manage to catch them up. When the tusks came in, they proved to be a nicely-shaped pair with perfect points, and larger than I expected, for one of them weighed 91 lbs., and measured 7 ft. 2½ in. by 1 ft. 7½ in.

After putting the ivory in the scales, I weighed some of my men and myself: Abdallah was 132 lbs.; Zedu, 122 lbs. while I, in my shirt sleeves, pulled down 153 lbs.

From this same camp I had a hard morning's work after a couple of bull buffaloes. Although we got close to them on four occasions, they invariably heard us in the long grass, and, perhaps fortunately for us, bolted.

One twenty-four hours in particular I have reason to remember. We had followed up a large herd of elephant, when from a hill-top I spied two bulls feeding by themselves out in the plain. Their ivory to me seemed small, but Bedoui had rather lost faith in my judgment since my underestimate of the last tusker, and suggested that we should get closer. By this time he had got over his original fear of elephants, and drew so near to one of them that the animal heard us, threw up his trunk, and moved out of the

bush in which he was feeding, to stop short not twenty yards away. Bedoui, now shivering with fright, beckoned me to fire, but the beast, after a minute or two on the alert, recommenced tearing down the branches, and under cover of the noise we beat a retreat, for neither his nor his companion's tusks tempted me.

As we made our way back to camp, we almost ran into a string of seven more elephants, led by a single big tusker; but this again was not what I wanted, so we had to make a long detour to avoid them.

That night the continual crash of trees and branches being torn down and the shrill trumpeting of cow elephants resounded from every side. I had all the fires put out in order not to disturb the herd; but when numbers of them came to drink at our water supply, a stream flowing but a stone's throw from camp, I rather regretted having done so. Half the night I spent with the gun-bearers at my tent door, full of suspense, for every moment I expected a troop of them to stampede through camp, but luckily they neither winded us nor crossed the stream.

Next morning I was off early and came up with a small herd almost at once, but they were in very dense jungle, and moved off before I could see their tusks.

The next troop of about thirty had just been drinking from some pools, and filed past us one after the other, in the direction of camp. Among them were six or eight bulls, with, however, no ivory of any size.

A little further ahead, we overtook a string of about twenty others, and were trying to get alongside, when the crash and screams of a large herd coming up behind caught our ear. We turned to the left in the hope of thus giving them room to pass, but were faced by a long line of some

300 beasts, bearing down diagonally so as to cut off our retreat. Again altering our course a little, we broke into a run, in an attempt to head them, but only to find yet another herd immediately in front.

As it seemed hopeless to escape in that direction, we turned and ran back some 250 yards, when to our dismay we were met by a fifth lot, an attempt to outflank which brought us up to the original string of twenty that had meanwhile moved forward. To add to our troubles, fitful puffs of wind were blowing from every quarter, and the elephants, now thoroughly alarmed (for each gust was either tainted by us or by my men, whom I had left behind), might at any moment rush upon us in one overwhelming mass, under the impression that they were being surrounded by a crowd of men bent on their destruction.

To find an outlet seemed impossible, so in spite of Bedoui's protests I now decided to remain where I was, and, regardless of all regulations, trust to my rifle to turn a herd should they bear straight down on us; our efforts to escape had winded me, and in the next few minutes both our lives might depend on my straight shooting.

The decision was a happy one, for just as a mob of elephants were bearing right down on us at a run, the string of twenty moved off, leaving a momentary gap in the threatening ring of flapping ears and waving trunks which, unless it could be broken, would rapidly close in and destroy us in one mad rush. Our turn of luck had come, and we lost not a second in seizing the opportunity; following as near on the heels of the retreating herd as we dared we ran for our lives.

When I thought we had reached a safe distance we took a much-needed rest; my man was shaking all over, and his face had assumed that peculiar ashen hue that fright produces

in a black man, while the excitement and violent exercise under a blazing sun had not left my hand by any means as steady as big game shooting demands.

Our adventures, however, were not yet at an end, for on the way to camp we came on fresh buffalo tracks, and while examining these, something stirring in the grass a little way off caught my eye. The binoculars showed it was the tail of a buffalo, one of a herd lying down not fifty yards from us. Retreating quietly to the nearest tree—for we were quite in the open, and the grass prevented us making out the shape of the animals—we silently waited till they should move. At last one—a bull—rose; he was standing awkwardly for a safe shot, but fearing the rest of the herd might at any moment get up and discover us, I fired. At the report the others sprang to their feet, and with waving tails and tossing horns, tore out of sight. There was plenty of blood on the track of the one I had fired at, which had at once turned off by itself, a sure sign that it was badly wounded. While we were following through long grass, my man in front, and I close behind, with rifle ready, the beast suddenly got up, facing us at 25 yards, whereupon Bedoui, whose nerve had been considerably shaken by the elephants, lost his head and sprang back, almost knocking me down and causing me to fire high. The animal, contrary to all custom for a wounded buffalo, instead of charging us immediately, turned tail and lumbered off into the thick jungle of a little dell. Here, after much trouble, I discovered him behind a dense bush ready to charge as we came along the path. The vegetation was so rank, that it was some time before I succeeded in stalking and giving him the finishing shot. It was late in the afternoon before we reached camp after our exciting experiences.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

A herd of buffalo—Death of a bull—An inquisitive askari—A raided country—  
 Three big bulls—A kill—How a heavy tusker escaped me—A fruitless search  
 —A stroke of luck—A 100 lb. tusk at last—Petty chiefs and their modest  
 requests—The Nile—Nimule—A visit to Dufle.

ON my return to camp I found a welcome gift of half-a-dozen Pilsener awaiting me, together with a note sent from Nimule by Mr. Macallister, Sub-Commissioner for the Nile Provinces. According to Abdallah, the messenger seemed uncommonly interested in my past and present doings, and particularly in the number of elephants I had killed during my journey. Amused at his curiosity Abdallah had evidently spun various fairy tales for his edification.

As in the Koton Valley, there seemed to be nothing in this part of the country but great troops of cow elephants, and a few herd bulls. When news came in as to the whereabouts of some solitary tuskers, I hastened to move camp to that district, where I found numerous deserted villages. It was sad to see great stretches of once cultivated ground now overgrown with jungle, stockades pulled down, and huts unroofed by wandering elephants, where, but a few years before, a large population had dwelt in security. The guides told me that the Eray people had maintained such a perpetual system of guerrilla warfare

against the unfortunate inhabitants that two years before they had been finally compelled to seek refuge elsewhere.

While making my way to this place some fresh elephant tracks had tempted me to follow them. Just as we seemed to be baffled, and were discussing which direction to take,



An Obbo elephant.

the rumbling of an elephant's stomach caught my ear, and peering through the trees, I saw the stern of the animal not eighty yards away. It was a solitary female enjoying her early morning bath, so we beat a hasty retreat. The rest of the herd had moved on.

The following morning we soon picked up the tracks of a bull, who led us a long dance before he joined two com-

panions and again started off on a ramble. I was walking just behind the two natives on the track, when I spotted the beasts in the long grass to our left. Lightly tapping the guides on the shoulder I halted. The slight breeze was just right, so, beckoning Bedoui to follow, I made towards them under cover of a thin bush. The three of them were evidently veterans, for they had posted themselves tail to tail, each watching his part of the circle, so that no danger should approach them unawares. In the tall grass it was impossible to see more than the base of their tusks. Those of the one facing me seemed very thick, and I decided to take the frontal shot. On receiving my bullet the animal, instead of falling at once, turned to make off with his two comrades, and I started out in hot pursuit, to find my quarry standing tail on, very sick. As he moved round I fired for his left ear, and he fell with a mighty crash.

In spite of the natives' assurances that it was useless to try for the others, I ran on and soon overtook them, but they were well apart, and it was some time before I could examine their ivory. One of them seemed to carry tusks a good bit over 100 lbs each; those of its companion were much smaller, while the one which I had shot had evidently been the second largest of the trio. When I reached them they had just finished drinking at a small pool, and as the big one was moving off, I fired. He rolled from side to side as he tried to escape, every now and then turning to see if he were being followed. In order to work alongside we made a little detour, during which we overshot the mark, the natives taking me up a wrong track and leading me to three other smaller elephants. Retracing our steps we were just too late to pursue the blood-marked trail of the

one in distress, for a heavy thunderstorm burst upon us and washed away the stains.

At three o'clock we regained the place where the dead body of the first elephant lay, and reached camp at 4.30, after 9½ hours' hard going. The tusks of the dead animal, although very massive, were comparatively short, measuring 6 ft. 3 in. and 5 ft. 6½ in., and weighing 91 lbs. and 72 lbs. respectively.



Obbo natives cutting up an elephant.

When they were cut out and the men had taken as much meat as they wanted, the carcase was handed over to the natives. The news quickly spread throughout the neighbouring villages, and in the evening a party of fifty men and women from the countryside arrived in camp on their way to help themselves to the flesh. The natives sent to search for the animal that had been wounded returned unsuccessful, to say that they had not seen even a sign of him.

Thinking that he had, in all probability, made his way to the river to drink, I determined to take one native and scour the banks in quest of him. Presently I noticed a single track which, judging from its dew-sprinkled grass and the gossamer threads across it, had undoubtedly been made early in the night. The native shook his head at my proposal to follow it, saying that by this time the animal must be far away, but I decided to try my luck.

From the destruction wrought on the trees, and the amount of grass pulled up, I fancied there must be three or four animals, while the native said there were two. Within twenty-five minutes we sighted one with a splendid pair of tusks standing in the shade of a tree, facing us. Judging from the short distance he had travelled in the night, I decided this must be my wounded animal.

When about forty yards separated us he moved slowly out, and I aimed with the .600 for the right ear. Either he must have stopped just as I pressed the trigger, or I had fired too far forward, for instead of dropping he turned immediately to charge. Another bullet from the left barrel penetrated his brain killing him nett. His tusks were both longer and thicker than those of the previous elephant, weighing 107 and 92 lbs. ; the circumference of his forefoot and the length of his ears were also larger, but neither his length nor his girth were so great.

To my disappointment, a careful examination showed that he was not the beast I had wounded, but there was an old sore in the centre of his back just over the heart. This, the natives said, had been made by a barb, which, fixed in a block of wood, they were in the habit of suspending over an elephant path to drop automatically on animals as they passed underneath. The first bullet I had fired had

merely glanced off the under side of the tusk, doing him no material damage.

What a scene the carcase presented before I left! My men who had come to cut out the tusks were accompanied by seventy natives, many in birthday attire, including six women, who were soon swarming over the body, wrangling and fighting for the daintier bits as they slashed out



A load of elephant meat.

huge lumps of flesh. Next day groups of them could be seen sitting round smoky fires, over which little platforms had been constructed. On these they were partly drying the meat before it was packed in withy-bound loads and carried off to their villages. One old lady in the exuberance of her spirits at securing such a lot, danced about camp for my edification.

The only peculiarity I noticed about the men's kit was a dagger-knife, with the sheath attached by a thong of

leather to the left arm. Both men and women smoked incessantly.

The babies were happy little things slung by a skin to their mothers' backs, their heads generally covered by half a gourd to keep the sun and flies off.

The women here wore tails much like those of the Kavirondo, and were equally loth to part with them. At last one lady was tempted to sell hers in exchange for that



An Obbo woman dancing.

of my mule, who, poor beast, had died while I was at the main camp. He was quite the best shooting mule I have ever had; nothing seemed to disturb his equanimity, neither rhino, lion nor elephant. He would merely prick up his ears, have a good look at the beast, and then, if I were not on his back, turn to me as much as to say, "Why the dickens don't you shoot?"

On June 2nd I began what proved to be a six days' march to the Nile, my "caravan leader," the first laden man (not to be confounded with guide or head-man), carry-

ing the largest tusk. In accordance with custom his head was grotesquely decorated with ornaments collected from the different tribes we had passed through, in order that the people of any station we might reach would be able to see at a glance where the safari had been. The position of



An Obbo family party.

leader is an honour for which there is always keen competition among the men, even when the weight of the ivory amounts to about double that of an ordinary load.

On the way we passed through the villages of a number of petty chiefs, who rather amused me by bringing small presents of a few eggs—often addled—or a little flour, and then diplomatically hinting that a cow in return

would be most acceptable. The first time this occurred, my interpreter fairly exploded with laughter before he was able to translate the message. It appeared that Radcliffe had distributed cows to all those chiefs who had helped him, and they had evidently come to the conclusion that every white man must therefore have more



Some of my ivory.

cows than he knew how to dispose of. One man to whom I gave a milch goat and a fine ram, remarked that they were useless to him, and that he would like a cow instead.

As we drew near the Nile the natives were only then beginning to break up the ground with hoes made after the Kavirondo pattern, except that the handle was longer. In Obbo, on the other hand, all the seed was in before we left.

The chief difficulty we had *en route* was that each little Sultan was anxious to keep us for a night at his special

village, and if I decided to continue my journey, no guides would be forthcoming. On several occasions this resulted in a great waste of time, for the safari without a leader would march all day and only cover eight miles or so.

On June 7th we struck the Nile close to the spot where the river Assua flows into it, which latter we crossed in an iron ferry-boat, a great convenience, as fording this river had previously been the cause of much danger and loss to



The Nile.

caravans. Then we cut off a corner and rejoined the river at a place where its broad expanse of broken waters ran through numerous channels on its way to Gondokoro. That night the mosquitos were terrible.

Two and a half hours more marching brought us within sight of Nimule, the present headquarters of the Nile Provinces. It was not long before we passed the lines of the Uganda Rifles situated on high ground, then came those

of the Swahili porters, the Indian shops, and the bazaar. On reaching the civil lines, Macallister received me, kindly gave me tiffin, and showed me where I could pitch my tent. It was June 9th, and I was rather surprised to find I had the day of the week and month correct. Later in the afternoon I made the acquaintance of Captains Barlow, Hysslop, Hall, and Dr. Sly.

In the morning Hysslop accompanied me to the Congo Free State Station of Dufile, which lay about half-an-hour up stream, close to the river-bank. Leaving a strong fort behind us we followed an avenue of trees up to the grass-built houses of the station, which were then being rapidly replaced by buildings of solid brick. There we found Commandant Descamps with five other officers, who showed us every hospitality, and gave us a most excellent lunch in a wide airy space lying in the centre of one of the bungalows. The walls were of open cane-work, most delightfully cool in the heat of the day, but said to admit both mosquitos and chilly draughts at night.

Just at this time Reuter's telegrams reported that negotiations were in progress for the taking over of the Lado Enclave by the British Government, in exchange for other territory. To men who had done so much to open up the country and build stations, this was naturally rather a sore subject, and yet our hosts discussed what news we had to tell them of the matter in a temperate and open-minded manner, which pleased, while it surprised, me.

With regard to my journey to the head waters of the Ituri, they said that my arrival had been expected for the last year, and that I could travel down either on the Congo or on our side of the Nile to Wadelai, thence proceeding to Mahagi, a post situated at the northern end of Lake Albert.

The native soldiers struck me as being particularly smart ; the place was neatly laid out, and looked far tidier and more prosperous than the civil lines on our side.

During the course of the afternoon I saw a Manbettu, a pigmy man, of fairly dark complexion, whose head came below the level of my elbow, so that his height could not have been more than 3 ft. 2 in. or 3 ft. 3 in. Although the lower part of his face was wider than the upper, he was by no means ugly, but had all the appearance of a stout boy. He gave us an exhibition of his skill with the bow, firing one of his thin, short, poisoned arrows into a tree trunk. The heads were of iron, beautifully wrought, some of them leaf-shaped, others queerly notched, while others again had thin jagged spikes.

On my arrival at Nimule I had reported my difficulty with the Dodinga in detail, and was amazed at the faulty official knowledge about all the country I had traversed. No trouble whatever seemed to have been taken to gather information from the native ivory traders ; no official from this side had ever visited Limoroo, while my accounts of the depredations of the Eray people among the Obbo villages were received with open incredulity. A Commissioner had never been so far as Nimule, and to a casual observer like myself, there seemed much that might have interested that official in the administration of the district.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

The situation on the Uganda Nile—Achoi customs—Death of the doctor—A wife for eight pence—A bad road—Wadelai—A visit to the Congo side—A pleasant official—Start for Mahagi.

THE question of improving the stations along the Nile, and the communications between them, is so bound up in the ownership of the western bank that, before discussing the former, it is necessary to say a few words on the latter.

The western bank of the Nile from Lake Albert northwards to near Kero is leased by the Anglo-Egyptian Government for King Leopold's life. From Nimule-Dufile to Gondokoro-Redjaf the river is so broken up by rapids as to be quite impassable, making it useless as a water-way, and that the owners of either bank could seriously interfere with the flow of the White Nile seems impossible.

The Belgians are now incurring a considerable outlay in reconstructing and strongly fortifying their stations close to the river, and connecting them with the navigable waters of the Congo, or its affluent, by fine roads. Even had their tenure of the Enclave been of a permanent nature, it would have seemed a more natural policy to have placed the stations on the Nile-Congo watershed, with a railway to connect them with some navigable point on the Nile; but as their tenure is dependent on but one man's life, it is difficult to understand their point of view.

The percentage of white men who have died or been invalided home, broken in health, from the Nile Stations, within the last five years, would be a sad revelation to the public of both countries. Does it not, therefore, seem a pity that some mutual arrangement to remove the posts back from the malarious Nile banks to higher, healthier ground,



Civil Lines, Nimule.

cannot be made. If this is an impossibility, the British Government might at least hasten to follow the Belgian lead, by improving their stations and the roads to them.

At Nimule the civil lines lay close to the river, almost enclosed by marsh. Grouped round the flagstaff were some half-dozen temporary huts, awaiting the completion of stone buildings, one of the latter of which, intended for the Sub-Commissioner, was making very slow progress.

On my arrival, the Sub-Commissioner, Macallister, was carrying on the entire work of the district, as well as of the station, single-handed. The Administrative is, indeed, so short of officers that, not only have the men almost invariably to exceed their regulation term of service before gaining much-needed leave, but, in the event of there being an unusual run of sickness, there is no one to take over the work. Consequently, it is thrown upon those whose hands are already too full, with the inevitable result that they, in their turn, break down from overstrain—a truly short-sighted policy !

One thing at Nimule struck me very forcibly, namely, the entire absence of native visitors to the civil station. In the posts which I have already described there was a continual succession of chiefs and their followers coming in on one pretext or another to see the white man. Here this appeared to be severely discountenanced. On my way to the Nile the different chiefs expressed strong aversion to going near Nimule, while the Kilio Sultan even described by pantomime that people who went there were put in chains and never came back, or else had their throats cut. Naturally, therefore, the market was most poorly supplied ; indeed, it was impossible for me to get enough flour for my men, and what little was procurable cost four times the price at which it could be bought within a radius of two marches.

The military lines lay on high ground overlooking the Nile, with the parade ground dividing the huts of the two companies. Barlow, in command of the Nile troops quartered here and at Gondokoro, had his bungalow on the side towards the river, while Hysslop and Hall, the company commanders, occupied a hill further inland. On the

same ridge, hard by lay the dwelling of the medical officer, Dr. Sly. All these bungalows could be greatly improved upon.

Much of my time at Nimule was spent packing up everything possible to be sent home by parcel post. As usual, there were neither forms nor stamps available, but these were trifling difficulties compared with the absence of an accurate scale. At last, by a give-and-take kind of arrangement, the postal official at Hoima was induced to accept the parcels.

This matter completed, I turned my attention to the sale of my cattle and sheep. For some unfathomable reason, I was forbidden to auction them, and was obliged to dispose of them privately, with the result that they did not realise such good prices as I had hoped. However, the proceeds partly made good the losses I had sustained by my trouble with the Dodinga.

Since my return to England a tale brought back by a visitor to those parts has reached my ears and rather amused me. It is to the effect that I made a good thing out of looting an inoffensive tribe, named the Dodinga!

Barlow and his comrades were ever ready to help me, and I passed a good many pleasant hours with them. The former had gathered a good deal of information about the native tribes, and I extracted from his note-book the following details with regard to murder and marriage among the Acholi.

The murderer of an Acholi man is forced to hand over to the victim's brother two girls, one bull, one hoe, one calabash, one sheep, and some grain. Each item in this strange assortment of gifts has its separate significance. The girls are to compensate for the loss, by raising up boys to take

the dead man's place, while the other presents are to defray the cost of the burial. The dead man's body is wrapped in the bull's skin, laid in the grave dug by the hoe, and covered with earth fetched in the calabash. The sheep and flour are provided for the death feast.

When an Acholi man marries, he pays a fee to the lady's father, mother, or brother. Should the wife, however, die



‘Soudanese askaris building a granary.

childless, her seller is bound to provide another to fill her place, and this for only a very small present.

The military officers at the station were kept well employed. There was one short of the proper staff. Both Barlow and Hall, who had been out some time, looked as if a spell of leave were needed, while Hysslop, who had only just come to Nimule, was not taking at all kindly to the climate, and was much troubled with malarial fever. To add to their work, a new guard-room was being built

of stones set in puddled clay, and Barlow was every day to be seen doing the work of architect, master mason, foreman carpenter, and, in fact, supervising all the other branches of the building trade.

The two companies of about 246 Nubian officers and men, with their picked body of Swahili porters to carry the Maxims, ammunition, etc., were in splendid condition, and fit to go anywhere.



Capt. Barlow superintending building, Nimule.

One morning, just as my arrangements were nearing completion, I heard that Sly, who had been suffering from repeated bouts of malarial fever, was down with black water, and I went up to see him. His bungalow, built of wattle-and-daub, was innocent of verandah or overhanging eaves and in a bad state of repair. The mud had fallen from the walls where the rains beat upon them, and the green stakes which formed the framework had

thrust shoots into the room. Although in charge of the health of the troops, he was nominally under the civil branch, and practically a "no man's child," whose repeated applications for a habitable house bore no result. I found him fairly cheerful, but when I asked if there was anything he would like, he said that, as his voucher for it had never been met, the hospital was without *Casica Bearcana*, the only thing of any use in such cases. Fortunately, I myself had a small bottle of it.

For the next five days we took it in turn to look after him. The nights proved so trying, owing to the clouds of mosquitos, that on the third morning I asked Barlow to have a mosquito-proof frame erected in the bungalow. Thanks to the initiative of Barlow's predecessor, these had been provided for the officers; for when he found Government deaf to his representations, he ordered a supply of mosquito wire-netting on his own responsibility, and had two rooms erected in each of their bungalows—one to sleep, and the other to sit in. These were locally called "meat safes." Such a "luxury" was evidently considered unnecessary for the man who was in charge of the health of the station. None of us had much medical knowledge, but we did the best we could for our patient; unfortunately without avail, for on the fifth day, while I was sitting with him, the end came.

We selected a site for his grave not far from the parade ground and Barlow's bungalow, overlooking the bend of the Nile. The following morning early we buried him with military honours, and after the "last post" had been sounded, went sadly back to Barlow's bungalow, for we were one and all sorry to see such a good fellow leave us on the long journey.

Three days later, having disposed of all my donkeys, except one to ride, and nearly all my cattle, I set off northwards to Wadelai. By wading nearly up to our waists, for no ferry is provided, we crossed the river, which empties itself into the Nile, close to the civil lines.



Interior of Dr. Sly's bungalow

While I was waiting on the opposite bank for the remainder of my loads to come over, one of my men set up a quarrel with a petty trader of Nimule. As the disputants became more and more violent they were brought before me, and I held court. It seemed that my man was anxious to carry off a lady who belonged to the trader, but the latter had refused to give up his claim. In the course

of my questioning I discovered that his chief objection to part with his property was that she owed him eight annas (8d.), and he declared himself quite willing to let the fair one do as she pleased, provided the money were refunded him. My man, therefore, received 8d. in advance on his pay; it was handed over, and the trader and his lady separated for ever, she with a broad grin of satisfaction on her face. Her new husband at once passed over to her a load of his private property, which she shouldered and trudged off after him. This is, I think, about the lowest price at which I have seen a wife change hands.

At the next river which we had to cross, we found that the water was well over our heads, and Nzau, who had been sent on before, seemed to have been disheartened at the sight, for he had done nothing. With some difficulty we got a rope across, but it did not look as if it would aid us much, and I was just wondering what could be done, when some of the natives came to our assistance with their doors. These are made of half-a-dozen poles about six feet long, skewered together, leaving a space between each. Their method of getting to the other side was to lie on the doors, and propel them by swimming with the feet and one hand. When a store-box put on one of them was three inches awash, we were again puzzled as to what to do, and my proposition of placing one door on the top of another was met with endless objections. Like the Foreign Office, they declared that there was no precedent, and therefore the thing was quite impossible.

At last, however, common sense prevailed, and all the loads were ferried over dry, as a result of which the village head-man received a tip, rather larger than usual, that sent

him home with a smile of content. I myself went over by the rope, which sagged so much that my back was dipped in the river, and, as my stay at Nimule had put me out of condition, it was as much as I could do to pull myself up the last steep bit to the other bank.

In this district there were said to be numbers of kob, of



M. Renard and his comrade, Wadelai, Congo.

which I was anxious to secure specimens, but although I tried several times, the grass was too tall. Our way was bad, in places very swampy, while there were endless small unbridged streams to ford. To make the travelling worse, heavy rains were constantly falling.

One day, hearing a rifle report, I hurried back to find Saburi, who had charge of the cattle, in a great state of excitement. It appeared that while the cows had been drinking at a small stream with steep banks, a calf had wandered from its mother, and suddenly a leopard sprang

out to seize it, but fell short of his prey. Happily a shot from Saburi's rifle had scared it away.

On our way we passed through the only grove of fine timber to be found in the Nile district, much of it felled and left to rot by the roadside.

On the evening of the eighth day after leaving Nimule I had a smart attack of fever, no doubt due to the mosquitos in Sly's bungalow. The following day had to be spent in bed, but the receipt of my mail-bag with 58 letters and a bundle of papers cheered me up.

Another march and we reached Wadelai, a much brighter-looking station than Nimule, situated on a small hill overlooking the Nile and the end of Lake Albert. The bungalows seemed to me to be excellent, but a number of banana trees growing quite close to them sheltered innumerable mosquitos. Mr. Wyndham, the collector, and the doctor from Hoima had both left that morning, but the clerk, who had received instructions to do what he could for me, proved himself a most capable and obliging official.

In the morning I crossed in a dug-out to the Congo Station of Wadelai, which was well-built on rising ground, and, like Dufile, looked particularly neat and flourishing. Lieut. Renard, the officer in charge, was most kind and hospitable, patiently unravelled my indifferent French, helped me in phrasing letters to the officials of the Ituri district, and arranged for my safe escort to Mahagi.

Settling the pay of my men and making arrangements for the transport of my loads filled up the following four days, for I only intended to keep some ten followers in my employ. Fortunately for me the Government steel sailing-boat, which carries stores from Butiaba on Lake Albert to Nimule, arrived in time for me to send over my loads by it,

instead of having to ferry them to the Congo side by means of dug-outs. In a couple of days I crossed over myself, but as a storm was coming up, the natives landed me further down stream than my safari were camped, to reach whom I had a river about 40 yards wide to cross, with the water up to my armpits.

The greater part of our march now lay within sight of the northern end of Lake Albert, the surface of which, broken as it was with islands and little promontories, made a pretty view. Elephant, buffalo, and hippo tracks were everywhere to be seen, but, owing to the long grass, we caught sight of but little game.

On the 20th, after reaching a small deserted post on the shores of the lake, we set our faces inland, and pitched camp over the first ridge of the watershed.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mahagi How a Congo station is run—Disappointment—M. Eram, Chef de Territoire—Elephants digging potatoes—To Nimule by river—Hall's midnight adventures with a lioness—Red monkeys—The road to Gondokoro—The outpost of Uganda—Congo and Sudan stations.

ANOTHER march brought me to Mahagi, lying close under the main line of hills. Lieut. Arcq, the officer in charge of the station, met me at the edge of a wide stretch of cultivated ground, which surrounded it, and led me to his bungalow, encircled, together with various store-houses, by a stone stockade. My letters, he said, had gone through by special runners, but he doubted whether I would get a reply under a month. However, M. Eram, the Chef de Territoire, who had some half-dozen stations under him, was expected in a few days, and he would be able to give me fuller details. The guest house, built in the shape of a Maltese cross, close to Lieut. Arcq's dwelling, was meanwhile placed at my disposal.

Lions roared in the night and game seemed to be plentiful in the district, but to my dismay I was now told, for the first time, that it was a Reserve. As there seemed a difficulty in procuring food for all my men, I at once started off thirty-eight on their return journey to the coast.

A few days later M. Eram arrived, and it was pleasant to see the head men of the neighbouring villages greeting

him as he passed, with every sign of good-will. He was an Armenian by birth, and proved to be a smart, capable official, who, happily for me, spoke English well. He told me that I should have to march for nearly a month before I could get through the game reserve. Nineteen months had elapsed since I left home, and it was now the worst time of the year for shooting, so I decided to return to Wadelai, and then make straight for England, in the hope that I



M. Eram, Chef de Territoire at Mahagi.

might again visit the Congo under more favourable circumstances. Eram seemed astonished that the officials at Dufile had not informed me of the existence of these reserves.

A stay of nine days gave me every opportunity of seeing the way in which the station was run, and I was surprised at the large amount of work accomplished. In the early morning two sections of askaris, each consisting of twenty-five men, one sergeant and two corporals, fell in on the

parade ground and did two hours' steady drill. Then followed the morning meal, before they again fell in and were marched off to such work as felling and bringing in timber for building. At the same time, the soldiers' wives assembled and filed out under a corporal to cultivate the plantations which are maintained round every Belgian post, so that the garrison may be independent of native supplies.



Mahagi women going to work.

The less robust women were given lighter jobs in the garden, where excellent vegetables were grown. At mid-day work ceased, to be resumed at three o'clock, and continued till sundown. This institution of the women systematically tilling the ground seems to me an excellent plan, and one that might with advantage be adopted on our side. It would do away with the necessity for transporting food over long distances, and by providing healthy exercise for

the wives of the soldiers and police, would give them less time for quarrelling, at present a constant source of trouble in most stations. At Mahagi the people looked thoroughly happy and contented, often singing as they went about their work.

Beasts of prey seemed to prowl round the station almost every night, and while I was there a goat was carried off by



Mahagi women hoeing.

a leopard. On another occasion a lion walked right through my men's camp on its way to prospect the cattle boma, while the night before I started, some elephants had dug up the potatoes in the garden, only a few hundred yards from the boma.

On the morning of July 30th I said good-bye to my kind hosts, and started out very favourably impressed by what I had seen of the Congo stations.

The return journey to Wadela was only marked by one or

two little incidents. One morning the man in charge of the sheep missed the path while passing through a dense bit of jungle, and came on a hippo asleep. The brute immediately charged, catching a sheep on one tusk and tearing a hole clean through it. The rest of the flock scattered and four of them were never recovered. Later on I secured one or two kob and a waterbuck, the meat of which



A Maboda woman (forest tribe) at Mahagi.

proved acceptable to the Congo porters, who seemed to have brought a very small allowance of rations with them.

On the day before I reached my destination, within an hour of a village, we came on a solitary elephant drinking from a little pool on an open expanse of grass. After meandering about for some time he looked up and caught sight of us, but seemed mystified and unable to identify what it was that had so suddenly grown on the plain. As he came steadily towards us to investigate I had to fire,

aiming at a non-vital spot in his head, which sent him off very indignant.

On reaching the banks of the river, I dismissed the Congo porters and my escort, and crossed to find Wyndham at the station. Later in the day Capt. A. Wilson, who was going up to do duty with the Rifles at Nimule, arrived in the steel boat from Butiaba, and arranged to take me with



A Maboda and a Wainanda woman at Mahagi.

him. I accordingly set to work to sell the last of my cows and pay off half my few remaining men.

The voyage took us five days, for we had to battle with adverse head winds and drifting sud. In one place the weeds had entirely blocked the usual channel, and we had to camp for the night, while a native in a dug-out was sent to find a passage. Islands of papyrus were continually to be seen floating down the river, while masses of a small cabbage-like plant would at times cover the surface. The

nights spent on the swampy shores were terrible, for everything was damp, and there were clouds of mosquitos.

On the way we passed the *Kenia*, a steam launch, which had now been so long in service that it was said a penknife



Steel boat at Nimule.

would easily pierce through its plates. Two larger and more powerful launches to keep up a regular service between Butiaba and Nimule would be a great advantage, for the unfortunate white men doing duty on the Nile would then not be so cut off from civilization as they are at present,

and might receive their supplies from the coast without having to wait six months for them.

We reached Nimule late in the afternoon, and found the landing-place awash, and the half-mile of path which connected it with higher land knee-deep in water. It had recently been repaired by a layer of branches on top of the mud, which were floating half-submerged, and formed as villainous a footway as can well be imagined.

Hysslop came down to meet us and took us up to his bungalow for a drink, while later we moved over to Hall's bungalow for dinner. Barlow they told me had set off to Latuka to enquire into the information I had brought about the traffic in arms and ammunition in those parts.

Hall, during my absence, had had a dangerous adventure with a lioness. One night he was aroused by a great commotion in the lines, and hastily dressing, went down to find an excited throng round the cattle boma. They told him that a lion had broken into it, and was then eating one of the unfortunate animals inside, and sure enough he could hear the tearing of flesh.

Armed only with his .303, and accompanied by his orderly holding a flaring piece of wood, he made his way into the stockade, till a flickering ray of light fell on a dark, indistinct mass in one corner. The next moment a great tawny body rose from it; he fired, and, luckily for him, the beast rolled over, shot through the heart. It proved to be an old lioness driven to desperation by hunger.

From Macallister I had the satisfaction of hearing that, in accordance with a wire from the Commissioner, my third pair of elephant tusks, which, in spite of special permission to procure them, had been taken from me, on my arrival at the station, were to be returned. While settling

the fee for shooting the elephant and the export duty on the ivory, I was also called upon to pay both import and export dues on the few skins brought from the Congo, in addition to a sum for landing them on Uganda territory. On the other side the officials had waived their rights to a duty on these same skins, in consideration of their being collected for scientific purposes. The tusks eventually reached England, although, owing to the stupidity of the native agent and other causes, I had to employ a solicitor before they could be recovered.

In the civil lines I found Mr. Eden, who had arrived to fulfil the duties of Collector, while Mr. Wilson, of the Civil Administrative, had taken over those of the Sub-Commissioner, who, however, did not leave the station for some time, having much private business to attend to.

Hall kept three red monkeys as pets, and I gave up some of my time to an attempt to secure a few photos of them. These monkeys are tree-dwellers, and are to be found on both sides of the Nile ; but it is no easy matter to procure one, for they are exceedingly alert, and will swarm down the far side of a tree at the least sign of danger. Then they scuttle off through the long grass to appear again, like so many sprites, on the topmost boughs of a tree some distance away. After an infinite amount of trouble I did manage to bag three specimens on the western bank.

Another sharp bout of fever warned me that it was quite time I left the Nile Valley, so on August 17th I set out, with eighteen loads, towards Gondokoro. The march was trying, for it was along a mere native track, and numerous unbridged streams, ranging in depth from one foot to five, had to be forded. The natives on the way were busy gathering the

sesamum, an oil seed, which they tied in little bundles and stacked on screens to dry. The peoples through whom we passed varied greatly in the matter of clothing, some of them going quite naked, while in one Nubian settlement both sexes were well clad.

Dr. Lousley, on his way from Gondokoro to take up duty at Nimule, met me on the march, and we had an hour's chat while the men were crossing the river.



Drying sesamum.

Opposite the conical, rock-crowned hill Redjaf, at the foot of which the Congo Government Station of the same name lay, I passed the ruins of a fort, to which the Dervishes had retreated when driven from the opposite bank by the Belgians. I waited behind to see my safari safely across the river, and was disgusted when I got into Gondokoro to find Zedu sitting mooning on the loads instead of having pitched camp. As there seemed no other convenient site,

I told him to clear a space in the long grass of the jungle, during which operation Mr. Spire, the Collector, gave me an excellent lunch.

In the evening I made the acquaintance of Capt. Bramley, in charge of the troops quartered here, who was my host for the next five days. He was busy completing a new bungalow, and indeed quite a lot of building was in progress in the post. An office and a police-station had been finished, while a house for the Collector and a hospital were in course of erection.

The station is situated close to the Nile on comparatively high ground, but during the rains it is entirely cut off by a wide belt of swamp. It stands on part of the site of Sir Samuel Baker's old fort; some of the lime trees, either planted by him or the missionaries who preceded him, still bear fruit, and the lines of his fortifications can easily be traced.

There were two Greek traders, one Indian and one Arab, connected with the post, whose buildings of old tents and thatch flanked one side of Speke Road, leading down to the steep banks of the river. Here the Sudan mail steamers tied up on arrival, and for the privilege of having their goods dumped in rain or sun, the traders were charged 8d. a load.

As one merchant pointed out to me, if the hundreds of rupees taken in this way every year were expended in building a wharf and shed, and improving the road between Gondokoro and Nimule, the toll would not be resented. As it is, however, they object strongly to the payment of money which they are told is being employed to erect a wharf at Entebbe, from which they could never derive the least benefit.



*Drawn by*

The high-road to Gondokoro.

[A. FORESTIER.



On the fifth evening after my arrival, the Sudanese stern-wheel mail steamer, *Amka*, came in two days late from Khartoum, with one big sandal or double-decked barge, laden with cattle, lashed alongside.

The engineer decided to start out again on the following morning, so I bid farewell to the last of my caravan with the exception of Zedu, who accompanied me to Khartoum,



Kero, a Congo station on the Nile.

and got away at 8.15. An hour later we reached Lado, the largest of the Congo stations on the Nile, and protected by a heavily armed fort. It was a very pretty station, and well laid out. One garden, however, situated on an island just opposite, had within the last few days been swept bare by a flood.

During our stay of a couple of hours we took on board 2,546 kilos. of ivory, collected by a Scotch trader, with whom I had a most interesting chat, as also with M. Wtterwulghe,

in command of the Enclave and Welle Districts, who was on a visit to the station.

That night we tied up at Mongalla, the most southerly of the Sudan Government posts, which lies on the low swampy banks. Capt. Owen, who had previously been stationed at Masindi and Gondokoro, under the Uganda Government, was in command of the post, with about 200 Sudanese troops and a heavily-armed gunboat under him. I was rather surprised to learn that no arrangement had been made for the troops of the Sudan to help those in Uganda, or *vice versa*, in case of an emergency, so that it would be left to the official in charge to act on his own authority—a state of things which seems as unsatisfactory as unfair.

Before starting we took on another barge, so that we had one lashed to either side, which made it very awkward to negotiate the sharp bends.

Early on the following morning we steamed into Kero, another of the Congo stations, where the Nile banks were a sheer fifteen feet high. The guard and colour turned out to salute our flags, of which we were flying the Egyptian forward and the British aft. The abrupt sandy banks, and the conical thatched roofs of the askaris' huts set in fine trees, made a picturesque sight, and formed a striking contrast to Mongalla with its low swampy shores.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Walls of papyrus—Shilluk villages—Fashoda—Khartoum—Its progress—Omdurman—Startling news—Unsatisfactory explanations—The Upper Nile—Arrival home.

SHAMBI, where I found a detachment stationed under an Egyptian officer, was the only post on our way not encircled by swamp, in fact, it was connected with the interior by a good road.

On the fifth day the two monotonous green walls of papyrus that had entirely deprived us of a view of the country, gave place to a far more animated scene. On either bank stretched an expanse of rich grass with clusters of native huts dotted about it, while in the background rose a fringe of trees. On the river, natives in dug-outs were at work spearing the fish, or piloting rude ambatch wood rafts from bank to bank.

At one wood station where we halted, two Shilluks stood idly watching the busy scene, each in typical native fashion, with one foot resting against his knee. Their head-dresses were wonderfully elaborate, but, like the Turkana, they appeared to think that this compensated for all lack of clothing.

It was not long before we passed the mouth of the Sobat, which, during half the year, is too low for navigation, and tied up for the night at Taufikia. Here, although

the banks rise eight feet from the river, the Station lies very wet, being on black cotton soil. Numbers of palm trees made it extremely picturesque, but after sunset the mosquitos were almost unbearable. In spite of these, however, I had a very merry evening there with the three officers in charge.

The following day we reached Fashoda. Its low swampy



Shambi.

banks with grass islands floating by, made the view of it from the river unattractive enough, but once on shore its aspect brightened considerably.

Gradually the river became broader, the belts of trees receded, and long stretches of sandy shore took the place of the grassy banks. Soon we touched the Blue Nile, passing from waters of a milky-white colour to a murky blue, the contrast between which, according to our engineer,

is far more marked in the dry season, when the water is not so muddy.

On we steamed up the Blue Nile, past a succession of fine buildings, to tie up at length opposite the Khartoum Post Office, when I sought quarters in the hotel which had been opened the year before. Thus ended a river journey of 1,080 miles, the most monotonous, and in some ways



Shilluk natives.

the most uncomfortable, I have ever undertaken. Each passenger, at other than the winter season, has to provide his own bedding, etc., and is required to pay the same fare as when such luxuries are included. More annoying still, he has to procure his own food, and have a man to cook it, with the result that the journey costs over 8d. a mile for the rudest accommodation.

Sight-seeing in Khartoum and Omdurman filled up the next five days. The growth of modern Khartoum

astonished me. In every direction the surrounding desert was being encroached upon to be utilised for building purposes. Fine stone houses were taking the place of temporary structures, while along the bank of the Blue Nile a strong stone embankment, flanking a wide road, was in course of erection.



Taufkia.

At the new dockyard of Halfaya, Bond Bey was good enough to take me over the workshops. Many of the artificers engaged in these shops had worked for the dervishes. Some of the old machinery which had been moved from Gordon's workshops in Khartoum to Omdurman, had been brought back and was now in use here.

The work turned out was surprisingly good, and as, since then, the electric power has been installed, and the new machinery which was then being imported has been set up, the workmen should be able to tackle any task.

During a day at Omdurman I visited the battlefield,



Fashoda and floating islands on the Nile.

the Kalifa's house, and the Mahdi's tomb, but the most interesting place, to my mind, was the old storehouse where all sorts of Mahdi relics had been collected. Gordon's piano, the Nordenfelt guns taken from Hicks Pasha's army, the Mahdi's old carriages, the lithographic stones from which he had struck copies of the koran, and a col-

lection of the various rifles he had captured, were well worth examining. Most of the old pistols and rifles carried by the rank and file had been repaired, and were being sold to tourists at very fancy prices.

The sun was setting as the ferry took me back to Khar-

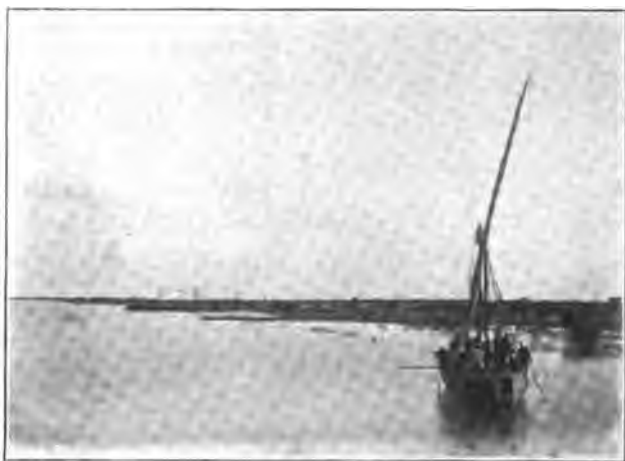


The Blue Nile, Khartoum.

toum, and the native craft with their rude shapes and long shadows made a quaint picture as they glided past us on their homeward way.

Just before embarking on the steamer to join the rail at Halfaya, I received a letter from home with the astounding news that the whole of my parcels despatched from the Nile were detained at Mombassa, on the ground that the

description of the contents was not sufficiently full. As they had been prepared in exactly the same way as those sent from the Ravine, Mumias, and Mombassa itself, to which no objection had been raised, and as, in addition, I had paid the duty and satisfied all the requirements of the Sub-Commissioner of the Nile Provinces concerning them, this seemed a somewhat high-handed proceeding,



Evening on the Nile.

especially as no intimation had been sent direct to me or to any Uganda official.

When I state that some of the parcels contained nothing but undeveloped photographic plates, while others were of curios and such skins as lion, to which no possible exception could be taken, and which were fully described, the reader may be able to judge whether the detention was due to laudable excess of zeal, or to the less worthy

desire for the destruction of the scientific results of my journey.

The report had evidently been circulated at Mombassa that I was proceeding home by the *Congo*, but, by a stroke of good luck, I had changed my mind. Otherwise all the skins, the photographic plates, and much of my other property must have inevitably perished long before I could have recovered them. As it was, the situation did not look promising, but a cable to the Hon. Walter Rothschild, who enlisted the personal intervention of Lord Lansdowne, secured the release of the parcels, not, however, before a large number of the plates had been seriously damaged by damp.

A subsequent lengthy correspondence has elicited the reply from the Postmaster-General, London, that "the parcels in question were delayed for inspection at the General Post Office, Mombassa, by order of H.M.'s Sub-Commissioner." Now they should have reached Mombassa in the third week of July, and there they lay till October, apparently without any attempt being made to examine them.

In fourteen years of travel this was to me, I am glad to say, a unique experience, and it scarcely redounds to the credit of the officials concerned. The only feasible explanation seems to be that they desire to discourage all straying from the beaten track, and to punish those who do stray by the illegal detention of the collections made, with a view to their passive destruction.

The cable sent, I scrambled into the mail train for Wady Halfa, which we reached after a hot and dusty journey of 15½ hours. Our baggage was dumped by the riverside while we wandered about till eight o'clock, waiting for the

arrival of the steamer. Then we were informed that we could not be supplied with dinner on board, and the only alternative was a Greek restaurant where the waiter drew the corks with his teeth, carried the bread in a pile in his arms, and where the food was of the same rough and ready



Philæ from the Assuan dam.

nature as the serving. But a delightful voyage down the Nile soon restored our tempers, for the low hills, masses of rock and little villages set in palms and surrounded by irrigated fields, together made up a charming picture of Upper Egypt. The body of a man, who had fallen off one of the steamers a few days before, went floating past

unregarded, impressing upon us the fact that we were in the East where that blessed word "To-morrow" is the keynote to every man's actions.

In the afternoon we reached the mighty dam that has been thrown across the river to hold back its waters. I left the steamer as we passed through the lock, was shown over the works and then went down by trolley to Assuan.

Sunset on the Nile was indeed a glorious sight, but to me the river had even more charm before sunrise, in the soft grey light peculiar to itself, which makes one understand the difficulties of an artist who would depict Egyptian scenery as it is.

During four days at Luxor I had a hurried glance at some of the wonders of ancient Egypt. To my disgust I found that, while one had to pay the same fee as in the season, when the tombs at Thebes were lit by electric light, the only illumination now provided was a guttering candle which revealed just enough of the wonderful mural paintings to make one annoyed at not seeing more.

By means of another dusty railway journey, I reached Cairo, which I had not visited since 1889. Improvements met my eye on every hand. The Museum had at last found a permanent resting-place, though the contents had not then been catalogued in a convenient form.

At Marseilles I was kept so long over the quarantine regulations that I just missed the morning mail to Paris. Later on a goods train off the line lost me the connection to Calais, so that I did not reach home till 11.30 at night.

Thus ended a journey of nearly twenty-one months, the hardest and in many ways the most interesting that has yet fallen to my lot.

Perhaps the most gratifying point of the trip was the

fact that only four of my men, out of a caravan which averaged over eighty, died on the way. Two of these were killed by the Dodinga, one succumbed to thirst, and the other died from some lung trouble. Taking into consideration that the majority of my followers carried heavy loads, and the trip was exceptionally long, this, I think, constitutes a record.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Results of my expedition—Protection of game—How the Foreign Office stifles scientific research—The ivory trade.

As far as I know, at present, the most interesting result of the journey, from the point of view of the general public, is the group of giraffe at the Natural History Museum. To the best of my belief, adult males have only been set up in two European Museums. When the rest of the zoological trophies have been examined, it is possible that another new sub-species or two may be found. In any case the series of zebra, Heuglin's, Grant's, bushbuck, and guereza should throw fresh light on the distribution of the different varieties of those animals. The trip has also proved that the lesser kudu has a far wider range than was formerly supposed.

Unfortunately Mr. Walter Rothschild has been unable to complete the comparisons necessary between the specimens I collected and types already known in time for the results to be published in this book.

As has already been shown, if I had been treated in a less niggardly and suspicious spirit, my range would have been more extensive, and the National Collections would have reaped a larger harvest. The wasted opportunities and the disappointment are mine, but the loss to the museums and to the scientific knowledge of this country affects far wider interests.

The protection of game is doubtless a wise and necessary precaution, but it might, I think, be attempted in a more practical spirit. Under the present system the Reserves are vast areas over which no sort of control is exercised, and where, in consequence, the indigenous inhabitants can slaughter at their own sweet will, while armed bands of traders constantly pass through them, and kill without discrimination for meat and hide. The white sportsman, if he be so minded, and especially if he should not be a British subject, can equally well shoot to his heart's content, provided he throws away the trophies. One day, when it is too late, it will be found that a species belonging to some special district has been extinguished, and it will then be realised that the only specimens extant are in some museum on the Continent.

It is a deplorable fact that the authorities have shown themselves unable to distinguish between a man who carefully preserves the entire skin and skull of nearly every animal he kills, and one who merely shoots for the sake of killing, or for securing the longest horn.

It seems to me that small, carefully selected game reserves, embracing within their areas all the different species of big game, and placed under the strict supervision of competent white men with native assistants, might be a better means of protection.\* Outside the reserves, the limits of the game that might be shot could be regulated according to the districts, and only a certain number of sportsmen allowed in each in a season. Those who brought back museum specimens, or collected information about

\* All this could be easily carried out if the money derived from sportsmen for game licenses, rifle and porter registration, etc., were devoted to this, instead of other purposes.

the game, might be encouraged by the remission of export duties. The regulations, as at present administered, cannot fail to deter anyone from giving aid to our national collections, whatever may be the good intentions with which he sets out.

Although without claims to be considered either a journalist or an expert investigator, I should like, as a mere passer through the country, to make a few remarks upon another arrangement which seems to me a great blot on the administration of British Territory in Equatorial Africa.

✓ The duty on the export of ivory is at present the chief source of income to the Governments of East Africa and Uganda. Approved merchants are granted a license to penetrate into the interior to trade ivory from the natives, either free, or on payment of a small sum, according to the district. First of all, however, the caravan leader has to declare the tribes he proposes to visit, and only receives permission if his safari is considered sufficiently strong and possesses the regulation number of rifles. For registration of men and rifles he pays further fees.

On his return, the duty on his ivory is collected at the first station he visits, any complaints the porters have to make are enquired into, the safari is broken up, and the trader is free to enjoy the profits of his journey.

At the first glance this would appear a sensible and fair arrangement, but anyone who has had my opportunities of seeing the actual working of the system, will, I think, bear me out when I say that it is open to the gravest abuses, and many injustices are carried out under the name of the Government.

In the first place, with the exception of one or two

notable cases, white traders have been severely dis-  
countenanced. In one instance, which came under my  
notice before I left Uganda, two well-known and much-  
respected English ivory traders were practically ruined  
and driven from the country as the result of an unjust  
prosecution. The trade, therefore, rests in the hands  
of Goanese, Beluchi, Pathan, Arab, Somali, and Swahili  
caravan leaders, very few of whom have any capital of  
their own, but are entirely financed by Indian firms, who  
advance the cows, trade goods, and all the outfit required  
for the safari against the ivory brought back, the usual  
rate being a *frasila* (35 lbs.) of ivory for a cow. Now  
the ivory would be worth, roughly speaking, from £10 10s.  
to £14 10s., the cow from £2 10s. to £4 10s. which rate  
of exchange leaves a very substantial profit to the native  
merchant, if the safari proves successful.

The opening of the railway and the more settled state  
of the country has greatly multiplied the number of these  
traders, with the result that practically the whole of the  
native hoards of ivory have been exhausted, and to main-  
tain the supply, the traders have taken to shooting on  
their own account. As proof of this, not a caravan did  
I meet in the jungle which did not possess at least one  
modern small-bore rifle, either a Mauser or a .303, and  
many of the tusks I saw among them had undoubtedly  
been recently killed, while some bore their own evidence  
that they had fallen to a rifle. The Swahili, Arab, and  
Somali, are indifferent shots enough, but not so the Goanese,  
Beluchi, and Pathan, and the offers for one of my rifles  
which were made me in cash and ivory were numerous  
and extravagant.

Now I see no reason why elephants carrying tusks of,

say, over 50 or 60 lbs.—which would generally ensure their being solitary and not herd animals—should not be shot, but the objection is that the native trader is allowed, one might almost say encouraged, to shoot them, while the white man has to pay a license of £50, and even then is only permitted to shoot two.

But the killing of elephants by these traders is a minor point. The power which the Government has placed in their hands of murdering and looting the natives is an evil which, if the British public could only realise it, they would be the first to cry out against. As I have already shown, the traders have been permitted to establish large permanent settlements, far removed from any Government station, well-protected, and amply supplied with trade goods, stores, and ammunition. Occasionally the more unscrupulous among them combine, and first of all open trade with a distant tribe, for it is impossible to loot ivory owing to the habit of the natives of burying it in remote recesses. By offering good prices, they collect all the available tusks, then swoop down on the tribe, seize all the cattle, including those they have traded, drive off the flocks, loot any portable property, carry off the younger women, and incidentally kill any who offer resistance. If rumours of such a raid at length reach the ears of the officials, the instigators are careful not to bring themselves within their power for a year or two, when from the nature of things it is extremely difficult to prove the charges.

As Government issues the licenses and stamps the arms, the traders impress it upon the natives that they are the Sircar's men, and thus establish such an evil reputation for the white man that when a Government expedition

or a European traveller does enter their country they meet with anything but a friendly reception.

The Government have apparently been anxious to discourage the destruction of cow elephants, but never seem to have made up their minds definitely how to manage it, with the result that great injustice has been done to the traders, and endless trouble caused to the officials who have to administer the ill-thought out and contradictory regulations which have from time to time been in force. First of all an order was issued that any cow ivory brought in after a certain date was to be confiscated; then the decree ran that it was to be sold to Government at a ridiculously low value, and again at varying dates it was agreed that an ever-increasing duty should be demanded. This extraordinary medley of orders was still further complicated by a regulation requiring that the ivory traded must not have been killed within a certain date. As any man with the least knowledge of the trade can, if it is worth his while, make a tusk of a week old look as if it had been shot a couple of years, this last regulation was absolutely futile.

The whole question of trade in cow tusks is a difficult one. For some reason, which I personally cannot explain, there appear to be at least ten cows to every bull, even taking into account solitary males. The natives who kill elephants primarily for the meat, slay perhaps ten to fifteen cows or immature males to one old tusker, and to declare that no trade shall be done in such ivory, until you have the power to prevent the slaughter of the beasts, is merely to encourage smuggling and to cause the waste of a valuable product—valuable, because billiard balls cannot be made of any but cow ivory.

Another drawback to the present system is the ease with which ivory shot or traded by unauthorised persons can be disposed of to native dealers. That such dealings have taken place, to a very large extent, is a matter of common knowledge.

How easy, for instance, an official in one of the remoter stations, who wished to handle ivory for his own profit, could favour those likely to provide him with cattle for trading purposes. The Government porters and police could be used for the business, and the official's mind would be biased in deciding the question whether a punitive expedition should or should not take place, by the possibilities there might be of acquiring cattle, which he could purchase at a cheap rate from Government and use for his trade. Other traders, and in fact anyone who would be likely to interfere with, or report his proceedings, would be discouraged in his district and he would practically have little difficulty in closing it by declaring it to be unsafe.

All these difficulties could be obviated by giving the Government the monopoly of purchasing the bull ivory above a certain size at a fair market value, and the cow tusks at only sufficient price to make it worth the carriage to a Government station. No ivory could then be exported from the Coast unless it were Government property, or the limited quantity obtained under a sportsman's license. The wandering of irresponsible armed bodies of natives about the remoter parts of the country would cease, while a selected number of Europeans and natives could be allowed to shoot and trade for Government and share in the profits. Under such a scheme no official would be tempted to add trading to his duties, as he would find it extremely difficult to get rid of his ill-gotten gains.

At present practically the whole profits of the trade enrich a handful of Indian merchants, while the collection of the tusks goes hand in hand with much discontent, loss of life, and injustice, all of which, in the native mind, are associated with the Government.

In the Congo, the native merchants are allowed to trade at certain fixed stations only, and not to scour the country at their own sweet will.

It is a matter of certainty that East Africa and Uganda have a splendid future before them, but under the present policy I fear it is equally certain that the good time must be long delayed.

In my humble opinion Sir Charles Eliot, the late Commissioner of British East Africa, who, in common with many of those best able to judge, was in favour of encouraging the individual settler, rather than granting vast tracts of the most fertile country to wealthy syndicates, was the right man in the right place. The settler with a little money in hand—and there were many such men anxious to take up land—would at once develop and make the most of his holding. The business of the syndicate on the other hand is to wait till the land can be disposed of at a profit, a course which must necessarily retard the progress of the country.

The official reasons, thus far made public, for the favour shown to syndicates to the exclusion of the individual, are considered in East Africa to be based on an erroneous conception of the facts of the case. Public sympathy with Sir Charles Eliot is being widely expressed, and the policy of the Foreign Office, which on several occasions had aroused some distrust, is now creating widespread discontent.

Grant the enquiry which has been demanded by Sir Charles Eliot ; if his contentions are proved to be correct, redress the grievances of the colonists ; combine the two Protectorates under one capable chief, who is not bound down by an excess of red tape from home, and the country would, without doubt, make strides rapid enough to surprise even its most ardent well-wishers.

THE END.

## APPENDICES.







## APPENDIX I.

LIST of the Game on my Route through East Africa and Uganda, with the Districts in which the different Species are found :—

**ELEPHANT.** Mount Kenya—North-east and north of Mount Elgon, including the plain round—Between Mounts Debasien and Kizima and away westwards—Monyen and Tarash Valleys—Southern Toposa—Round the northern and western slopes of Agoro, particularly in Obbo—The country between Hoima and Butiaba.

**RHINOCEROS.** Doinyo Sabuk and towards Fort Hall—Upper waters of the Tana—Likipia Escarpment and the Baringo district—North-eastern side of Elgon—Monyen Valley—Southern Toposa—Kedef Valley.

**ZEBRA.** Athi Plains and towards Fort Hall—Likipia—Baringo—Gwashengeshu—North-east Elgon—Monyen and Tarash Valleys—Southern Toposa—Near Obira—Gondokoro

**BUFFALO.** Doinyo Sabuk—Baringo—East of the Tarash—Obbo.

**COKE'S HARTEBEEST.** Athi Plains and as far north as the Maragua River.

**HEUGLIN'S HARTEBEEST.** Likipia—Baringo (rather scarce)—Gwashengeshu—North-east and North Elgon—Kedef and Kos Valleys—Northern slopes of Agoro towards the Nile.

**HUNTER'S HARTEBEEST.** Apparently these have only been found on the Tana River.

**TOPI.** Gwashengeshu—Near Kizima—Kedef and Kos Valleys.

**BRINDLED GNU.** Athi Plains.

**DUIKER.** Mau Forest—Likipia—Elgon—Kedef and Kos Valleys—Obbo.

- KLIPSPRINGER.** Baringo—Murosoka—Tarash Valley—Mount Zunut.
- ORIBI.** Athi Plains—Gwashengeshu (numerous)—Northern Elgon—Kedef Valley.
- STEINBUCK.** Athi and northwards—Likipia—Baringo.
- DIK-DIK.** Mount Kenya—Baringo—Mau Forest—Northern Elgon—Monyen Valley—Kedef Valley.
- COMMON WATERBUCK.** Athi Plains to the Thika.
- SING SING WATERBUCK.** Likipia—Baringo—Gwashengeshu—East and north of Elgon—Kedef Valley—Northern slopes of Agoro.
- UGANDA KOB.** Between the Nzoia and the Gwaso Masa, Kitosh—Banks of the Nile, from Wadelai northwards.
- WHITE-EARED KOB.** From Nimule northwards (scarce in Uganda Territory).
- WARD'S REEDBUCK.** Mau Escarpment—Gwashengeshu—East foot of Elgon—Kedef Valley—Tu Valley near Gondokoro.
- MOUNTAIN REEDBUCK.** Doinyo Sabuk—Baringo.
- IMPALA.** Athi Plains—Likipia—Baringo.
- THOMSON'S GAZELLE.** Athi Plains—Likipia.
- GRANT'S GAZELLE.** (Two if not three races.) Athi Plains—Likipia—Debasien—Monyen—Tarash—Southern Toposa—Kedef Valley.
- WALLER'S GAZELLE.** River Tana and district.
- ORYX BEISA.** Likipia—Baringo—Monyen and Tarash Valleys.
- FRINGE-EARED ORYX.** Near Voi and towards the Tana River (This appears to be the most likely place. My short search for them at Sultan Hamoud was unsuccessful.)
- ROAN.** I saw these near the Maragua River on the western edge of the Mau Forest. They are found not far from Nimule and Gondokoro.
- ELAND.** In the neighbourhood of Doinyo Sabuk—Western Likipia—Baringo—Gwashengeshu.
- GREATER KUDU.** Baringo and towards the north and south—Northern slopes of Mount Elgon—Zunut—Obira and the hills near.

**LESSER KUDU.** Neighbourhood of the Tana—Moroto and Muro-soka—Tarash and Kedef Valleys—Down the Tu Valley almost to Gondokoro.

**BONGO.** Mau Forest.

**BUSHBUCK.** (Probably several races.) Kenya—Western Likipia—Mau Forest—Nandi Escarpment—Elgon—Debasien—Kedef Valley.

**GIRAFFE.** See page 552.

**WARTHOG.** Practically throughout the route.

**BUSHPIG.** Mount Kenya and Mau Forest.

**HIPPO.** In every large river, lake and swamp.

**LION.** Between Doinyo Sabuk and Fort Hall—Western Likipia—Baringo—Gwashengeshu—East and North-east Elgon—Kedef and Kos Valleys.

**LEOPARD.** Throughout the journey, but it is a mere matter of luck seeing them.

**SERVAL.** Distribution the same as that of leopard.

**SPOTTED HYÆNA.** This is also found everywhere, but being a nocturnal animal is seldom seen unless a carcass is specially watched.

**STRIPED HYÆNA.** Baringo.

**HUNTING DOG.** Baringo.

**JACKAL.** Everywhere.

**BABOONS.** Frequently met with, especially at Baringo, Monyen and Kedef Valleys.

**PATRAS MONKEYS.** Banks of the Nile.

**GUEREZA.** Mount Kenya—Mau Forest—Nandi Escarpment—Dodinga—Slopes of Agoro.

**GREY FOREST MONKEYS.** Mount Kenya—Mau Forest—Dodinga.

**LITTLE GREY MONKEYS.** In the neighbourhood of nearly every stream and bit of jungle.

**OSTRICH.** On most plains—Likipia—Baringo—Gwashengeshu, etc.

## APPENDIX II.

## NATIVE NAMES FOR ANIMALS.

As a sportsman and naturalist I have always found it saved much trouble to know the native names for the different animals. With this end in view, during my journey I took considerable pains to make the following vocabularies. They are, I am sorry to say, somewhat fragmentary, as, unless I could show the skin and skull of the animal, or could describe it in such a way that there could be no manner of doubt as to its identity, I have not entered its name in the list. Most of the words have been checked by several different members of the tribes represented, and I believe may be relied upon.

ENGLISH.	SWAHILI.	MASAI.	SUK.	MAU DORORO.	NANDI.	TURKANA.
Ant bear	—	El'kelli Kelli	Morquoi	—	—	—
Baboon	Nearni	El'dessi	Moyun	—	—	Ekum
Boa constrictor	Chartu	—	—	—	—	—
Bongo	—	—	—	Selgoot	—	—
Buffalo	Nyati or M'bogo	El'wasan	Sor	—	—	Nakuthe- quen
Bushbuck	M'barwarla	Lubwa	Powen	—	Poena	—
Bush pig	—	El'beadiri	—	Toraietti	—	—
Cat (wild)	Chui	Summunio	Arara	—	—	—
Crocodile	Mamba or Guana	Elginyun	Kucu	—	—	—
Dik-dik	Pa	Rongo	Serrun	Inderri	—	—
Dog (wild)	M'bometu	Suyun	Suyon	—	—	—
Duiker	Pa	Nowoukomi- chien	Powen	Mindet	—	—
Eland	Pofu	Sirwa	Jubtuko	—	—	—
Elephant	Tembo	El'ganjowi	Peleon	—	Peleor	Natomi
Giraffe	Twiga	El'maout	Agouri	—	—	Yokuri
Gnu	Numebu	—	—	—	—	—
Grant's	Swara	Ingolli	Arguetti	—	—	Argetta

ENGLISH.	SWAHILI.	MASAI.	SUK.	MAU DOROBO.	NANDI.	TURKANA.
Guereza	Baga	El'gorai	—	Arrietet	Elgoroit	—
Hare	Sungora	Ingettoko	Kibbelakwoi	—	—	—
Heuglin's (Jackson's)	Kongoni	Rapparout	Gemnokurso	—	Rhogogerwa	—
Hippo	Kiboko	El'makaw	Makaw	—	Magusta	—
Hyæna	Fisi	Lomeringerou	Kowa	—	Kemarget	Nabu
Iguana	—	El'mimor	Mertoss	—	—	—
Impala	Swara	Ingarowit	Chomil	—	—	—
Jackal	Waha	Imbarri	Jepkonio	—	—	—
Klipspringer	—	Imbunussi	Addokon	—	—	Arterrigi- gee
Kob	Swara	Leguseroi	—	—	Sirtwa	—
Kudu (greater)	—	El'marlu	Sarramut	—	—	Namagata
„ (lesser)	—	—	—	—	—	Nagarich or Argoula
Leopard	Chui	Lougurigeri	Merrel	Mililda	Chabulanga	—
Lion	Simba	El'mottun	Notton	Netunda	Netunda	—
Monkey	Kema	On'gorogutuki	Warrun	—	—	—
„ (grey)	Kema	Endari	—	Dizzi-etti	Tisseah	—
„ (small grey)	Tumbeli	—	—	—	—	—
Oribi	Pa	Imbonas	—	—	—	—
Oryx	Choloe	El'gobusuruk	Ardur	—	—	—
Ostrich	Buni	Imbunga	Kukarles	—	—	Naculez
Porcupine	Nungo	Aeyi	Subbet	—	—	—
Rat	Panya	N'derwni	—	—	—	—
Reedbuck	—	Giddiboruk	—	—	Elugut	—
„ (mountain)	—	Ingessi	Korrinion	—	—	—
Rhino	Kifaru	Mon	Kobou	—	Kevao	Namosin
Roan	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rock rabbit	Perairi	Genienjur	Kanyeri	—	—	—
Snake	Nyoka	Lasoroi	Marroi	—	—	—
Squirrel	Guru guru	Susuk	Arkonua	—	—	—
Steinbuck	Pa	Bonathi	—	—	—	—
Topi	Topi	El'gododovessi	—	—	—	—
Tortoise	Korbi	—	—	—	—	—
Warthog	Injiri	Lebeteri	Moulunga	Tumda	—	—
Waterbuck	Kuru	Nurtu	Chemnarachi	Lepon- duret	Sumerri	—
Zebra	Punda milea	Loitugo	Chirmarima	—	—	Yatuquo

ENGLISH.	TOPOSA.	DODINGA.	MIELLI.	LATUKA.	MAKKORU.	ACHOLI.
Ant bear	—	—	—	—	—	<b>Mork</b>
Baboon	—	Lotem	Otim	—	—	—
Boa constrictor	—	—	—	—	—	<b>Nielu</b>
Bongo	—	—	—	—	—	—
Buffalo	—	—	—	Assuani	—	<b>Jobi</b>
Bushbuck	Lerjo	Lorejo	Lorgelli	Arbo	Naraboni	—
Bush pig	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cat (wild)	—	—	—	Nungio	—	—
Crocodile	—	—	—	—	—	<b>Nyan</b>
Dik-dik	—	Ethero	Lorpil	Ekobeya Lobil	Laropil	—
Dog (wild)	—	—	—	—	—	—
Duiker	—	Attera	Nartira	Armoring	Namouri	—
Eland	Amagutta	—	—	Arberiget	—	—
Elephant	—	Onol	Atoma	Attomi	—	<b>Leati</b>
Giraffe	—	Takon	Cori	—	—	<b>Ree</b>
Gnu	—	—	—	—	—	—
Grant's	Argetta	Negedda	Nargetti	Abori	Narhuri	—
Guereza	—	Karam	Lobrus	Aram	Aram	<b>Dolo</b>
Hare	—	—	—	—	—	—
Heuglin's (Jackson's)	Allop	Boruni	Miyu	Arbori	Arbori	<b>Fura</b>
Hippo	—	—	—	—	—	<b>Ra</b>
Hyæna	—	—	—	Abu	—	<b>Undiek</b>
Iguana	—	—	—	—	—	—
Impala	—	—	—	—	—	—
Jackal	—	—	—	Loberi	—	<b>Tow</b>
Klipspringer	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kob	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kudu (greater)	Ebo	—	—	Aroul	—	—
„ (lesser)	Nagarich	—	Mirikecha	Amerecha	—	—
Leopard	—	—	—	Amoro	—	<b>Nu</b>
Lion	Narutin	Ma	Natung	Elemi	—	—
Monkey	—	—	—	—	—	<b>Ayom</b>
„ (grey)	—	—	—	—	—	—
„ (small grey)	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oribi	Mem	Mageri	Leuwa	Aliewa	Aleow	—
Oryx	Uarpet	—	—	Aburi	—	—
Ostrich	—	—	Tuk	—	—	<b>Oudo</b>
Porcupine	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rat	—	—	—	—	—	—

ENGLISH.	TOPOSA.	DODINGA.	MIELLI.	LATUKA.	MAKKORU.	ACHOLI.
Reedbuck	—	Varmote- tera.	Arpuri	Armoni	—	—
Reedbuck (mountain)	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rhino	—	Netel	Moin	Emoi	—	Amuga
Roan	Yemget	—	—	—	—	—
Rock rabbit	—	—	—	—	—	—
Snake	—	—	—	—	—	—
Squirrel	—	—	—	—	—	—
Steinbuck	—	—	—	—	—	—
Topi	—	Numget	Tano	Amugi	Agnoatti	—
Tortoise	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warthog	Yeputerri	Yepeteri	—	Arbuderi	Lapoteer	Culi
Waterbuck	Lorechor	—	Bobeit	Ubeit	—	—
Zebra	Yatuquo	Etekin	Etuko	Magweri	—	Maguire

## APPENDIX III.

A LIST OF THE GAME (GREAT AND SMALL)  
OBTAINED DURING THE EXPEDITION.

## MAMMALS.\*

## GIRAFFA CAMELOPARDALIS—GIRAFFE.

With regard to the distribution of the giraffe, the first which I saw was close to the Maragua River in Kikuyu. After this I met with no further tracks till the Likipia Plateau was reached. They appeared to be numerous to the north of Lake Baringo, coming south along the eastern side at certain times of the year. I found them in nearly all the large valleys, often within a few hours of native villages, between Sirgoit and the Nile. In all I must have seen many hundreds. The herds, which sometimes number thirty to forty, are continually splitting up and re-forming, so that we seldom saw a band similarly constituted two days in succession. They almost invariably post sentries, but will often allow a man to approach openly within shot before moving off. They are easily disabled. At Baringo, in

\* Measurements in ft. and in. : weights in lbs.

Height—In a straight line from a stick placed perpendicularly at the withers to the heel of the fore-foot.

Girth—Taken directly behind the fore-legs.

Length—Along curves from muzzle, to a line drawn across front edge of horns (or ears in the case of hornless animals), to root of tail, to end of tail.

Weight—Taken with Salter's spring balance, as the animal fell, if he did not exceed 200 lbs. If heavier, then cut up and the portions weighed.

I = Immature.

the early part of June, I saw several herds accompanied by calves only a few days old. Mr. Lydekker has determined two subspecies from the material I brought home, but unfortunately, owing to the severe game restrictions, it was not sufficient to determine the boundary line between them.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height at shoulder.		Height from centre horn to fore hoof.		Girth.		Notes
			ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	
158 ♀	1	6/6/02	8	9½	13	10	8	2	1 of 3 ♀s
168 ♂	1	12/6/02	10	9¼	16	10	9	3½	Master of 19
248 ♂	2	19/8/02	10	1	15	10½	9	3	1 of 2 ♂s
250 ♂	2	21/8/02	10	11	17	3	10	6	1 of 3 ♂s

1. Northern part of eastern side Lake Baringo. 2. Gwashengeshu Plateau, N.W. of Sirgoit Rock.

N.B. —Nos. 158 and 250 are now set up in the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road.

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Extract from a paper on the Subspecies of *Giraffa camelopardalis*.

BY R. LYDEKKER.

(Dated February 2nd, 1904.)

The bringing of the present communication to the notice of the Zoological Society has been to some extent an almost involuntary act on my part, and due rather to the force of circumstances than to any desire to add to the burden of zoological nomenclature.

Some time ago the British Museum received the skins of a pair of giraffes which had been shot by Major Powell-Cotton in East Africa, and are now mounted and exhibited to the public; and it became my duty to give them names.

I found myself unable to identify the Museum specimens with any of the named forms, *stricto sensu*. Consequently a revision of the whole group was necessary.

At present I am able to recognise the following forms of Giraffe :—

Netted Giraffe	.....	<i>Giraffa reticulata</i> .*
Blotched „	.....	„ <i>camelopardalis</i> .
1. Nubian Giraffe	...	<i>G. c. typica</i> .
2. Kordofan	„	„ <i>antiquorum</i> .
3. S. Lado	„	„ <i>cottoni</i> .
4. Baringo	„	„ <i>rothschildi</i> .
5. Kilimanjaro	„	„ <i>tippelskirchi</i> .
6. Congo	„	„ <i>congoensis</i> .
7. Angola	„	„ <i>angolensis</i> .
8. N. Transvaal	„	„ <i>wardi</i> .
9. Cape	„	„ <i>capensis</i> .
10. Nigerian	„	„ <i>peralta</i> .

*With a large frontal horn.*

Fore legs white and unspotted from below the knee ;  
front part of face sometimes spotted.

### 3. SOUTH LADO GIRAFFE.

GIRAFFA CAMELOPARDALIS COTTONI. (See p. 387.)

*Hab.* That portion of the interior of Uganda lying immediately south of Lado, which is itself 5° north of the equator.

Major Powell-Cotton informs me that this Giraffe was shot on March 15th, 1903, on Koton plain, at an elevation of 2,550 feet. Koton lies to the extreme south of the Toposa (Dobossa of the maps) country, and is about 3° 50' N. by 34° 30' E. I might have called it the Toposa (or Dobossa) Giraffe, but have preferred to associate it with Lado as being a much better known locality, despite the fact that the latter is generally connected with the Congo side of the Nile.

Apparently very closely related to the Baringo race, from which (judging from the single example available) the male differs in the following points :—

\* I reserve the point as to whether a transition between this and the next may not exist.

The spots on the neck are deep chestnut-brown instead of black, and show no tendency to split up into smaller spots by the development of lighter lines radiating from the centre. Moreover, the spots themselves are of more regular and more squared form, those on the lower part of the neck being so arranged that the fawn-coloured interspaces form continuous transverse bands. In *G. c. rothschildi*, on the other hand, the spots on the neck of the male are arranged somewhat alternately, so that no such transverse light bands can be traced.

The spotting of the face is confined to an area lying con-



Right lateral view of skull of male South Lado Giraffe, showing azygous orbital horn (a).

siderably below a longitudinal line drawn through the eye. The spots between the eye and the ear are smaller, and do not extend upwards on to the horns; while the hind aspect of the horns and the portion of the crown of the head below them are likewise devoid of spots, although fully spotted in the Baringo race. The white area on the side of the head is also much smaller and much less conspicuous than in the type male of the latter. Moreover, the spots on the under surface of the head (inter-ramine area) are much less numerous, and (like the sides of the face) brown instead of black. There are also much smaller spots on the nape of the neck.

So far as can be determined, the spots on the shoulder are very much smaller than in the complete Baringo male, none of them approaching in size the few large ones so characteristic of that animal. On both sides of the upper part of the fore-leg the spots are very markedly smaller and more numerous than in the latter ; while on the front and inner sides they are pale fawn, instead of being, as on the outer side, black.\*

The main horns are decidedly smaller than in the males of the Baringo Giraffe, and the development of the posterior horns is also somewhat less. In the skull of the type and only known specimen, the right main horn is decidedly larger than the left horn. A much more remarkable feature is the presence of a horn projecting horizontally outwards from the middle of the frontal border of the right orbit, this horn being apparently capped by a distinct epiphysis. No trace of any such horn is observable on the left orbit. I am informed by Major Powell-Cotton that all the male Giraffes from the locality in question seem to be furnished with a similar right orbital horn. The same gentleman also tells me that in some specimens of the Baringo Giraffe a similarly-placed horn occurs on the left side. There is, however, no trace of any such horn in any of the skulls of that race in the Museum.

The skull also differs from that of an old male Baringo Giraffe by its lower and narrower form, and more especially by the absence of the marked lateral expansion of the premaxillary region characteristic of the Baringo Giraffe ; the borders of these bones in the present form being nearly straight, instead of markedly bowed.

Such appear to be the chief distinctive features of this Giraffe, so far as I am enabled to formulate them from the specimens at present available. These comprise the skull, the mounted head and neck, several pieces of skin from the fore-quarters, and the mounted right fore-leg : all belonging to a fully adult bull shot by Major P. H. G. Powell Cotton, at the locality above men-

\*Already the spots on the inner side of the right fore-leg of the male Baringo Giraffe in the Museum, which is exposed to the light, have faded from black to grey or tawny.

tioned, to the southward of Lado, in Northern Uganda, and by him presented to the British Museum, where the head and neck are now exhibited to the public.

As already mentioned, the general characteristics of this Giraffe affiliate it very closely to *G. c. rothschildi*, and I have experienced some difficulty in deciding whether or no it should be sub-specifically separated from that form. Premising that my comparisons are based only on a single specimen, and are therefore of necessity somewhat provisional and liable to revision, I cannot identify the South Lado with the Baringo Giraffe; and I therefore propose to regard the former as the representative of a distinct local race, which may be appropriately named after its enterprising discoverer, *Giraffa camelopardalis cottoni*.

Apart from the peculiarities of the skull—in regard to the importance, or otherwise, of which, I am somewhat uncertain—I am disposed to consider this Giraffe as a distinct race mainly from the general tone, form, and mode of arrangement of the spotting, laying special stress on the absence of spots on the face above (or in front of) a line connecting the eye with the angle of the mouth, and also on the colour, size, and number of the spots on the nape of the neck and on the fore-limb.

It is true that as regards the absence of spotting on the fronto-nasal region of the face, this feature is paralleled in the mounted head of *G. c. rothschildi* obtained by Sir H. Johnston near Mount Elgon. That head, as mentioned below, belongs, however, to a very old animal, and is remarkable for the very dark colour of the areas between the spots. And it is, I think, perfectly clear that with this darkening the spots (of which there are still faint traces) have disappeared from this part of the face. Moreover, there is no distinct light line marking the cessation of the spotted area, which is so conspicuous in the present animal. The bull in the Museum from the Quashengeshu Plateau, and the Mount Elgon bull of *G. c. rothschildi*, appear to be of about the same age as the South Lado specimen; and the contrast between the fully-spotted faces of the two former and the partially-spotted face of the last is, in my opinion, too great

to permit of their being regarded as referable to one and the same subspecies.

It should, moreover, be borne in mind that we are at present unacquainted with the female of the South Lado Giraffe, and that when this is known it may turn out that the difference in the coloration of the two sexes may be much less pronounced than in the Baringo race.

Indeed, the general type of coloration of the South Lado Giraffe is suggestive of a transition from the Baringo form in the direction of the Kordofan Giraffe (*G. c. antiquorum*), in which both sexes are coloured practically alike. In the absence of spotting on the fronto-nasal region of the face, the South Lado Giraffe approximates indeed to the Kordofan animal, as it does in the small size of the spots on the legs. Not that I think there is much likelihood of the South Lado animal proving to be identical with the Kordofan Giraffe; the colour and arrangement of the spots being apparently somewhat different in the two, while there is no evidence (judging from that of its near relative, the Nubian Giraffe) that the skull of the Kordofan race has either the rudimentary occipital horns or the azygous right orbital horn of the type specimen of the present form.

#### 4. BARINGO GIRAFFE.

GIRAFFA CAMELOPARDALIS ROTHSCILDI. (See p. 194.)

*Giraffa camelopardalis rothschildi* Lydekker, Hutchinson's Animal Life, vol. ii. p. 122 (1903).

*Hab.* The Lake Baringo district and thence eastwards to Mount Elgon, both of which localities lie less than 1° north of the equator.

A three-horned Giraffe in which the sexes, in the early adult condition at least, are markedly different as regards both the form and the colour of the spots, with the lower part of the legs pure white and unspotted, a triangular white area in the neighbourhood of the ear, the spots in adult bulls large and very dark-coloured, showing a tendency to split up into stars, as indicated by lighter tripartite radiating lines in the larger ones,

and the light interspaces yellowish fawn, forming narrow network-lines on the body, but becoming much broader on the neck, where the spots assume a more irregular and somewhat jagged contour. Above the knees and hocks the spots are chestnut, these chestnut spots extending higher up on the hind than on the fore limbs. Sides of face fully spotted with black.

In females the spots are much more irregular, jagged, and star-like, reddish chestnut in colour upon a light orange-fawn ground. The light areas on the neck very wide, and the spots on the legs very small, white area round ear small; sides of face sparsely spotted.\*

Five horns generally or invariably present in old bulls, owing to the development of the posterior, or occipital, pair.

The type of this race is the mounted adult bull in the British Museum, shot by Major Powell-Cotton on the Quashengeshu (pronounced Washengeshu) Plateau to the west of Lake Baringo, from which it is separated by a forest-clad mountain-range.

The mounted head and neck (as well as the skull) of the "five-horned" bull Giraffe in the British Museum, brought from Mount Elgon by Sir H. Johnston and already alluded to, doubtless belongs to this form. It is true that the whole colour is much darker, the white area below the ear smaller and less distinct, and the spotting on the face much less developed; but in another specimen from the same locality, figured by Sir H. Johnston in "The Uganda Protectorate," these features are much the same as in the type. I attribute, therefore, these differences to individual variation and age, as I likewise do the more pronounced development of the posterior horns. As already mentioned, some of the bulls of this race, according to Major Powell-Cotton, show a protuberance above the left eye. I am informed by the same gentleman that some full-grown bulls are decidedly lighter than the type, and exhibit more distinctly star-like and irregular spots.

\* Capt. Flower has sent me the photograph of a female Giraffe, said to have come from near Kassala, marked like this specimen. The suggestion arises that it was brought from further south.

When I described the type male I was of opinion that the mounted female in the British Museum, killed by Major Powell-Cotton near Lake Baringo, belonged to a distinct race. I am told, however, by him that bulls precisely similar to the type Quashengeshu specimen occur with the Lake Baringo herd; and this statement is fully confirmed by a male skin from that district I have had the opportunity of inspecting. The marked discrepancy in the coloration of the two sexes is therefore a very distinctive feature of this race of Giraffe at this age.

Sir Harry Johnston tells me that the individual from which the sketch was taken was a young animal, and that the mounted head in the Museum is, as I have surmised, that of a very old bull; the darker colour and disappearance of the spots in the latter thus being due to age.

Sir H. Johnston further informs me that a very aged female shot in the same district by his assistant, the late Mr. Doggett, was remarkable for its exceedingly dark colour. So dark, indeed, was this animal, that at a distance it appeared quite a uniform sepia-tint. This indicates that the mounted female in the Museum, although full-grown, is a comparatively young animal. When seen through field-glasses by Sir H. Johnston's party, both males and females of this race of Giraffe were often so dark in colour that they appeared to be nearly black, with white bellies and legs; this deepening of coloration being, as I have said, apparently coincident with advanced age.

From the strong spotting of the face in young adult bulls, this race might well be called the Spotted-faced Giraffe.

I may add a word as to the name given to this race. As the first specimen received in England was brought home by Sir Harry Johnston, the natural course would have been to name it after that gentleman. Since, however, his specimens did not include the entire skin, they did not afford sufficient characters for the definition of this form. On the other hand, it would have been somewhat invidious to name this form after its second discoverer, Major Powell-Cotton. Accordingly it appeared advisable to name it after the donor to the British Museum of

the Quashengeshu bull, which first afforded decisive characteristics.

It would not be fair to leave this part of the subject without directing attention to the important service to zoological science Major Powell-Cotton has rendered by collecting these and other specimens of Giraffes from East Central Africa, under what I am given to understand were circumstances of special difficulty.

GUEREZA MONKEY.—(*Guereza guereza caudata*.\*)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Girth.	Length.	Weight, lbs.	Elevation.
43 ♀	1	31/3 02	16	24.53	—	7,200
45 ♂	1	1/4 02	16	27½.60½	—	7,400
221 ♀	2	27.7 02	13½	24½.54	18	7,700
222 ♂	2	27.7 02	16	28.62	25	7,700
277 ♀	3	6.10 02	14	25½.58	17	5,250
279 ♂	3	6.10 02	16	26½.63	21	5,250
355 ♀	4	21/3 03	15	25.59	17	5,650
356 ♂	4	21/3 03	14½	26.61	24½	5,650
434 ♂	5	2/5 03	15½	26½.64	20½	2,150
435 ♀	5	2/5 03	13½	26½.62	18	2,150

1. Western slopes, Kenya. 2. Mau Forest. 3. North Nandi, below the escarpment. 4. Dodinga. 5. Near Kilio, Latuka.

\* There is so marked a difference between specimens from localities 1 and 5 that it is probable new sub-species may be found in this series.

MONKEY.—(*Cercopithecus ?*)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
140 ♀	1	26/5 02	9	16½.37	3,350
210 ♂	2	10/7/02	13	23.49	—
447 ♂	3	8.6/03	12	25½.52½	1,900
455 ♂	4	4.8/03	—	—	2,200

1. East side Baringo. 2. Below Eldamo Ravine. 3. East bank Nile, south of the Assua. 4. West side Lake Albert.

PATAS MONKEY.—(*Cercopithecus patas*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
450 ♀	4	19.7 03	—	—	2,200
453 ♀	4	3.8 03	12	23½.46½	2,200
454 ♀	4	3.8.03	12½	22½.45½	2,200

4. West side of Lake Albert.

FOREST MONKEYS.—(*Undetermined.*)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Girth.	Length.	Weight, lbs.	Elevation.
CC ♀ *	1	—	14	21.42½	14	7,200
220 ♀	2	26/7/02	12	21.49	12	7,700

1. Mount Kenya. 2. Mau Forest.

\* Shot by Mr. F. C. Cobb.

BABOON.—(*Papio doguera* ?)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.	Notes.
ZZZ ♀	1	—	—	—	—	3,350	—
144 ♂	2	28/5/02	25	32½.57½	48	3,350	—
332 ♀	*3	13/2/03	18½	26.46½	32	2,900	—
333 ♂	*3	13.2.03	20	30.52½	36	2,900	Tip toes to tip fingers, 62
379 ♂	*4	2/4/03	—	—	—	3,250	—

1. Largest island in Lake Baringo. 2. East side Baringo. 3. Mount Murosoka, Karamojo. 4. Kedef Valley west of Dodinga.

\* Determination provisional.

LION.—(*Felis leo.*)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length—		Weight.	Elevation.
					Straight.	Curves.		
					ft. in.	ft. in.		
22 ♀	1	11/3/02	43	34	8 2	8 9	—	—
27 ♂ *	2	14/3/02	40	48	8 11	—	—	—
28 ♂ I	2	14.3.02	—	—	—	—	—	—
29 ♀ I	2	16/3.02	—	—	—	—	—	—
75 ♂ †	3	14/4.02	41½	47	8 10	9 9	381	6,200
107 ♂ †	4	10/5.02	40½	48	8 10	9 6½	—	4,200
161 ♀ I	4	8.6.02	31	33	7 7½	7 11	—	4,200
385 ♂ I	5	3.4.03	36½	37	8 3	9 0½	—	3,250
386 ♂ I	5	3.4.03	37½	37	8 2½	9 1	—	3,250

1. By the Thika. 2. Punda Milia. 3. Likipia. 4. East side Baringo. 5. Kedef Valley.

\* Full yellow and black mane.

† Yellow and black mane.

‡ Yellow mane.

LEOPARD.—(*Felis pardus*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length—		Curves.	Elevation.
					ft.	in.	ft. in.	
117 ♀	{ Likipia Escarpment. }	17/5/02	27½	21½	5	9	5 11½	4,300
118 ♀		17/5/02	25	21½	5	8½	6 1	4,300

SERVAL.—(*Felis serval*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.
2 ♀	Athi.	2/3/02	17½	12½	3½·30·40½	14

BLOTCHED GENET.—(*Genetta tigrina*.)

Locality.	Length.	Elevation.
Baringo . . . .	18½·33	3,500

BUFFALO.—(*Bos coffer* ?)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Elevation.
439 ♂ I	Obbo . .	18/5/03	2,900

SPOTTED HYÆNA.—(*Hyæna crocuta*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
24 ♀	1	13/3/02	30	37	11·58·71	
189 ♂	2	20/6/02	27½	32	48½·62½	4,000

1. Kikuyu 2. East side Baringo.

In the Baringo district it is often difficult to tell the sex of the spotted hyænas. The striped also occur there, though not so frequently as the spotted.

WILD DOG.—(*Lycaon pictus* ?)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.	Notes.
192 ♂	E. side Baringo	22/6/02	23½	23½	39·53½	4,000	Master of the troop
193 ♀	"	22/6/02	—	—	—	"	One of the troop
194 ♀	"	22/6/02	—	—	—	"	" "
195 ♀	"	22/6/02	23	20	36·51	"	" "
196 ♀	"	22/6/02	—	—	—	"	" "
197 ♀	"	22/6/02	—	—	—	"	" "

The only place I saw them. These are a smaller race than the southern representative.

GRAY JACKAL.—(*Lupulus anthus variegatus*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
99 ♀	E. side Baringo	6.5.02	16½	13½	51.26½.38½	3,500
171 ♀	"	14.6.02	15½	13	26½.39	4,000
172 ♂	"	14.6.02	15	13	27.39	"
185 ♀	"	19.6.02	—	—	—	"
187 ♂	"	19.6.02	—	—	—	"

BLACK-BACKED JACKAL.—(*Lupulus mesomelas*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
35 ♀	1	19.3.02	16½	15	30.44	—	—
64 ♂	2	11.4.02	17½	15½	6.29.45	16	6,200
65 ♀	2	11.4.02	16½	14	51.27½.41½	15	"
178 ♂	3	16.6.02	17½	15	31.46	—	4,000

1. Punda Milia. 2. Likipia. 3. E. side Baringo.

COKE'S.—(*Bubalis cokei*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.
1 ♀	1	1/3/02	13½ × 7½	13 × 7½	9½	45	48	15.70.98
3 ♂	1	5/3/02	13 × 8½	13½ × 8½	11	47	54	17.73.93
31 ♂	2	17/3.02	18½ × 10½	18½ × 10½	14	48½	53	17½.83½.105½
32 ♂	2	18.3.02	19½ × 10½	19 × 10½	10½	46½	45½	18.74½.94
33 ♂	2	18.3.02	18 × 9½	18½ × 10	16	47	49	16½.77.99
34 ♂	2	18.3.02	18 × 10½	17½ × 10½	16½	51	48	17.79.100
36 ♂	2	19.3.02	17½ × 10	17½ × 10	9½	—	—	—
37 ♂	2	19.3.02	17½ × 10½	17½ × 10½	16½	—	—	—

1. Stony Athi. 2. Punda Milia.

HEUGLIN'S HARTEBEEST.—(*Bubalis leuel.*)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
61 ♀	1	10/4/02	16½ × 8½	16½ × 8½	8½	49	51	17½-75-94	—	6,200
69 ♂	1	13/4/02	22½ × 11½	22½ × 11	12½	52	54½	19½-87-116	396	5,800
91 ♂	2	22/4/02	20½ × 10½	20 × 10½	7½	51½	53	19-86½-112	—	3,800
204 ♂	3	28/6/02	20 × 10½	19½ × 10½	6	—	—	—	—	3,500
228 ♂	4	10/8/02	22½ × 10½	22½ × 10½	12½	47½	57	19½-89-105	—	8,200
231 ♀	4	12/8/02	16½ × 7½	16½ × 7½	10½	48½	53	19½-80-107	—	8,200
247 ♂	4	17/8/02	21½ × 12½	21½ × 12½	8½	51½	56½	20-91	—	6,800
263 ♂	4	28/8/02	23 × 11½	22½ × 11½	10	—	—	—	—	6,800
282 ♀	5	14/10/02	15½	—	—	53	46½	18½-93-106	—	5,650
312 ♂	6	24/12/02	22½ × 11½	22½ × 11½	8	—	—	—	—	4,100
321 ♂	7	18/1/03	23½ × 11	23½ × 11½	8½	50½	55½	20½-84-109	—	4,100
354 ♂	8	19/3/03	22½ × 11½	21½ × 11	14½	53½	54	20½-82½-110	—	4,450
380 ♀	9	2/4/03	18½ × 8½	18½ × 8½	9½	49½	60½	19-81½-103	—	3,250
398 ♀	9	8/4/03	17	—	—	52	51	20-83-109	—	3,250
400 ♂	*9	8/4/03	21½ × 11½	20½ × 11½	8	49½	—	20-86½-113	—	3,650
410 ♂	*9	14/4/03	23 × 11	22½ × 11	8½	—	—	—	—	3,650
411 ♀	*9	14/4/03	18½ × 8½	18½ × 8½	8½	—	—	—	—	3,650
431 ♂	†10	30/4/03	23½ × 10½	23½ × 10½	12	51½	51½	19-83-95	—	1,900
443 ♀	†11	3/6/03	16½ × 7½	16½ × 7½	7½	49	52	20-18½-102	—	2,650
445 ♂	†11	4/6/03	21 × 12	22 × 11	9	54	58½	21½-88-112½	—	2,650

1. Likipia. 2. Likipia Escarpment. 3. East side Baringo. 4. Gwashengeshu. 5. Kabaras. 6. Kilim, Mount Elgon. 7. Near Kizima, Karamoja. 8. East of Dodinga. 9. Kedef Valley. 10. Kos Valley. 11. Obbo-Barri.

\* Strongly marked white flecks about face.

† Black face, chin, and leg, markings.

This large series was collected in order to clear up the question how far South the typical Heuglin's extends.

TOPI.—(*Damaliscus corrigan jimela*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
244 δ	1	15/8 '02	17½ × 8½	17½ × 8½	8½	48	51	14½-76-17-23½	327	7,100
245 δ	1	16/8 '02	17½ × 8½	18 × 8½	8½	49½	47½	14½-72-16-22	—	7,100
425 δ	2	27/4 '03	16½ × 7½	16½ × 7½	7½	46½	48	14-71½-97½	—	2,050
429 ♀	2	27/4 '03	17½ × 5½	17½ × 5½	7	46	47	15-72-94	—	2,050

1. Gwashengeshu. 2. Kos Valley.

DUIKER.—(*Cephalophus grimmi*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
213 δ	1	16/7 '02	3½ × 1½	3½ × 1½	2½	20½	18	6½-34-40	15	7,700
302 δ	2	7/12 '02	3½ × 2½	3½ × 2½	1½	18	16	5½-32-38½	—	5,900
389 δ	3	4/4 '03	3½ × 2½	3½ × 2½	1½	21½	19	6-36-42	—	3,250
390 ♀	3	—	—	—	—	21	18	6½-35-42	—	3,250
432 δ	4	1/5 '03	3½ × 2	3½ × 2	2	20½	19	6-34½-39	—	1,900

1. Mau Forest. 2. East foot of Elgon. 3. Kedef Valley, west of Dodinga. 4. Kos Valley, west of Tarangole.

\* This series exhibits peculiar forms which may prove new sub-species.

KLIPSPRINGER.—(*Oreotragus saltator*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
94 δ	1	29/4 '02	3½ × 1½	3½ × 2	2	—	—	—	4,100
95 δ	1	29/4 '02	3½ × 1½	3½ × 1½	2½	—	—	—	4,100
132 δ	1	21/5 '02	—	—	—	—	—	—	4,100
152 δ	1	1/6 '02	3½ × 1½	3½ × 1½	1½	—	—	—	4,000
206 δ	1	28/6 '02	3½ × 2½	3½ × 2½	1½	—	—	—	4,800
334 δ	2	15/2 '03	2½ × 2	2½ × 2	1½	19	19½	4½-32½-36	2,600
341 δ	3	6/3 '03	3½ × 1½	3½ × 2	1½	—	—	—	—

1. Likipia Escarpment, east of Baringo. 2. Murosoka. 3. Mount Zunuz, Western Turkana.

ORIBI.—(*Ourebia haggardi* and *O. montana*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
30 ♀	1	16/3/02	—	—	—	22½	20½	71-43	—	—
227 ♂	2	9/8/02	3½ × 1½	4 × 1½	2½	23½	20	5-40½-43	35	8,100
234 ♂ I	2	13/8/02	2½ × 1½	2½ × 1½	2½	22	19½	4½-38½-42	35	7,500
240 ♂	2	15/8/02	4½ × 2½	5 × 2½	2½	23	21	5½-40½-44½	38	7,100
254 ♂ I	2	23/8/02	5½ × 2½	5½ × 2½	2½	22½	19½	5-40-44	35	7,000
262 ♂	2	28/8/02	4½ × 2½	4½ × 2½	2½	—	—	—	—	7,000
310 ♂	3	23/12/02	4 × 2½	3½ × 2½	1½	—	—	—	—	4,100
319 ♀	4	18/1/03	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4,100
353 ♂	5	19/3/03	5½ × 2½	5½ × 2½	2½	23½	22	5½-43-47½	—	4,450
364 ♂	6	30/3/03	4½ × 2	4½ × 2	2½	—	—	—	—	3,500
367 ♂ I	6	31/3/03	3½ × 2½	3½ × 2½	2½	23½	19	4½-41-46	—	3,250
387 ♂	6	3/4/03	4½ × 2	none	—	—	—	—	—	3,250
391 ♂	6	4/4/03	4½ × 2	4½ × 2	—	23	20	5½-40½-45	—	3,250
419 ♂	6	20/4/03	4½ × 2½	4½ × 2½	2½	23½	20	5½-39½-42	40	—
420 ♀	6	20/4/03	—	—	—	23½	21	7½-42½-46	—	—
423 ♂	6	21/4/03	4½ × 2½	4½ × 2½	1½	23	20	5½-41-44	—	2,550

1. Punda Milia. 2. Gwashengeshu Plateau. 3. Kilim, Mount Elgon. 4. Kizima, Karamoja. 5. East side Dodinga.  
6. Kedef Valley.

STEINBUCK.—(*Rhaphieros campestris neumanni*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
25 ♀	1	13/3/02	—	—	—	20	17½	54-32½-36	—	—
26 ♂	1	14/3/02	3½ × 1½	3½ × 1½	2½	19	18½	44-33½-37	—	—
39 ♂	2	27/3/02	4 × 1½	4½ × 1½	2	20	20	44-31-33	—	—
53 ♂	3	9/4/02	3½ × 1½	3½ × 1½	2½	19½	17½	44-32½-36	22	5,800
58 ♂	3	10/4/02	3½ × 1½	3½ × 1½	2½	20	18½	44-34½-38	22	5,800
62 ♂	3	11/4/02	3½ × 1½	3½ × 1½	2	—	18	44-32-35	24	6,000
86 ♂	3	19/4/02	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6,600
88 ♂	3	19/4/02	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6,600
165 ♀	*4	10/6/02	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4,000
205 ♂	*4	28/6/02	4½ × 1½	4½ × 1½	2	18	17	44-33-35	—	4,000

1. Thika Valley. 2. Near Kenya. 3. Likipia. 4. East side Baringo.

\* Determination provisional.

DIR-DIK.—(*Madogua Kiriki*?)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
97 ♂	1	3/4/02	2½	—	1½	15	12½	41-25-27	10½	3,500
98 ♂	1	3/4/02	2½	—	1½	16	13	41-24½-26½	9½	3,500
141 ♂	1	26/5/02	2½	—	1½	15½	12	41-26-27	—	3,500
143 ♂	1	27/5/02	1½	—	1½	—	—	—	—	3,500
151 ♂	1	1/6/02	2½ × 1½	2½ × 1½	1½	—	—	—	—	3,500
312 ♀	2	25/12/02	—	—	—	16½	13	25½-25	—	4,100
323 ♂	3	30/1/03	3½ × 1½	3½ × 1½	1½	—	—	—	—	3,500
403 ♂	4	11/4/03	2½ × 1½	2½ × 1½	1½	15½	12½	34-25-26½	—	3,200
404 ♀	4	11/4/03	—	—	—	14½	10½	5-23-24½	—	3,200
407 ♂	4	14/4/03	2½ × 1½	2½ × 1½	1½	14½	12	41-24½-26½	—	2,650
408 ♀	4	14/4/03	—	—	—	14	11	5-23½-25	—	2,650
409 ♂	4	14/4/03	3½ × 1½	3½ × 1½	2½	—	—	—	—	2,650
418 ♂	5	19/4/03	3 × 1½	2½ × 1½	1½	—	—	—	—	2,700

1. East side Baringo. 2. Kilim, Mount Elgon. 3. Manyen. 4. Kelef. 5. Foot Mount Egaung.

It is doubtful if all these are *Kiriki*.

WATERBUCK.—(*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.
19 ♂	1	11/3/02	20 × 7	19½ × 7½	14½	45½	58	7-8-96

SING-SING WATERBUCK.—(*Cobus defassa*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
38 ♂	1	26/3/02	22½ × 8½	22½ × 8½	8½	49½	57½	12½-90½-111	5,500
74 ♂	2	14/4/02	25½ × 9½	25½ × 9½	9½	—	—	—	6,200
81 ♂	2	16/4/02	25½ × 7½	25½ × 7½	19½	48	—	13-87-105	6,400
108 ♂	3	12/5/02	17½ × 8	21½ × 7½	14½	49½	56	13-94½-114½	4,100
112 ♂	3	12/5/02	25½ × 8½	27½ × 8½	13½	47½	58	13-88½-108	8,200
230 ♂	4	10/8/02	26½ × 9½	26½ × 9½	9½	52	61	15-92-99	6,650
267 ♂	4	31/8/02	28½ × 9½	28 × 9½	10	51½	61½	11-91-111	5,500
288 ♂	5	21/10/02	31½ × 10½	31½ × 10½	19½	51½	60	14-93-112½	5,500
289 ♂	5	22/10/02	29½ × 9½	30½ × 9½	11½	52½	66	14½-93-113	5,500

1. Kikuyu. 2. Likipia (Mutarat). 3. Likipia Escarpment, east of Baringo. 4. Gwashengeshu Plateau, east edge. 5. Gwashengeshu Plateau, west edge.

SING SING WATERBUCK.—(*Cobus Defassa* ?)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
456 ♂	W. side Lake Albert	4/8/03	--	--	--	50½	57½	12-84-105	2,200

This specimen is at present undetermined, but, owing to its peculiar dark coloration and other details, may prove to be a new sub-species.

UGANDA KOB.—(*Cobus thomasi*.)

No. and sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
284 ♂	1	17/10/02	16 × 6½	16½ × 6½	8½	39½	42	10-68½-82½	—	5,400
285 ♂	1	19/10/02	17½ × 6½	17½ × 7½	12½	39½	43	10-68-82½	—	5,450
286 ♂	1	21/10/02	17½ × 6½	17 × 6½	10½	38½	42½	9½-69-82½	—	5,500
287 ♂	1	21/10/02	16½ × 7½	16½ × 7	9½	36	42	9½-71-85	—	5,500
290 ♂	1	23/10/02	14½ × 6½	15½ × 6½	11½	39½	44	10-68-82	—	5,500
291 ♂	1	24/10/02	17½ × 7½	16½ × 7½	5½	37	38	9-67½-80	203	5,500
292 ♂	1	24/10/02	17½ × 6½	17 × 6½	6½	35½	41	9½-66½-81½	234	5,500
293 ♂	1	24/10/02	16½ × 7½	16½ × 7½	7½	38½	44½	9½-66-80	—	5,500
294 ♂	1	24/10/02	16½ × 6½	7½ × 6½	—	39½	44	9½-71-86	261	5,500
448 ♂	2	18/7/03	17½ × 6½	18½ × 6½	8½	—	—	—	—	—
449 ♂	2	18/7/03	18½ × 6½	18½ × 6½	6½	38½	40	8½-66½-77	—	—
451 ♂	2	2/8/03	16 × 7½	15½ × 7½	—	35	36	9½-61½-64	—	—
457 ♂	3	8/8/03	14½ × 6½	14½ × 6½	6½	—	—	—	—	—

1. Northern Kitosch. 2. West side Lake Albert. 3. Between Wadelai and Nimule.

WARD'S REEDBUCK.—(*Cervicapra redunca wardi*.)

No. & Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
217 ♂	1	16 7/02	7½ × 5½	7½ × 5½	4½	35½	32	8½-55-66	—	7,000
229 ♀	2	10 8/02	—	—	—	34	30	11½-54-62	—	8,200
233 ♂	2	13 8/02	8½ × 6½	8½ × 6½	4½	33½	36	9-59½-68	150	7,500
238 ♂	2	14 8/02	8½ × 5½	8½ × 5½	7½	32½	33	7½-58½-68	—	7,100
239 ♂	2	14 8/02	7½ × 5½	7½ × 5½	5½	32½	31	7½-53½-63	—	7,100
241 ♂	2	15 8/02	8½ × 5½	8 × 5½	4½	33½	31	8-53½-64	102	7,100
242 ♂	2	15 8/02	7½ × 6½	7½ × 6½	4½	30	30½	7½-53 62	—	7,100
243 ♂	2	15 8/02	9½ × 5½	9½ × 5½	8½	35½	32	8½-51 62	132	7,100
284 ♀	3	11 10/02	—	—	—	32½	28	10½-51½-60½	—	6,000
305 ♂	4	9 12/02	9½ × 5½	8½ × 5½	3½	35	32	8½-57 68½	—	5,900
394 ♂ I	5	11 4/03	7½ × 5½	7½ × 6	7½	32½	29	8-53½ 65	—	3,200

1. Mau Forest. 2. Gwashengeshu. 3. Nandi Plateau. 4. East side Elgon. 5. Kede Valley.

CHANLER'S REEDBUCK.—(*Cervicapra sueltorufula chanleri*.)

No. & Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight, lbs.	Elevation.	Note.
10 ♀	1	7 3/02	—	—	—	28½	25½	9-42-51	—	5,700	—
11 ♂	1	7 3/02	5½ × 4½	5½ × 4½	3½	—	—	—	—	"	—
13 ♂	1	7 3/02	5½ × 4½	6½ × 4½	4	—	—	—	—	"	—
14 ♂	1	8 3/02	4½ × 4½	4½ × 4	3½	—	—	—	—	"	—
15 ♂	1	9 3/02	5½ × 4½	5½ × 4½	3	28	26	6½-48-58	—	"	—
23 ♂	2	12 3/02	5½ × 4½	5½ × 4½	3½	29½	26½	6½-46-56½	—	"	—
100 ♀	3	8 5/02	—	—	—	29	25½	10-48-58	65	3,800	In young.
101 ♂	3	8 5/02	5½ × 3½	5½ × 3½	4½	27½	25	6½-49-59½	66	"	—
130 ♂	3	21 5/02	4½ × 3½	4½ × 3½	2½	—	—	—	—	"	—
214 ♀	4	16 7/02	—	—	—	30½	28½	10-46-56½	82	7,300	In young, 5 lbs.

1. Doiroy Sabuk. 2. Near River Thika. 3. Likipia Escarpment, east of Baringo. 4. Mau Forest.

IMPALA.—(*Epyceros melampus*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
5 ♂	1	6/3/02	22½ × 5½	22½ × 5½	14½	36½	35½	9·59½·75	—
9 ♂	1	7/3/02	22½ × 6	22½ × 6	7½	—	—	—	—
20 ♂	2	11/3/02	23½ × 5½	22½ × 5½	12½	36½	36½	9½·61½·75	—
21 ♂	2	11/3/02	25 × 5½	25½ × 5½	12½	35½	38	9½·59·74	—
76 ♂	3	15/4/02	27 × 6½	26½ × 6½	18	37½	36½	9½·61·76	6,200
105 ♂	4	9/5/02	28½ × 5½	28½ × 5	17½	—	—	—	4,000
134 ♀	4	23/5/02	—	—	—	32½	30	10·54·68½	—
142 ♂	4	26/5/02	27½ × 5½	27½ × 5½	19	—	—	—	—
149 ♂	4	31/5/02	27½ × 6½	27½ × 6½	6½	—	—	—	—
203 ♂	4	26/6/02	28½ × 6½	28½ × 6½	15½	—	—	—	—

1. Athi Plains. 2. Thika Valley 3. Likipia. 4. East side Baringo.

The Baringo district is said to offer finer Impala heads than any other part of Africa

THOMSON'S GAZELLE.—(*Gazella thomsoni*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
4 ♂	1	5/3/02	14½ × 4½	14½ × 4½	3½	26	26	6·42·50½	—	—
8 ♂	1	6/3/02	12½ × 4½	no trace.	—	27	26	6·44½·53	—	—
18 ♂	1	10/3/02	12½ × 4½	12½ × 4½	3½	25½	25½	5½·45½·55½	—	—
40 ♂	2	27/3/02	12½ × 4½	12½ × 4½	3½	24½	24½	6·43½·53	—	—
66 ♂	3	12/4/02	13½ × 4½	13½ × 5	4½	26	26	6·42½·51½	59	5,800
68 ♂	3	12/4/02	13½ × 4½	13½ × 4½	4½	26	26	6½·43·53½	64	5,800
73 ♂	3	13/4/02	14 × 4½	13½ × 4½	5	26½	26½	6·44·51	—	6,100
86 ♂	3	18/4/02	14 × 4½	13½ × 4½	4½	24½	25½	6½·43·52½	—	6,100

1. Athi Plain. 2. Near Kenya. 3. Likipia.

GRANT'S GAZELLE.—(*Gazella granti*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	It. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
57 δ	1	9/4/02	22½ × 6½	22 × 6½	5½	37½	38	7½-62-75	138	5,800
67 δ	1	12/4/02	21½ × 6½	21½ × 6½	8½	36	35	7-60½-74½	138	5,800
70 δ	1	13/4/02	21 × 6½	21½ × 6½	8½	35	43½	7-55½-69	—	5,800
72 δ	1	13/4/02	20½ × 6½	20 × 6½	8½	33	35½	7-58½-71	—	6,000
127 δ	2	19/5/02	14½ × 5½	14½ × 5½	5	—	—	—	—	4,000
159 δ	2	7/6/02	22½ × 6	22½ × 6½	8½	34½	33	7½-56½-69	—	4,000
166 δ	2	11/6/02	20½ × 6½	21½ × 6½	7	—	—	—	—	4,000
167 ♀	2	11/6/02	11½ × 3½	11½ × 3½	4½	—	—	—	—	4,000
318 δ	3	18/1/03	20½ × 6½	20½ × 6½	7½	34½	54	7-57-68	114	4,100
338 δ	4	26/2/03	17 × 6½	17½ × 6½	7½	—	—	—	—	2,250
342 δ I	4	7/3/03	14½ × 6½	14½ × 6	5½	—	—	—	—	2,100
343 δ	4	8/3/03	20½ × 6½	19½ × 6½	7½	—	—	—	—	2,200
348 δ I	5	16/3/03	17½ × 6½	17½ × 6½	7½	—	—	—	—	2,950
370 ♀ *	6	1/4/03	12½ × 3½	12½ × 3½	7½	33½	30	7-51-61	—	3,250
371 ♀ *	6	1/4/03	12½ × 3½	12½ × 3½	5½	33½	31½	7½-55-65½	—	3,250
373 δ *	6	1/4/03	22½ × 6½	22½ × 6½	10	38	35	8-63½-77	—	3,250
377 δ *	6	1/4/03	22½ × 7½	23½ × 7½	11½	—	—	—	—	3,250
397 δ *	6	5/4/03	23½ × 7½	23½ × 7½	11½	38½	38	7½-64-76	—	3,550
1. Likipia. 2. East side Baringo. 3. Near Kizima, Karamoja. 4. Tarash, Turkana. 5. Southern Toposa.										
6. Kedef Valley.										

\* Those from the Kedef Valley appear to differ from the others by the absence of dark bands even in the young males and adult females, their greater height, the shape of their horns and other details. Sub-species?

ORYX.—(*Oryx beisa*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
190 ♀	1	21/6/02	31½ × 5½	31½ × 5½	7½	45½	—	13½-73½-99	4,000
201 ♂	1	25/6/02	34½ × 7½	30 × 7½	9½	46	56	13½-76½-103½	4,000
328 ♀	2	6/2/03	32½ × 5½	32½ × 5½	8½	—	—	13½-70½-97½	2,700
329 ♂	2	6/2/03	30½ × 6½	31 × 6½	10	47½	51	14½-74-102	2,700

1. East side Baringo. 2. Momyen Valley.

GREATER KUDU.—(*Strepsiceros kudu*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	Straight.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
114 ♂	Likipia escarpment	14/5/02	50½ × 10½	39½	53½ × 10½	41	40½	56	62½	13½-98-118
116 ♂	"	"	44½ × 10½	—	44½ × 10½	—	26½	—	—	—
208 ♂	"	"	46½ × 10½	—	46½ × 10½	—	47½	—	—	11½-93-112

LESSER KUDU.—(*Strepsiceros imberbis*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
322 ♂	1	29/1/03	28½ × 6½	29½ × 6½	12½	43½	41	10-66-77	—	3,500
340 ♂	2	28/2/03	26½ × 6½	26½ × 6½	12½	43	36	9-63-77	184	2,350

1. Momyen Valley, Karamoja. 2. Tarash Valley, Turkana.

This locality is much further west than the ground from which any specimens have previously been recorded; whether there is any variation is not yet determined.

BUSHBUCK.—(*Tragelaphus scriptus*?)\*

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.	Note.
46 ♂	1	1/4/02	8½ × 4½	8 × 4½	6	33	35½	8-60-73	7,400	
47 ♂	1	1/4/02	13½ × 6½	13½ × 6½	7½	30½	32	71-49-59	7,400	
48 ♀	1	6/4/02	—	—	—	30½	30	9-55-64	7,400	Weight whole, 102 lbs.
90 ♀	2	21/4/02	—	—	—	—	—	—	6,200	
211 ♂	3	14/7/02	—	—	—	30	28	91-54½-64½	7,300	Weight whole, 82 lbs.
212 ♂	3	—	—	—	—	32	31	71-55½-68½	7,300	
270 ♀	4	4/9/02	—	—	—	—	—	—	6,300	
280 ♂	5	9/10/02	—	—	—	—	—	—	6,500	
316 ♀	6	—	—	—	—	27	23	9-49-58	3,950	
317 ♂	6	2/1/03	13½ × 5½	12½ × 5½	5	32½	33	7½-54-65	3,950	
350 ♂	7	17/3/03	14½ × 5½	15½ × 5½	8	30	32	7-56½-69	2,950	
357 ♀	8	22/3/03	—	—	—	24½	23½	18½-42-50	5,850	
365 ♂	9	31/3/03	10½ × 5½	10½ × 5½	5½	30½	29	7-51½-64	3,250	
366 ♂	9	31/3/03	9½ × 5	9½ × 5	2½	30½	28	71-51-61½	3,250	
368 ♂	9	31/3/03	4½ × 3½	4½ × 3½	3½	—	—	—	3,250	
393 ♀	9	31/3/03	—	—	—	27½	24	8-46½-55	3,250	
395 ♀	9	31/3/03	—	—	—	28	25	9-48½-59	3,250	
396 ♀	9	31/3/03	—	—	—	28½	25	8-49½-59	3,250	

1. Western slopes, Mount Kenya. 2. Likipia. 3. Mau Forest. 4. Gwashengeshu. 5. North Nandi, on the Escarpment. 6. North-west foot of Delaisien. 7. Near Mount Lotholier. 8. Dodinga. 9. Kedef Valley.

\* Kenya bushbuck appear to differ from any type I know. Kedef ones also struck me as being worth comparing with known types.

WARTHOG.—(*Phaenocherus Africanus*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Tusk.	L. Tusk.	Between tips.	R. Lower Tusk.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation
6 ♀	1	6/3/02	5½ × 3½	5½ × 3½	7½	2½	3½	25	14½-50-65	—	—
49 ♂	2	7/4/02	5½ × 3½	5½ × 3½	9½	3½	3½	28½	15½-54½-73	182	6,500
50 ♂	2	7/4/02	5 × 3½	5 × 3½	8½	3½	3½	29	17-54-71	192	6,500
52 ♂	3	8/4/02	5½ × 3	5½ × 3½	8½	3½	3½	28	15½-55½-73	190	6,100
111 ♂	4	12/5/02	7 × 4	7 × 4	8½	4½	5½	29½	17-55-72	—	4,000
258 ♂	5	24/8/02	6½	6	9½	—	—	—	—	—	7,000
351 ♂	6	18/3/03	5½ × 3½	5½ × 3½	8½	3½	—	30	15 54½-74	—	3,650
360 ♂	7	31/3/03	9 × 4½	9½ × 5½	10½	4½ × 2½	4½ × 2½	28½	16-52½-64½	—	3,250
430 ♂	8	28/4/03	5½ × 3½	5½ × 3½	—	3½	3½ × 2	30	17-51-72	—	—

1. Athi. 2. West of Kenya. 3. Likipia. 4. East side Baringo. 5. Gwashengeshu. 6. Border of Toposa and Dodinga, near Mount Lotholier. 7. Ketef Valley. 8. Kos Valley, near Mount Odio.

BUSH FIG.—(*Potamocheirus demonis*.)

No. & Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Girth.	Height.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
225 ♀	Mau Forest.	1/8/02	33	24½	43½-59	104	7,700
226 ♂ sucker.	"	1/8/02	15½	22½	28½	16	7,700

HIPPOPOTAMUS.—(*Hippopotamus amphibius*.)

No. & Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Elevation.
136 ♀	Haringo Lake	24/5/02	51	109½	26½-130-145½	3,300

ELEPHANT.—(*Elephas Africanus*.)

No. & Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Tusk.	Weight.	L. Tusk.	Between Tips.	Height.	Half Girth.	Length.	Foot.	Ear.	Elevation.
271 ♂	1	7/9/02	—	—	—	—	10'3½"	6'11"	26'2½"	4'4½"	5'8½" × 3'11"	5,850
437 ♂	2	13/5/03	6'10½" × 1'7½"	83	7'2½" × 1'7½"	91	—	—	—	5'2½"	—	2,900
441 ♂	2	28/5/03	6'3" × 1'9½"	91	5'6½" × 1'7½"	72	3'0½"	10'9"	28'11"	4'8"	5'10" × 3'6"	2,900
442 ♂	2	30/5/03	6'7½" × 1'9½"	107	6'¾" × 1'9"	92	2'11"	10'5"	28'8½"	5'1"	6'5½" × 3'10½"	2,900

1. Kabaras. 2. Obbo.

BLACK RHINOCEROS.—(*Rhinoceros bicornis*.)

No. & Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Front horn.	Back horn.	Height.	Girth.	Length between ears to root of tail.	To end of tail.	Elevation.
17 ♂	1	9/3/02	23½ × 19½	8½ × 20½	62	100	95	116	5,600
163 ♂	2	9/6/02	19½ × 22	10 × 20	—	99	116	144	4,000
324 ♀	3	1/2/03	12½ × 17	6½ × 16	—	—	—	—	2,800
416 ♂	4	14/4/03	—	—	—	—	—	—	2,650

1. Doinyo Sabuk. 2. East side Baringo. 3. Monyen Valley. 4. Kedef Valley.

ZEBRA.—(*Equus burchelli* ? \*)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
87 ♂	1	19/4/02	47½	60½	21½-86-114½	—	6,600
146 ♂	2	29/5/02	47½	56½	20½-96-123	—	3,300
156 ♀	2	5/6/02	48½	56½	21½-93-126	—	3,300
180 ♂	2	16/6/02	49	57	21-90	—	4,000
188 ♂	2	19/6/02	—	—	—	—	4,000
199 ♀	2	23/6/02	—	—	—	—	4,000
246 ♂	3	16/8/02	51½	61	21-92½-122½	733	7,000
264 ♀	3	28/8/02	48½	62	19½-86-121½	—	7,000
330 ♂	4	7/2/03	49	61	23-93-121	—	2,800
344 ♂	5	1/3/03	48½	57	23-93-122	—	2,200

1. Foot of Marmanet Mts. 2. East side Baringo. 3. Sirgoi Rock, Gwashegeshu Plateau. 4. Murosoka Mt., Karamojo. 5. Mt. Zumut, western Turkana.

\* These are at present under examination by the Hon. Walter Rothschild; there are at least two distinct varieties.

## STOAT ?

No.	Locality.	Date.	Elevation.
139	Baringo	26/5/02	3,500

HARE.—(*Lepus* — ?)

No.	Locality.	Date.	Elevation.
96	1	2/4/02	3,500
406 I	2	13/4/03	2,700

1. East side Baringo. 2. Kedef Valley.

## SQUIRREL ?

No.	Locality.	Date.	Elevation.
218	Mau Forest.	17/7/02	7,700

HYRAX.—(*Procavia* — ? \*)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Length.	Girth.	Elevation
124 ♀	Baringo (near Boma)	19/5/02	—	—	3,500
125 ♂	"	19/5/02	20½	9	3,500
137 ♀	"	26/5/02	18½	—	3,500
138 ♀	"	26/5/02	—	—	3,500
145 ♂	"	29/5/02	18½	9	3,500

\* In the same colony they vary in colour from cream to a dark slaty brown.

BIRDS.—OSTRICH.—(*Struthio camelus*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Elevation.
190 ♂	1	20/6/02	86½	4,000
249 ♂	2	20/8/02	—	6,800

1. East side Baringo. 2. Gwashengeshu.

REPTILES.—CROCODILE.—(*Crocodilus nilo ticus*.)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Length.	Girth.	Elevation.
121 ♀	Molo, Baringo.	18/5/02	124	42	3,300

The Baringo crocodile has only been known to attack man on two occasions, although the natives are continually fishing thigh deep in the lake.

## IGUANA.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Length.	Girth.	Tongue.	Elevation.
123 ♀	Molo river, Baringo.	18/5/02	45½	8½	9½	3,350

PYTHON.—(*Python* — ?)

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Length.	Girth.	Elevation.	Note.
309 ♀	1	21/12/02	16' 8½"	1' 11"	4,000	Contained 105 eggs.

1. On Kilim river, Karamojo.

GABOON PUFF ADDER.—(*Bitis gabonica*.)

No.	Locality.	Date.	Elevation.
402	Kedef Valley.	11/4/03	3,200

## APPENDIX

A list of the few Lepidoptera and Heterocera collected in Karamoja BOWDLER SHARPE. Arranged according to Professor AURIVELLIUS' pages in that work. The family of Hesperidæ have been arranged

## LEPID

## FAMILY

Name	Page.	No. of specimens.	Sex.	
Danaiida petiverana, Doubl. and Hewits. . . . .	33 ...	1 ...	♂	...
„ chrysippus, Linn. . . . .	32 ..	1 ...	♂	...
„ klugii, Butl. . . . .	33 ...	10 ...	6 ♂, 4 ♀	...
„ dorippus, Klug. . . . .	32 ...	3 ...	♂	...
Amauris enceladus, Brown . . . . .	37 ...	1 ...	♂	...
„ echeria, Stoll. . . . .	39 ...	1 ...	♂	...

## FAMILY

Melanitis ismene, Cram. . . . .	45 ...	1 ...	—	...
Henotesia perspicua, Trim. . . . .	61 ...	5 ...	—	...
Ypthima asterope, Klug. . . . .	77 ...	7 ...	—	...

## FAMILY

Pardopsis punctatissima, Boisd. . . . .	81 ...	4 ...	—	...
Acraea serena, Fabr. . . . .	104 ...	11 ...	—	...
Acraea vinidia, Hewits. . . . .	105 ...	4 ...	—	...
„ lycia . . . . .	110 ...	3 ...	—	...

## IV.

between Mounts Elgon and Murosoka. Compiled by Miss E. M. "Rhopalocera Æthiopica," the second column corresponding to the according to Dr. HOLLAND's paper, P.Z.S., 1896, p. 2.

## OPTERA.

## DANAIDIDÆ.

Locality.	Date.
Moroto, 4,700-5,300 ft. . . . .	24.1.03
Athenune, 4,000 ft. . . . .	18.2.03
Moroto, 4,700-5,300 ft. . . . .	23 & 24.1.03; 7 & 15.2.03
Moroto and Athenune, 4,000 ft. . . . .	24.1.03; 18.2.03
N. foot Elgon, 4,100 ft. . . . .	—12.02
" " " " " " " " " "	"

## SATYRIDÆ.

W. foot Moroto, 4,700 ft. . . . .	26.1.03
" " " " " " " " " "	23 & 26.1.03; 15.2.03
Murosoka, 4,800 ft. . . . .	15.2.03

## ACRÆIDÆ.

N. foot Elgon, 4,100 ft. . . . .	—12.02
Moro, nr. Manimani, 4,000 ft. . . . .	11.1.03
Nr. Kizima, 4,100 ft. . . . .	17.1.03
W. foot Moroto, 4,700 ft. . . . .	23.1.03
Athenune, 4,000 ft. . . . .	18.2.03
N. foot Elgon, 4,100 ft. . . . .	—12.02
" " " " " " " " " "	"

Name.	Page.	No. of specimens.	FAMILY	
			Sex.	
Atella phalantha, Drury . . .	126	2	—	...
Pyrameis cardui, Linn . . .	130	3	—	...
Precis cebrene, Trim. . . .	135	8	—	...
Precis clelia, Cram. . . . .	135	11	—	...
Precis boopis, Trim. . . . .	135	4	—	...
Precis limnoria, Klug. . . . .	141	1	—	...
(form P. taveta, Rogenh.)				
Hypolimnas misippus, Linn. . .	147	2	♂	...
Byblia ilithyia, Drury . . . .	158	2	—	...
Hamanumida dædalus, Fabr. . .	181	10	—	...
Charaxes neanthes, Hewits. . .	244	2	—	...
Charaxes varanes, Cram. . . .	241	1	—	...

FAMILY				
Deudorix antalus, Hopff. . . .	309	2	♂ ♀	...
Lycænesthes definita, Butl. . .	—	1	♀	...
Cupido theophrastus, Fabr. . .	363	1	—	...
„ gregorii, Butl. . . . .	363	3	—	...
„ plinius, Fabr. . . . .	364	1	—	...
„ moriqua, Wallgr. . . . .	366	1	—	...
„ jesous, Guén. . . . .	366	1	—	...
„ bæticus, Linn. . . . .	367	1	—	...
„ malathana, Boisd. . . . .	373	1	—	...
„ jobates, Hopff. . . . .	377	1	—	...
„ sp. . . . .	—	1	—	...
„ gaika, Trim. . . . .	378	3	—	...
Cupido knysna, Trim . . . . .	379	1	—	...

## NYMPHALIDÆ.

Locality.	Date.
Moroto, 4,700-5,300 ft. . . . .	24.1.03
" " " " " " " " " " " "	" "
Kizima, 4,100 ft. . . . .	17.1.03
Moroto, 4,700 ft. . . . .	24.1.03
Monyen, 2,500 ft. . . . .	7.2.03
Athenune, 4,000 ft. . . . .	18.2.03
Bukora, 4,050 ft. . . . .	16.1.03
W. foot Moroto, 4,700 ft. . . . .	23.1.03
Moroto, 4,700-5,300 ft. . . . .	24.1.03
Nr. Kizima, 4,100 ft. . . . .	17.1.03
Moroto, 4,700-5,300 ft. . . . .	24.1.03
Athenune, 4,000 ft. . . . .	18.2.03
Monyen, 2,700 ft. . . . .	1.2.03
Moroto, 4,700-5,300 ft. . . . .	24.1.03
Nr. Kizima, 4,100 ft. . . . .	17.1.03
W. foot Moroto, 4,700 ft. . . . .	23.1.03
N. Debasien, 4,000 ft. . . . .	9.1.03
W. foot Moroto, 4,700 ft. . . . .	23.1.03
Athenune, 4,000 ft. . . . .	18.2.03
Moro, nr. Manimani, 4,000 ft. . . . .	11.1.03
Athenune, 4,000 ft. . . . .	18.2.03
" " " " " " " " " " " "	" "

## LYCÆNIDÆ.

Bukora, 4,050 ft. . . . .	19.1.03
Moroto, 4,700-5,300 ft. . . . .	24.1.03
Bukora, 4,050 ft. . . . .	24.1.03
" " " " " " " " " " " "	16 & 17.1.03
Moroto, 4,700-5,300 ft. . . . .	24.1.03
Murosoka, 4,800 ft. . . . .	15.2.03
W. foot Moroto, 4,700 ft. . . . .	23.1.03
Moroto, 4,700-5,300 ft. . . . .	24.2.03
N. foot Elgon, 4,100 ft. . . . .	— 12.02
W. foot Moroto, 4,700 ft. . . . .	23.1.03
Nr. Kizima, 4,100 ft. . . . .	17.1.03
W. foot Moroto, 4,700 ft. . . . .	23.1.03
Monyen, 2,800 ft. . . . .	15.2.03
Bukora, 4,050 ft. . . . .	16.1.03

				FAMILY	
Name.	Page.	No. of specimens.	Sex.		
<i>Herpænia eriphia</i> , Godt. . . . .	389	5	—	...	
<i>Mylothris agathina</i> , Cram. . . . .	394	6	♂ ♀	...	
<i>Pieris westwoodi</i> , Wallgr. . . . .	406	8	♂	...	
<i>Pieris severina</i> , Cram. . . . .	406	4	♂ ♀	...	
„ <i>mesentina</i> , Cram. . . . .	407	20	♂ ♀	...	
<i>Pinacopteryx pigea</i> , Boisd. . . . .	412	3	♂ ♀	...	
<i>Teracolus calais</i> . . . . .	422	4	♂ ♀	...	
<i>Teracolus chrysonome</i> , Klug. . . . .	424	5	—	...	
„ <i>protomedia</i> , Klug. . . . .	427	8	♂ ♀	...	
<i>Teracolus difficilis</i> , E. M. Sharpe . . . . .	—	1	♂	...	
„ <i>puniceus</i> , Butl. . . . .	430	2	♂	...	
<i>Teracolus pseudacaste</i> , Butl. . . . .	432	11	♂ ♀	...	
<i>Teracolus heuglini</i> , Feld. . . . .	435	4	♀	...	
„ <i>casta</i> , Gerst. . . . .	438	3	♀	...	
„ <i>evarne</i> , Klug. . . . .	441	6	♂ ♀	...	
„ <i>incretus</i> , Butl. . . . .	442	2	♂	...	
<i>Eronia cleodora</i> , Hubn. . . . .	445	6	—	...	
„ <i>leda</i> , Boisd. . . . .	446	2	♂	...	
<i>Catopsilia florella</i> , Fabr. . . . .	449	6	♂ ♀	...	
<i>Terias brigitta</i> , Cram. . . . .	453	9	♂ ♀	...	
<i>Terias boisduvaliana</i> , Mab. . . . .	452	5	—	...	



Name.	Page.	No. of specimens.	FAMILY	
			Sex.	
<i>Papilio demodocus</i> , Esp.	477	12	—	...

FAMILY				
<i>Sarangesa lugens</i>	5	1	—	...
„ <i>eliminata</i> , Holl.	9	7	—	...
<i>Gomalia elma</i> , Trim.	26	1	—	...
<i>Rhopalocampta anchiscs</i> , Gerst	98	1	—	...

## HETER-

FAMILY				
<i>Patula walkeri</i> , Butl.	—	—	—	...
<i>Cyligramma latona</i> , Cram.	—	—	—	...
<i>Sphingomorpha monteironis</i> , Butl.	—	—	—	...

FAMILY				
<i>Boarmia</i>	—	—	—	...

## NEUROP-

FAMILY				
<i>Palpares tristis</i> , Hagen.	—	—	—	...

## PAPILIONIDÆ.

	Locality.	Date.
W. foot Moroto, 4,700 ft.	. . . . .	. 23.1.03
" " " "	. . . . .	. 24.1.03
Monyen, 3,000 ft.	. . . . .	. 4.2.03

## HESPERIDÆ.

Monyen, 2,700 ft.	. . . . .	. 1.2.03
W. foot Moroto, 2,700 ft.	. . . . .	. 23.1.03
" " " "	. . . . .	. 24.1.03
Moroto, 4,700-5,300 ft.	. . . . .	. 24.1.03
Monyen, 2,700 ft.	. . . . .	. 1.2.03

## OCERA.

## NOCTUIDÆ.

Bukora, 4,050 ft.	. . . . .	. 14.1.03
W. Debasien, 3,900 ft.	. . . . .	. 1.1.03
Bukora, 4,050 ft.	. . . . .	. 16.1.03

## GEOMETRIDÆ.

Bukora, 4,050 ft.	. . . . .	. 16.1.03
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## TERA.

## MYRMELEONIDÆ.

Murosoka, 4,000 ft.	. . . . .	. 18.2.03
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## APPENDIX V.

## HINTS TO SPORTSMEN IN B.E.A. AND UGANDA.

No two sportsmen agree as to what is, or is not, necessary to take on a trip. For this reason I only propose giving a few general notes which may be useful to a novice in the country. Anyone who may wish for detailed lists, directions as to dealing with the skins, etc., will find them in an appendix to "A Sporting Trip Through Abyssinia."

*Passage and Freight.*—To reach Mombassa with stores and cartridges the only practical way, at present, is by German steamer from Hamburg, passengers joining overland.

*Customs.*—A great reduction is made in the Customs duties on goods sent as freight, and this on such costly articles as rifles and cameras, is a consideration.

*Stores and Outfit.*—Although provisions, etc., can be purchased at the Coast and in various up-country stations, personally I consider it best to take everything, except trade goods, out from home, in 55 or 60 lb. loads. If the boxes are 24" × 14" × 19" they can be carried equally well by donkeys or men.

A good rot-proof double-fly tent should be provided with mosquito-nets for both the bed and dining-table.

Aluminium cooking and table ware stands native usage and has none of the drawbacks of copper, steel or enamel.

I found green canvas sacks most useful for skins, as they are practically insect-proof. The hides, when dry, should be dusted with naphthaline and the sacks sewn up tightly. The skulls, after being boiled in a galvanised iron bath to get off the horns, should be packed in dry grass in separate sacks.

Burberry suits resist the thorns while khaki or other shooting cottons are torn to rags.

*Rifles.*—For those who want a heavy-bore rifle, that has tremendous stopping power, I do not think a Jeffery .600 cordite can be beaten. For a lighter big-game weapon, I

have found the .400 cordite by the same maker so useful that on my next trip I have decided to leave the .600 behind and take a pair of the former. The .256 Männlicher-Schonauer, with Jeffery telescopic sight, is still my favourite small-bore rifle. With it I have killed animals of all sizes, from hippo to dik-dik.

A shot and ball gun completes the battery I should advise.

For a long trip, escort arms are necessary, varying from 10 to 20 Snider carbines, according to the district. These arms and their ammunition should be taken from home.

*Caravan.*—If it is intended to go far from the rail, half the safari should be recruited at the Coast and supplemented by local men on leaving the railway.

A porter's load is 60 lbs. His rations are  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of flour a day, so that unless food can be purchased from the natives, or the men partly fed on game shot, a month is the outside limit of travel for a safari in which all the baggage is carried by porters. Where donkeys can be collected they simplify matters, as, although slower travellers than men, no food needs to be carried for them. Swahili gunbearers are seldom satisfactory. It would be well worth while to bring on two good Somali shikaris from Aden.

*Cost of Trip.*—As to expense, my trip of nearly twenty-one months from home, everything included, worked out at a little under £200 a month, but I had another man with me for four months; the carriage on such trophies as giraffe skins was very heavy, and there were other expenses that would not occur on an ordinary shooting trip. For £100 a month a man should be able to have excellent sport, and if he confined himself to short trips from the railway, I believe he would still have good shooting for much less.

When I left Mombassa wages were per month: porters, R.10; askaris, R.12; English-speaking boy, R.25; cook, R.25; gunbearers, R.25; head man, R.50.



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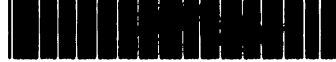
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